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THE LOST BRIDEGROOM.

A CHORUS GIRL EPISODE.

(*After Browning's "The Last Ride Together."*)

I SAID, "Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
And you are quite resolved to go;
Since now you hold yourself aloof,
And all my efforts end in spoof;
Since this was written, and needs must be
Produced in court (I mean this letter
Pledging your troth for worse or better),
Take back the hope you gave; I claim
But compensation for the same,
Taking this form, if you will not blame,
A cheque for a thousand pounds to me."

My lordling dropped that lower jaw;
That pane of glass, through which he saw,
Fixed me: he breathed a word that meant
He wished the *scripta quæ manent*
Had been addressed to—never mind!
My purse replenished once again,
My schemes then were not wholly vain:
I and my lordling, side by side,
In double harness may not ride;
But Youth is fond, and the Peerage wide—
Who knows but another lord I'll find?

ENCORE LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

["Mrs. —— is giving a little dinner for the Countess of ——'s dance."]

Scanning the paper with my morning coffee—
 Such mental food as "Bargains at the Sales,"
"Birrell's Dilemma," "Eagle Choked by Toffee,"
 "The Quake of Earth in Gallant Little Wales,"
"The Wrongs of Suffragettes, and How to Right 'em,"
 "Tragedy on a Cliff—the Fatal Shove,"
I came upon the really poignant item
 Recorded just above.

Madam, I had not guessed your social station,
 Nor even learned your name before to-day;
The loss was mine; I suffered that privation
 With simple fortitude as brave men may;
Until your paragraph, perused this morning,
 Lit up the nescient gloom in which I sat,
I had received no hint, no sort of warning,
 That you would dine like that.

'Tis not the vulgar cost of wine and victual
 That makes, of such a meal, a world-event;
The dinner, modestly described as "little,"
 Would not demand this bold advertisement;
It is the sequent ball that craves recital,
 The noble house to which your guests will go—
That is the salient matter, *that* the vital
 Thing for us all to know.

And now we know it; and to this instruction,
 For which a grateful public thanks you much,
Each of us adds the obvious deduction
 That it has cost you, say, a guinea touch.
The earthquake, and the eagle (*rupta fatis*)
 Whose toffee-surfeit everyone deplores,
Get their advertisement for nothing (gratis);
 You had to pay for yours! O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

The American Mother.

At this season London and the other European capitals teem with the American Mother. Far away, in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in Philadelphia, in Pittsburg, in Cincinnati or in Milwaukee, the American Father toils at his accustomed industry. Not for him are the joys of the impassioned chase from city to city and from country to country. His duty is to stay at home with the Irish hired girl and the cook and the little dog; to make money and to remit it in plenty, while his wife, that gallant and indomitable woman, speeds over leagues and leagues of sea and land in the company of her sister, of four young children and of a sort of nurse; and dragging with her, wherever she goes, an Ossa-Pelion of gigantic trunks and boxes.

Nothing terrifies the American Mother. She faces with an equal heart the luxurious discomforts of an Atlantic steamer and the dietary dangers of a British hotel. No foreign language appals her. She may be heard denouncing in her native American the iniquitous charges of a Parisian *cocher* or appreciating the mild courtesies of a Prussian railway guard. She is at home in cathedrals and in palaces, and is as little abashed by the splendours of courts as she is daunted by the difficulties of the most complicated journey. Whatever may be her goal she always contrives to get there, sometimes battered with travel and worn out by the care of her belongings, but always with the triumphant air of a conqueror. Hear her, as I have heard her, in the office of Messrs. Cook:—

"Now see here, I want to do everything that everybody else has done. Don't you smile, young man, but just listen to me. I want to do the round trip to Windsor Castle and Stratford-on-Avon" (both the syllables of Avon are largely and deliberately pronounced), "and Birmingham, and Canterbury, and York and the Land's End. I don't care how you fix it so's you fix it for me to see everything that's to be seen. There's six of us—no, seven—Land sakes; I forgot my sister Amelia—seven of us. There's myself—that's one—and the four children, Ulysses (we named him for General Grant) and Theodore (he's for the President) and Josephine Vassar and little Agnes Martha. That's five. Then there's Amelia and Miss Dresser, and that makes seven; and we want the best rates you can give, for we're going to do a mighty big business with your firm, young man, and if you treat us fair I'm bound to take tickets here for Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. You'd better start making up that list so's I can have it when I get back from this trip. And, see here, just you fix the hotels for us and have your agents on hand at the stations, and tell me if there's any ice-cream soda to be had in Stratford-on-Avon. Ulysses can't get along without ice-cream soda, and if there's a candy-store anywhere Josephine's bound to find it. And, see here——" so the stream runs on, and in the end the American Mother gets everything she wants, and travels victoriously through England on a round trip never before devised.

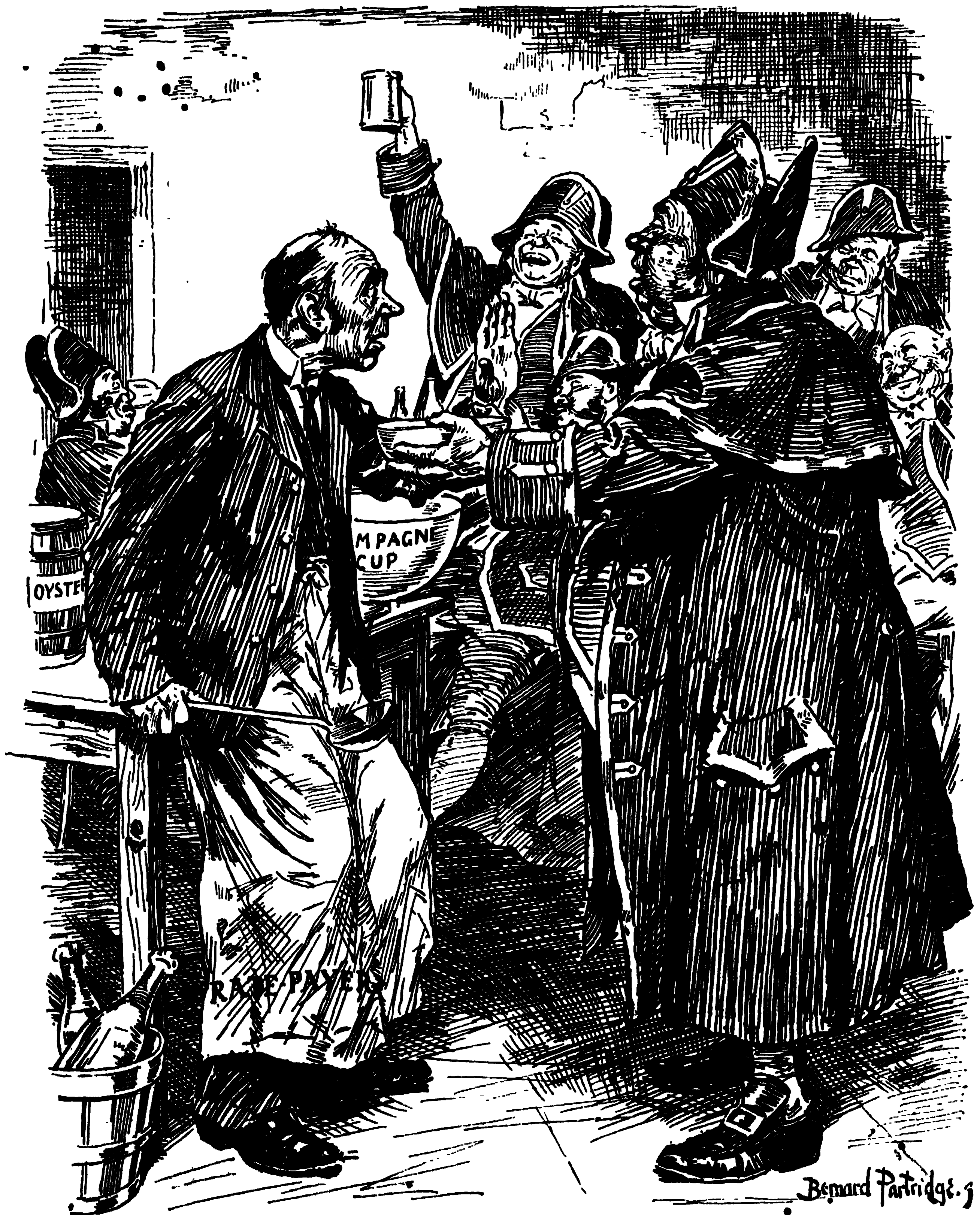
With such women, and there are many of them, America ought to be able to accomplish anything. Yet it must be observed that, though they are as rocks of granite in the presence of hotel-managers, cab-drivers, and all kinds of officials, they are mere wax in the hands of their stern and determined children. Whatever Ulysses asks for he always gets, and Theodore is equally fortunate in the fulfilment of his desires. Josephine Vassar is never seen without a large box of chocolates, and Agnes Martha (aged 3) constantly soothes her infant troubles with handfuls of mixed sweets. They all take lunch, and not infrequently dinner, with their parent, and it is pleasant to see them tucking away roast chicken or cutlets at an hour when their tiny English cousins are safely in the land of Nod. They rule the American Mother with a rod of iron, and she submits to them with a meek resignation which might well serve as a pattern to English mothers. At last, after much travel and innumerable digestive feats, they return home and resume there those habits of despotism to which their European experiences have accustomed them. And it is quite certain that in the whole round of her travels, though distracted by her children and assailed by all the difficulties of effete European civilisations and unwonted languages, the American Mother will have held her own in face of the world, and will not have lost so much as a piece of muslin out of her pile of luggage. Here's wishing her the same strength to her elbow. More she couldn't have.

To F. C. G. on his Knighthood.

A Liberal bumper to "The Only Asset!"
 And *Mr. Punch*, with glass aloft, cries "*Placet!*"

The Cork Constitution quotes Father Bernard Vaughan as follows: "Women, whose dainty feet were set upon a rung high up the social ladder, were easily condoned those sins for which their sisters lower down would be severely condemned and tatooed." We hope this will catch Mr. Swift MacNeill's eye.

The Daily Mirror, in describing the hunt for two lunatics near Bexley, says: "The escaped lunatics had shown their cunning by throwing away their red ties, which are known in the district as the lunatic badges." Mr. Keir Hardie, however, never thought much of Bexley.



BUMBLEDOM "ASKS FOR MORE."

[The above, being a perversion of CRUIKSHANK's well-known drawing, "Oliver asks for more," is dedicated to the Poplar Board of Guardians.]



ANOTHER IRISH GRIEVANCE.

Kindhearted Protestant Vicar. "WHAT IS THE MATTER, MY CHILD?"

Aggrieved Native (not recognising unfamiliar voice). "'TIS THE WAY THE BOYS HAVE GONE TO STEAL THE CLERGYMAN'S STRAWBERRIES WHILE HE'S UP AT THE CHURCH BEYANT, AND THEY WON'T TAKE ME WID 'EM."

SIBYLLA BRITANNICA.

(From her Town House near Whitehall.)

SIR,—I am ordered to advert
To your complaint about a shirt
And trousers which were torn last May,
I note, in Hammersmith Broadway,
While you, intent O.H.M.S.,
Driving a Parcel Post Express,
Did not perceive a rusty nail
Protruding from the Royal Mail,
Which, penetrating to the seat
Of all the trouble—I repeat,
You did not at the time perceive
What should have made you promptly leave
Your place, at risk of starting late,
And fill up Form 298
Provided for a case like this,
Which no employé ought to miss
Who understands official matters,
And so your clothes were torn to tatters!
The Board exceedingly regret
The circumstance, but cannot let
Your ignorance of "*comme il faut,*"
Or what Officials ought to know,
Provide you at the Nation's cost
With what you never need have lost.
A minute has been duly made,
And will officially be laid
Before the Board; a time and place
Arranged for you to state your case.
I do not think you could do better
Than wait on them and read this letter.
And—though the phrase seem somewhat fervent—
I am, Sir, Your obedient servant.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IT is reported that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is so much incensed by correspondents who confuse him with his namesake, the namby-pamby Irish melodist, that he is thinking seriously of changing his name to BENVENUTO CASANOVA. We understand that his new romance, entitled *My Shambles*, is being extensively stocked by the booksellers of the Chicago packing houses.

The Dowager Duchess of PANGBOURNE, who has recently joined the hatless brigade, will shortly publish a collection of golfing stories, entitled *Wigs on the Green.* Professor SIMS WOODHEAD will contribute a short introduction, and there will be a number of instantaneous photographs of the Grand Duke MICHAEL, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Lord HALSBURY, and other famous golfers, illustrating the correct and incorrect attitude for different strokes.

A new weekly illustrated journal will shortly appear under the pleasing title of *The Blue Blood Book.* A number of gifted and highly-placed personages have joined the editorial staff, including Mrs. LONGWORTH, the KAISER, Lady WARWICK (who will edit the Socialist page with Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P.), the Duke of FIFE, who will write on Weird Wind Instruments of the Western Hebrides; and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, who will discourse on Aristocratic Tombstones.

Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN'S new novel *The Dumpling*, the opening scene of which is laid in an opium den, has happily inaugurated a reaction against the morbidly introspective nomenclature so prevalent in contemporary fiction.

Amongst forthcoming novels on the list of Messrs. TROTTER AND STOUT we notice *Sausages and Mashed*, by Sir ALBERT PORKER, and *Cow's Heel Romances*, by IAN McCROCKETT.

CHARIVARIA.

THE removal of the War Office Department from Pall Mall to Whitehall will begin shortly. The suggestion that the authorities should sell the furniture in use at the old building and repurchase it at an enhanced price for the new one has been declined.

We hear that a novelty shortly to be introduced at one of our Music Halls will be a man who will eat a quantity of American tinned meat in full view of the audience. He will call himself "The Human Ostrich II."

It is rumoured that Mr. FREDERIC COWEN, by way of appreciation of his success at the Crystal Palace, will shortly have a Handel to his name.

Nowadays, we suppose, we all suffer from swollen heads. Anyhow, three specimens of the Microcephalous or Small-head type, now on exhibition at a London Music Hall, are described as belonging to "a strange, unfamiliar, people."

The Lancet draws attention to the case of a man of pronounced Saxon colour and build who is gradually acquiring all the physical features of an Oriental. Curiously enough only the other day the reverse process took place at one of our popular seaside resorts. It was an Ethiopian minstrel who was caught in the rain without an umbrella.

With reference to the impending legislation in regard to the control of news in war-time, the Government, it is stated, has given an assurance that the proposed regulations shall not be applicable in the case of a small war. If we remember rightly, the Boer War was regarded as a small-sized one at first.

When passing near "The Cat and Fiddle," Buxton, a motor-car shot across the road into a limestone wall, went through the wall, and rolled over and over down the hill-side until it was brought up by another wall 240 feet below. None of the three passengers was much injured, but The Dangerous Performances Act will be useful if it discourages such foolhardy feats.

By-the-by, we understand that even if the Dangerous Performances Bill be passed, the Government will persist in its attempt to force the Education Bill on the country.

The fact that proceedings have been taken against a native of Westmeath for living under the same roof with his calves has caused a certain amount of consolatory satisfaction to persons with wooden legs.

The recent Funeral Freak Dinner, though a pretty fancy, was scarcely the novelty which the promoter imagined it to be. We have more than once been present at a Dinner Party the chief feature of which has been the decorous solemnity which one usually associates with obsequies.

Although part of the proposal was that a portion of the proceeds should go in diminution of the rates, an offer to transfer the entire Poplar Inquiry to the stage of a well-known house of light entertainment has been rejected petulantly by all concerned.

The Basford (Notts) Board of Guardians has decided to keep fowls in preference to pigs. We fancy that a similar change will have to be made at Poplar.

In America the resentment caused by Mr. WINTER, the English tailor, being commissioned to advise as to American Army uniforms has died out, owing to a more interesting scandal having arisen. WINTER, in fact, has been forgotten owing to the THAWS.

The Home Office has ordered Colonial tinned meat to be used in future in our convict establishments. A number of prisoners had threatened to leave unless the change were made.

What are described as "Corridor Milk Trains" are to be run on the London and North Western Railway. The prospect of additional comfort has, we understand, given the liveliest satisfaction to the milk microbes, many of which foolish creatures are already picturing themselves, in their heated imaginations, as moving freely up and down the train on their way to town.

Inciting to Crime.

"THE lad was described as lazy; and when his mother asked him to go to work he threatened to smash her brains out. The case was adjourned for three weeks *in order to give the lad another chance*."

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—"For the second time this year Lancashire were defeated yesterday."

Manchester Guardian.

"Vicarage to let. One servant kept; 800 ft. above sea; pretty."—*Standard.*

"TALL and good-looking" is the more usual formula for parlour-maids.

PERILS OF THE PURSE.

[As recorded in "Septic Hints" (last issue of *Punch*) attention has been drawn to the risk of infection involved in the handling of money.]

I WOULD not lose, I dare not win!
So cards I used to revel in
(Poker, or Bridge, or Euchre)
Must be taboo, for I of late
Rightly begin to estimate
The filthiness of lucre.

Oh avarice! whose eager tooth
Of old was keen to fix frail youth,
And potent to enchant age,
Now science sets your victims free,
Since all your baits appear to be
But coins of disadvantage.

Yet, kindly Editor, I pray
Grudge not my verse its wonted pay;
Though *B. M. J.* or *Lancet*
Asserts the power of gold to kill,
Yet do not spare me, Sir,—I will
Heroically chance it.

"GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(By a Caddie.)

II.

THERE'S some as takes their golf too seerius fer their strength, like that pore old Mister GIGGINGTON, of 'oom I've told yer, and there's some as don't take it seerius enuff. Under this 'eading I places Mister 'ERMINIUS BRELLETT. 'E's what they call a litterry cove in privit life, and, wifout wishing to be undoolly 'arsh, I must say as I beleeves it of 'im. Strike me pink, if I didn't know as 'e was litterry, I should go away sometimes after 'earing 'im talk, and swear a hinfermashun of loonacy agin 'im. But CHAWLEY MARTIN, one of our caddies, 'oo once spoke quite hintermate and friendly like wif a reporter feller, in conneeshun wif a biking accerdent caused by CHAWLEY'S unforchernate pashun fer trick riding, ses as 'ow all these pore riters is alike. So you and me should only pitty them. As fer 'is golf, exsentrick ain't the word fer it. 'E stands wif both 'is feet quite klose together, springs 'igh into the air wif a tremenjus swing, and strikes the ball afore 'e comes to earth agin. The erstonishing thing is that 'e does strike it abart once in three, and when 'e does it goes like old Gewillikins. It just shows as there ain't no rules abart some peeple's golf. But the sad part is as 'e's quite proud of 'is stile, insted of laberring to kerrect it under my tewishun.

"I'm a mishonnery, a pyoneer of golf, 'ENERY," 'e ses to me quite recent. "'Ow I plays it to-day, the rest of the silly 'ide-bound creetures will play it to-morrow," 'e ses.

"Let's 'ope not, Sir," I ses, quite

respeckfull and reely meaning the words; fer, if yer think of it, a course full of Mister 'Erminius Brelletts would be an 'iddeous sight. 'E glared at me fer a moment quite dangerous, and then 'e began to larf. What wif 'is livver, at which 'e's allus cussing, and 'is kurious 'arf-irriterble, 'arf-manniackal temper, I can tell yer 'e takes some 'andling. But 'Enery Wilks knows 'is 'Erminius Brellett by this time.

"Your one chawnce of fime, you retched child," 'e ses, and I found 'is stile of speaking jest a little gorling, "will rest on the fact that you karried the clubs of 'Erminius Brellett, pyoneer of golf and unerpreshiated riter of himmortal books," 'e ses. Well, yer can't argue wif a man like that. Yer can only yumour 'im by respeckful silence, and be reddy all the time to dodge if 'is manyer turns 'ommersidal all of a sudden.

'E took on Mister Washer the other day, a member 'oom both 'e and I 'ave little liking fer. At least, I can arnser fer meself. Fer 'e's one of your pompus, strutting sort of fellers, 'oo thinks 'e's good at golf, but ain't. I 'eard 'im chalenge Mister Brellett to play a rarnd fer 'arf-a-crown, and a less skilful stoodent of yuman nachure than 'Enery Wilks could 'ave told as they didn't love each other. I 'ad a privit tuppence on the match meself, wif old Washer's caddy, although not very 'opeful. 'Owever, when 'Enery Wilks' money is down, as the sying is, 'e's 'ard to beat.

But things went badly wif us from the start. I could see as 'ow Mister Brellett was wurried abart somethink, and in addition to that 'e was acktaly trying to play a keerful, sientifick gime. Oh, lumme, it was orful, I can tell yer! We was skarcely touching a ball, and old Washer, as pleesed as a turkey-kock but far less horninmental, was playing right above 'isself. Fer a man like meself, 'oo'd staked above 'is means, it was 'art-breaking. We lost five 'oles bang orf, and then Mister Brellett spoke 'arf to me and 'arf to 'isself as we walked to the sixth tee.

"It's all that cussed nime!" 'e ses. "If I could only think of that, I'd be orlright. A female nime fer a kerrecter in my new book. 'Enery, what's the nime of your yung woman?" 'e ses, joking like. Well, love ain't much in my line, me ambishuns not letting me 'amper meself wif wimmen, but still a feller 'as to keep 'is 'and in. I won't say as I 'aven't been more run after than most, but some'ow that ain't one of my temptashuns. 'Owever, more to pleese 'er than meself, I lets one of them, jest a school kiddy, walk out wif me at times. She means well, I do believe, but I've allus reckoned as 'ow 'er nime's agin 'er.



TAKING TO MEAT.

"Hullo! I've found you out at last! You, a fervent Vegetarian, tucking into a rump-steak!"

"I'm steadfast as regards my principles; but Ethel's thrown me over, and I'm tired of life!"

"Hervangeline's 'er nime, Mister Brellett," I ses, deprerkating like. "But she can't 'elp it," I ses.

"By Jewpiter!" 'e 'owls. "Hervangeline's the very nime I've been 'unting for. And now I'll win this match!" 'e ses.

"You'll win it orlright, Sir," I ses, ernest like. "But, for 'evin's sake, stop playing sientifick! Play the old gime as you're pyoneer on, Sir," I ses.

"I beleeve as 'ow you're right, 'Enery," 'e ses, thoughtful like; and then we come to the tee and watched old Washer drive 'is yusual straight, shortish ball. Then Mister Brellett grips 'is club, takes 'is yusual wicked, himmoril stance, springs 'igh into the air wif an 'arf-styfled yell, and, by Gewilikins, drives sich a ball as the pro. 'isself might 'ave been proud on! It knocked the kowardly 'art out of old Washer, did that tremenjus drive; and 'e's a man as only plays 'is best when 'e's winning easy. They 'ad a nasty lead, but we stuck to 'em like wax, 'itting a turrifick ball once out of three, or even oftener, and we won at last quite 'andsomely by three and two.

I remember as I bought bull's-eyes for Hervangeline wif that 'ere tuppence, becos in a mesure, as you may say, she'd 'ad an 'and in the winning of it. 'Owever, wif a jenerosity unyusual in wimmen, she hinsisted on sharing 'em wif 'Enery Wilks, 'oos skilful leedership 'ad reely won the match.

LINES ON TOMKINS' AVERAGE.

OF TOMKINS as a natural cricketer
It frequently has been remarked—that IF
He 'd had more opportunities of bowling,
And rather more encouragement in batting:
And IF his averages, so disclosed,
Batting and bowling, had been interchanged:
And IF the field as usually set
Contained some post (at the pavilion end)
Whose presence rather than a pair of hands
Was called for; then, before the season finished,
TOMKINS would certainly have played for Kent.

All this, however, is beside the mark.
Just now I wish to hymn the glorious day
(Ignored by those who write the almanacs,
Unnoticed by the calendar compiler),
That Wednesday afternoon twelve months ago
When TOMKINS raised his average to 2.

Thanks to an interval of accidents
(As "TOMKINS did not bat"—and "not out 0,"
But this more rarely) TOMKINS' average
Had long remained at 1·3.
(Though TOMKINS, sacrificing truth to pride,
Or both to euphony, left out the dot—
Left out the little dot upon the three,
Only employing it to justify
A second 3 to follow on the first.
Thus, if a stranger asked his average,
TOMKINS would answer 1·33—
Nor lay the stress unduly on the "one" . . .).

A curious thing is Custom! There are men—
PLUM WARNER is, of course, a case in point—
Who cannot bat unless they go in first.
Others, as HAYES and DENTON, have their place
First wicket down; while Number Six or so
Is suited best to JESSOP. As for TOMKINS,
His place was always one above the Byes.
And three above the Wides. So Custom willed.

Upon this famous Wednesday afternoon
Wickets had fallen fast before the onslaught
Of one who had, as EUCLID might have put it,
No length, or break, but only pace. And pace
Had been too much for nine of them already.
Then entered TOMKINS the invincible,
Took guard as usual, "just outside the leg,"
Looked round the field, and mentally decided
To die—or raise his average to two.
Whereon, for now the bowler was approaching,
He struck a scientific attitude,
Advanced the left leg firmly down the pitch,
And swung his bat along the line A B.
(See RANJITSINHJI's famous book of cricket).
And when the bat and leg were both at B.
(Having arrived there more or less together)
Then TOMKINS, with his usual self-effacement,
Modestly closed his eyes, and left the rest
To Providence and RANJY and the bowler
(Forming a quorum); two at least of whom
Resolved that he should neatly glide the ball
Somewhere between the first and second slips.
So TOMKINS did compile a chanceless two.

Once more the bowler rushed upon the crease,
While TOMKINS made a hasty calculation
(Necessitating use of decimals)
And found his average was 1·5.
So lustily he smote, and drove the ball
Loftily over long stop's head for one;
Which brought the decimal to 75,
And TOMKINS, puffing, to the other end.
Where, feeling that the time for risks was come,
He played back to a yorker, and was bowled.

Every position has its special charm.
You go in first, and find as a reward
The wicket at its best; you go in later
And find the fielders slack, the bowling loose.
TOMKINS, who went in just above the Byes,
Found one of them had slipped into his score.
'Tis wise to take the good the gods provide you—
And TOMKINS has an average of 2.

THE COMPLETE (PROCLAMATION) LETTER-WRITER.

[It is reported that the words "Tremble and Obey" are to be deleted from the Government Proclamations in the Chinese compounds.]

WE understand that the Cabinet has been sitting daily in order to compile an official Complete Letter-Writer for the use of his Majesty's Government on future occasions. By the kindness of the PRIME MINISTER we are enabled to give one or two specimens of the new method.

1. All future proclamations intended for posting in the Chinese compounds to end,

"With much love,
Yours very affectionately."

2. Police regulations for traffic on the occasions of Royal processions, Lord Mayor's Shows, &c., to begin:

"Will the public be so very good as to take notice that the following streets will be closed to traffic, &c.," and to end, "With kindest regards from the Force."

3. In the public parks such notices as "Keep Off The Grass," "No Dogs Allowed," &c., to run:

"The Commissioner of Woods presents his compliments to the public and earnestly hopes, &c., &c."

4. Tax and Rate-papers to begin:

"DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,
It is once more my duty to send in my little account," and to end,
"Hoping this will not inconvenience you. Believe me,
Your affectionate old friend."

Receipts to be signed,

"Yours lovingly and gratefully."

It is hoped that the example of the Government may spread to other public bodies, so that we may see such notices as "Persons are requested not to walk about the Abbey during the time of service" rendered more pleasing by some such pendant as,

"With kindest regards, in which the Chapter joins,
Believe me, Ever affectionately yours,
J. ARMITAGE-ROBINSON,
(Your Dean).

"AT the Morfa Colliery, the scene of a terrible disaster years ago, props and *débris* fell in the workings, and then ran helter-skelter to the shaft, and were drawn up pale and trembling."—*The Standard.*

"CIRCULAR SAWYER wanted . . . must be a thorough all-round man; also two Lads, to pull out."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

The advertiser seems very arbitrary as to the shape of his employés.

"INSPECTOR PIERS added that prisoner was evidently on his beam ends, and though he did not press the case, it was yet a dangerous practice."—*Teesdale Mercury.*



Short-sighted Lady Golfer. "HI! HAVE YOU SEEN A GOLF-BALL FALL ANYWHERE HERE, PLEASE?" [*Victim regards ball with remaining eye.*

IF PIGS HAD WINGS.

[A suggestion to "road hogs," in view of the craze for ballooning.]

SCORCHERS who set the pace that hums,
And heedless of your bones and purses
Consider speed, till it becomes
A kind of spell—resembling CIRCE'S,
Here is a field for broken limbs,
An opportunity to owe bills,
Whose danger positively dims
Your 100 h.-p. automobiles!

In moting—a delirious sense,
And somewhat hard for words to capture—
The peril plus the blown expense,
We take it, constitute the rapture:
These are the consolations which
Attend one as the evening closes,
And make a rather brambly ditch
Approximate to beds of roses;—

But, now that petrol-tanks are stale
And lose their old delightful flavour,
Balloons in the ascendant scale
May be submitted to your favour:
The cost of the concern is high
(We cannot stop to give the data),
And thrills of danger surely lie
Among the atmospheric strata.

We grant you that the sudden curve,
The cropping kine, the heedless peasant—
Those triumphs of a chauffeur's nerve
That made a rapid run so pleasant
These things are gone; admired by HODGE
You soar above his grateful vision
To places where the fauna dodge
With most remarkable precision.

Heroes who joined a heart so stout
To stories so sublimely graphic,
There you must plod along without
Impinging on the local traffic;
The courage that on earth you spent
In victories like that of PYRRHUS
Will count it a supreme event
To cannon up against a cirrus.

Yet mark the point we wish to urge.
Suppose a Panhard goes to pieces,
The sportsman may with luck emerge
And straighten out his spinal creases;
But here, although the route may tire,
Conceive for one ecstatic minute
Collision with a careless spire,
And automobiles are not in it!

IT is customary, with some people, to look down upon lawn tennis as a game only for the unathletic. The following paragraph from the *Mail* should put a stop to all sneers of this kind:

"Miss DOUGLASS, we will say, goes up to the net and volleys one of Miss SUTTON'S returns. What led to it the looker-on, learning with intelligence, will remember, was the stroke two or three weeks back that first got Miss SUTTON 'on the run.'"

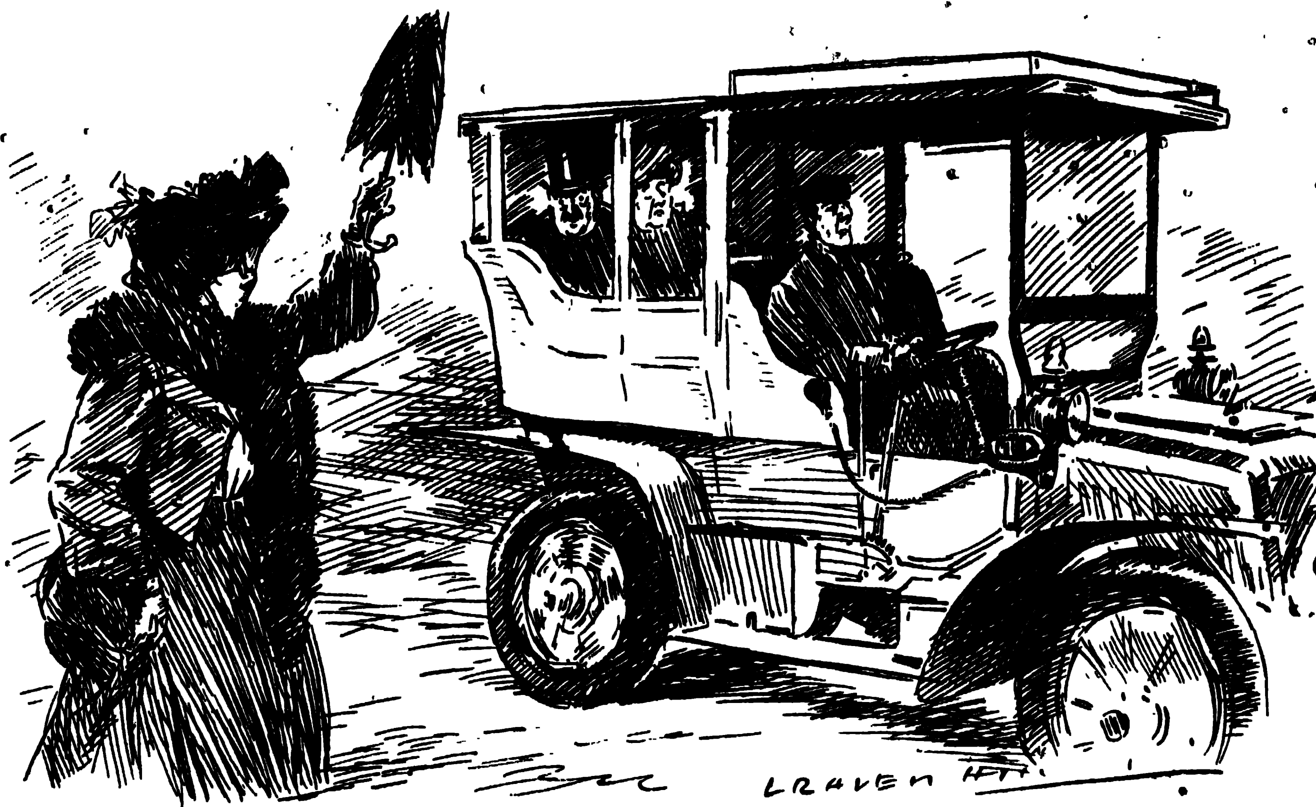
Miss SUTTON seems to have had a busy fortnight.

THE KING'S FORCES.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF EMERGENCY RATIONS.

STAFF COLLEGE DINNER.

"Standard" headlines.



Aunt Jane complains that she cannot get these new Motor Buses to stop when she signals to them!

THE BILLINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

["My love to them all (her friends), and tell them they must not fret about me. I am happy. Everybody is kind to me. Only tell them that when I can receive letters they must write me yards - miles! Oh, how I shall devour them! Mind you tell them to write every little bit of news they can think of."
Miss Billington (in prison).]

Dearest,—I don't suppose the horrid warder will let you have this letter, but I write all the same. First let me commiserate with you on this cowardly act of leniency on the part of the Home Secretary, incited thereto by our arch enemy the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who doubtless hopes by so doing to buy our silence and submission. How little he knows us, this Cavendish Square traitor!

Well, dear, there is only one course open for you, and that is to refuse to accept the reduction and serve the full time. That would show them what we women are made of. How I wish I was with you inside those terrible walls! I did my best to get there, as you would have seen had you not yourself been so busy accomplishing the same end (but how gloriously successfully!) by smacking the P.C. I smacked mine, too; but he did not complain of it, which just shows that it's not so much the fracture of a man-made law that matters as the fracturer. Oh, how unjust it all is! I could scream for the injustice of it!

Do not fear, dearest, that the great fight will slacken during the time you are being stretched on the rack and flogged at the treadmill and starved on bread-and-water and skilly. Everything is in train. England shall see what it loses in not entrusting us with votes. We are arranging hundreds of demonstrations to that end. Mr. Lloyd-George is the next victim. Was it not he who urged us to attack Mr. Asquith? Some dense persons say this was a joke; but nothing is a joke to a true suffragette. We are going for him tooth and nail—and going for the Prime Minister, too, and Mr. Gladstone.

There is nothing like hysterical violence to show people how admirably suited we are to have the franchise. They will ask themselves why we are so wrought up about it, and the answer naturally will be that if we are like this because we do not get what we want we should be just the opposite if we did get it. That is logic; and once they see that they will begin to be more reasonable; and then, dear, what times for us! Then what laws we will make for man!

I suppose you would call yourself First Lady of the Treasury. That is natural enough; but we had a discussion last night over the word Minister. Would you be known as the Prime Minister, or Prime Ministress? I am inclined to prefer Minister. The other style seems to lay too much stress on our sex. I am wondering whether I would take the War Office or the Home Office; and then again I wonder, since I am always so complimented on my marketing management, whether the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is not my real work. It would be so pleasant, too, to supplant Mr. Asquith.

I don't suppose they will let you answer this; but perhaps by this time you have got round your warder or have trained a spider to carry messages to the outer world. I never could bear spiders before; but once one has become a real martyr and assumed the broad arrow one recognises their use. If you can answer this, give us some precious watchword from your dungeon cell. Let it be my privilege to announce it to the others. What do you think of

Charge, sisters, charge!
On, Billington!?

That would ring out rather well in Cavendish Square.

Yours to the death in the great cause,
Fanny Cooington.

P.S.—I forgot to say that while you are away I am wearing your new hat. I know you won't mind, dear. It suits me beautifully, but I have had to add another feather. I also borrowed your new muslin dress yesterday for a garden party.



A PIRATE CRAFT.

T. P. O'Connor (*Captain of War Sloop in chase*). "THE ROGUES! THIS OUGHT TO SINK 'EM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—Walking in Battersea Park this morning, came across ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. Like *Bottom*, though in quite another way, he was transformed. Had with remarkable success got himself up as *Hamlet*, to evident discomfiture of children, who wanted to ask him what time it was. Seeing him frown and strut and gather closer round him his inky cloak, good mother, they ran off to get information from other passers-by.

As I walked behind him I heard him murmur:

"'May' be or 'shall' be, that, Sir, is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous MAC-NAMARA, or to take him in my arms
And by compression end him."

"What is the matter?" I asked, touching him on the shoulder.

"Murder's the matter," he answered, turning on me a glance which but for the beneficent influence of the spectacles might have been frenzied.

(Never saw *Hamlet* in spectacles before. Rather effective. FORBES ROBERTSON should try them on.)

"Here am I," continued ST. AUGUSTINE, "giving the best days of my comparative youth to carry a Bill that shall solve Education question, and I am sniped from the rear of our own camp. Expected PRINCE ARTHUR and his few but merry men to open fire in front. REDMOND *aîné* also is within his right in denouncing our scheme so long as he is quite sure his rhetorical opposition will not endanger the Bill. But for MACNAMARA and others of our own men to queer my pitch is more than I can bear with patience. Thought I would revisit the glimpses of Battersea Park, where, you remember, I worked up a few impromptus for my speech on moving Second Reading of Bill. You thought of turning off here? Well, perhaps 'twere well. There are moments when great souls would be alone."

I had said nothing about turning off. That by the way.

Wrapping his inky cloak tighter round his bulging waist, he strode off, remarking:

"The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Business done. In Committee on Education Bill. Clause 4, the crux of it, reached. It proposes that under certain conditions the Local Authorities may grant extended facilities to meet demand for denominational teaching. EVELYN CECIL moves amendment substituting "shall" for "may," thus making the provision mandatory.

Tuesday night. House crowded. More appearance of animation on Benches than seen since Education Bill taken in hand. Still debating EVELYN CECIL's amendment to Clause 4. BIRRELL decidedly bucked up. Has profited by yesterday's meditations in a riverside park. Opens debate in good fighting form. Intimates to whom it may concern on either side that Government are at end of concessions. Will stand by the clause with their own amendments indicated on the paper.

Speech had useful effect.

"Nothing," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "is more detrimental to fortunes of a Government Bill than uncertainty as to the extent to which Ministers are squeezable. As long as there is chance or hope of getting another bit out of them Opposition peg away, debate is prolonged, time and temper lost."



HAMLET IN BATTERSEA PARK.

"The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

(Rt. Hon. A-g-st-ne B-rr-ll.)



"THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS MACNAMARA."

(It isn't Our Artist's fault if the Doctor looks like a distinguished Oriental. He is gradually turning black from "over-exposure" on various golf links.)



"JOEY" GOES FOR DR. CLIFFORD.

"I notice that he (Dr. Clifford) appears to speak of me generally by my Christian name; he said they all knew what 'Joey' wanted." "I am not certain that Dr. Clifford knows all I want, but he is quite right if he thinks I want a General Election on this question as soon as possible."

Pretty incident varied acrid course of debate. Since House got into Committee on Bill C.-B. has been in rare attendance. House sympathetically cognisant of the reason. It knows that to the burden of Empire the PRIME MINISTER has added domestic anxieties that cause him to keep long vigil in a sick room. This afternoon, in voice threatening to break down with emotion, he half apologised for his abstention from Parliamentary duties, tenderly touching on the cause. Murmur of sympathy rose to prolonged enthusiastic cheer, joined in by all sections of Party. Presently PRINCE ARTHUR made opportunity of expressing on behalf of himself and his friends the kindly feeling that animated them towards a political adversary with whom they were at the moment in deadly grip.

This is one of the things the House always does well. The outburst was unpremeditated, spontaneous, hearty. It was more than a token of sympathy in circumstances whose touch of nature makes the whole world kin. It was testimony to appreciation of personal qualities that, mellowing in the sunlight of prosperity, promise to make C.-B. one of the most popular Leaders the House has known.

Business done.—On proposal to substitute "shall" for "may" in Clause 4, Government majority run down to 103. Exultation on Opposition Benches tumultuous. Not exactly turning out the Ministry, you know, or even likely to compel them to drop the Bill. But 100 is only a third of a majority of 300. Which nobody can deny.

Friday night.—To old Members—alack! there are not many left of the period—CORBETT'S motion for enquiry into Conventual Institutions recalls two familiar figures long vanished from the scene. One was NEWDEGATE, the other Major O'GORMAN. Thirty years ago NEWDEGATE annually brought in a similar resolution. It was regularly snuffed out by big majorities; incidentally it brought the MAJOR to the front.

On a June night, in the session of 1874, NEWDEGATE having made his motion, there rose from the Irish Benches a figure of Falstaffian proportions. This was the MAJOR, then unknown to fame. Mopping his forehead, he announced himself "utterly opposed altogether" to the appointment of these Royal Commissions. And why?

"I'll tell you why," the MAJOR thundered.

He proceeded in dramatic manner to imagine "one of these Royal Commissioners" going to a convent and demanding admission. The door opens. A nun appears; the Commissioner asks her what are her station and quality.

"My sire, Sir," she answered, "was a king. My mother was the daughter of the Sixth JAMES of Scotland and the First JAMES of England. His mother, Sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland."

The House listened in breathless attention as the burly MAJOR further climbed the genealogical tree. With theatrical instinct he, speaking for the still anonymous nun, attempted to attune his voice to the mincing manner of woman.

"Sir, I had a brother," he continued.

The brother having, like the nun's father or mother—it was not clear which—been mysteriously disposed of, the MAJOR, taking a fresh breath, proceeded:

"Sir, I had a sister."

The gallant Member stood silently impassive whilst the House roared with laughter. When it partially subsided, he added, "Her name was SOPHIA."

There was end of opportunity and the allegory. After gazing for some moments on the tumultuous scene the MAJOR sat down, his story, like that of CAMBUSCAN bold, left half told.

Nothing of this rich humour glinted on debate on CORBETT'S motion. The passing of a glass of stout to him midway in his speech was a poor jest compared with Major O'GORMAN'S mellifluous unconscious humour.

Business done.—Land Tenure Bill discussed.



A PRETTY SUBSTANTIAL SHADE (1874).
"Her name was Sophia."
(Major O'G-rm-n.)

OCHONE!

Dear Mr. Punch,—As a loyal and patriotic Hibernian I wish to protest in the strongest terms against the atrocious and unchivalrous conduct of a section of the Dublin Corporation. From a report of the proceedings of that body in *The Irish Times* I gather that the widow Malone, who for many years had done the carting of the Corporation, was deprived of that privilege last January by the order of the Paving Committee. Worse still, the High Sheriff, Mr. Madden, on being recently called upon for an explanation, stated that from the information he had received Mrs. Malone *did not exist!* So far from her being a poor widow, "she was a married woman named Connolly, *having a horse and cart, which was not her property at all*, but the property of her mother, Mrs. Corcoran, who lived in Newmarket." Just think what these odious insinuations amounted to! If the widow Malone was in reality Mrs. Connolly, one of the finest Irish lyrics would be found to rest on an unsound metrical basis. Connolly won't rhyme to "Ochone!" No wonder then that the action of the High Sheriff led to the issue of a circular which wound up with the following comprehensive denunciation of Mrs. Malone's traducers:—

"May the grass wither from their feet, may the woods deny them shelter, earth a grave, and heaven a home!"

It is, therefore, with profound satisfaction that I note that, by the unanimous vote of the Committee of the whole House, the widow Malone was restored to her post of carter to the Corporation, and that her identity was conclusively established on the evidence of that true patriot, Mr. Alderman Kelly.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
Lucius O'Brien (of Clare).

BUSINESS COMBINED WITH PLEASURE.

When leisure irked, I once began
Collecting stamps to fill the void:
A hobby seemed the wisest plan,
As I was rich and unemployed.
My philatelic craze was strong,
But did not satisfy me long.

Accordingly, to have a change,
Old books and prints in turn I bought;
But these required too wide a range
Of knowledge—I was often "caught."
When expert critics scorned my stuff,
I thought the game not good enough.

I find it, now, quite easy, though,
To make the test that fear enjoins,
For all my fortune's "lost," and so
I'm hard at work collecting *coins*.
No dark suspicion clouds my mind:
They are the useful, modern kind!



"IS OTTER-HUNTING CRUEL?"

(*Vide correspondence in the papers.*)

After having been set for an hour to watch a so-called "shallow," during a north-east wind, accompanied by some rain, Spillikins has come to the conclusion that it undoubtedly is.

The new Yellow River Bridge which, according to *The Daily Graphic*, is 1863 miles from end to end, was rashly described in these pages as the most wonderful engineering feat in the world. *The Southern Press*, however, tells us that on the Canadian Pacific Railway "one of the most difficult bits of the route is spanned by a bridge 5000 miles above the level of the sea."

Notice in a Shop in Freiburg.—"Here they spike the English." Is this a phase of the Anglo-German *entente?*

"George Hirst's Toffee" is now selling on all cricket grounds. A correspondent calls our attention to this as something unusual; but we have always had P. F. Warner's Safe Cure, C. B. Fry's Chocolate, S. H. Day and H. Martyn's Blacking, and Jessop's Cricket Notes.

"Will any lady or gentleman find employment few days a week for practical gardener? Speaks French."—*Evening News.*

Dangerous: might encourage gossiping with the French beans.

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

III.—Fancy Work.

He occupied the hindmost seat on the off-side, and announced his presence by prodding my shoulder five or six times in rapid succession. I turned round hastily, and beheld a grimy little man with a grizzly beard, a short and very foul clay pipe in his mouth, and a general air of shabby unwholesomeness about his person.

"You 'll 'scuse me," he began, with an apologetic smile.

"Not if you do that again," I interrupted savagely. "What do you want?"

"You 'll 'scuse me," he repeated, "but I seem ter fairly *smoke* matches, some'ow. Yes," continued the grimy man, "there ain't a single light left in this 'ere box. An' it was full this mornin'. Rum, ain't it?"

"Gin, I should have thought," I murmured absently.

"'*Ow* much?" he asked, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"I beg your pardon; I was thinking aloud," I explained "You want a light, I suppose?"

"If you *wouldn't* mind obligin'," replied the grimy man.

He took my proffered box, and applied a light to the charred remains of a pipeful of tobacco. Then, puffing vigorously, he made as if to return my matches, but suddenly paused and examined the dead ash in his pipe.

"It don't seem ter dror right, does it?" he complained, looking dubiously at the almost empty bowl.

There was another pause.

"Aren't you rather a long time coming to the point?" I suggested mildly.

The grimy man eyed me uneasily for a moment, and then, winked with an elaborate show of friendliness

"You're a gent one of the right sort," he observed; "I could see that directly I set eyes on yer."

As a tribute to the expressiveness of my shoulders the statement was not a little remarkable, and I murmured my acknowledgments.

"Yes," pursued the grimy man—"I sez ter myself, ''E 's a gent, and I lay 'e knows what good terbacker is. An' that bein' so,' I sez, ''e can feel for them as 'as left their terbacker at 'ome.' A thing like that might 'appen to anybody. It might be *you* as left yer terbacker at 'ome, and 'ad ter borrow orf o' *me*."

I admitted that such a contingency was possible, if not probable.

"So give an' take, is what I always sez," continued he. "'Elp a lame dorg over a stile, an' you 'll never be sorry for it. All good pals pull together. You unnerstan' me?"

I was able to assure the grimy man that I understood the general drift of his conversation, and by way of proof handed him my open tobacco-pouch without further comment. He took a liberal palmful from it, cleaned and filled his pipe, carefully deposited the surplus tobacco, together with half-a-dozen matches, in his empty match-box, and returned my property with thanks that were almost Oriental in their effusiveness.

By this time we were about halfway down the Fulham Road—my neighbour had begun to show signs of increasing embarrassment in his speech. To my discomfiture, he now left his place and seated himself beside me.

"Bizness gerrin' a bit berrer," he observed.

To this remark, which might equally have been a question or a statement of fact, I replied with a non-committal grunt.

"Whassay?" queried the grimy man.

"What did *you* say?" I asked curtly.

"I said, 'Whassay?'" responded my neighbour.

"Yes, I know; but what did you say before that?"

My neighbour groped silently in the thickening haze of his ideas.

"I said, 'Bizness gerrin' berrer,'" he replied at length.

"So I believe," I said, but without the assurance of absolute faith.

"My trade mushabout samesbefore," volunteered my persecutor. "S'cesshul trade; always fluckflushuatin', though. Sutthink crool!"

I murmured my sympathies.

"P'r'aps you dunno what my trade is?" he queried.

I could have made a shrewd guess, but preferred to plead ignorance on the subject.

"My line's fency work," he replied.

"Something to do with palings?" I hazarded.

"No, *fency* work," he insisted. "You know what fency work is, doncher?"

A light dawned on me. "Oh, *fancy* work. Well, I can quite believe it," I said.

"Thassit; fency work - that's my line," he replied thickly.

"And how long have you been doing . . . er, fancy-work?" I asked, preparing to descend.

He was fast sinking into torpor.

"Since I was li'l boy," he murmured.

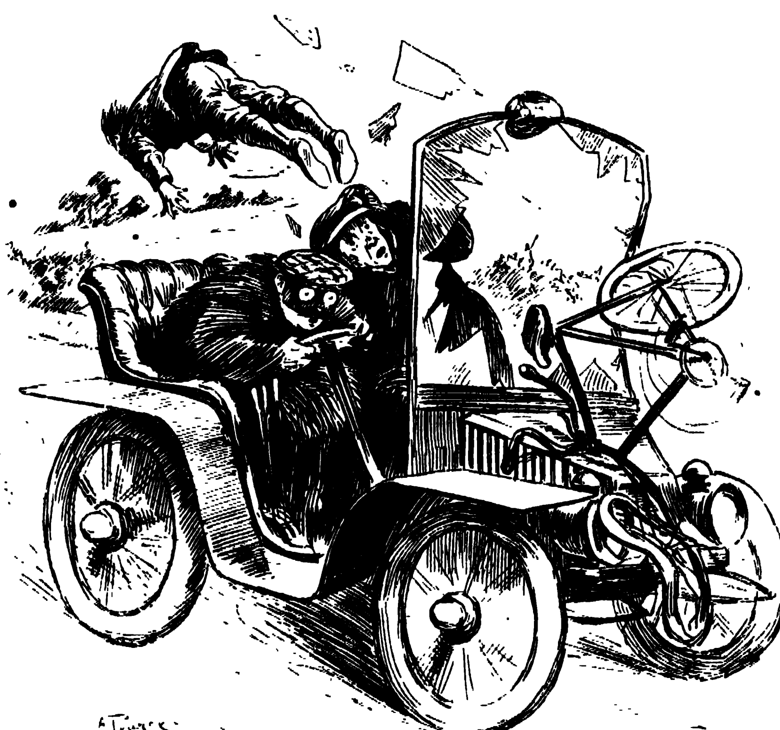
"I can quite believe it," I repeated, with growing assurance.

The bus had now drawn up at South Kensington Station.

"Good night," I added, as I brushed past him.

"Gooni," responded the grimy man.

I looked up at him from the pavement. He had already fallen into a stolid slumber—had, in fact, passed out of the realm of fancy or imagination (in which his life's work apparently lay) into that of dreams. The transition must always have been an easy one.



SO INCONSIDERATE.

"Jove! Might have killed us! I must have a wire screen fixed up."



'ENLEY.

First Light-fingered Gent. "WELL, MY OLD COLLEGE PAL, WOT ARE YER PALS 'ERE FOR—THE LIDIES' PLITE?"
Second Ditto. "NO. THE DIAMONDS!"

THE BEST ACTORS SERIES.

MR. ALEXANDER SWALLER.

(*With apologies to a Contemporary.*)

BY a clemency and condescension too kind to overestimate, one of our staff has been privileged to enjoy an interview with Mr. ALEXANDER SWALLER, the great romantic actor, concerning whose habits and dramatic methods the pathetic British public never seems to tire.

Mr. SWALLER is the soul of conscientiousness. Having decided on his next play, he proceeds in due time to learn his part. This he does by reading it over and committing it to memory. Having learned it, he begins to consider how he will act it: what gestures he will employ, what facial expressions, and so forth. In order to get these to his mind SWALLER hit upon the novel plan of rehearsing them before a glass; for his watchword is Innovation. When an expression does not satisfy him, he tries another. The next thing is the costume, and here Mr. SWALLER has recourse to his costumier and his wig-maker. The part is then ready, and I need hardly say is a success.

In private life Mr. SWALLER is the soul of cordiality, and it goes without saying that there is no more popular figure on the stage or off it. All men have hobbies, and SWALLER is no exception; but here again he shows his forceful originality, for where other men go in for motoring and golf SWALLER is addicted to golf and motoring. In golf he drives himself, but in motoring he has a chauffeur.

Mr. SWALLER has a capital library, chiefly of sixpenny novels, in which he is ever seeking for good dramatic motives. He also reads DUMAS for the same purpose. Always witty, one of his best known *mots* is the profound truth, "Every man has known one dramatic moment; but how few can write a play!"

Of all London's actors it is doubtful if anyone is more plagued by the autograph-hunter than Mr. SWALLER. Every day he receives a number of photographs and picture postcards to sign, confession albums from admirers who wish him to write a few words therein and post them back to the owners, never thinking of the trouble it gives. Mr. SWALLER's postage bill is said to mount up to many shillings a week. But this is one of the penalties of popularity, and in complying with so many requests Mr. SWALLER shows that he has the trait of good nature very strongly developed. Not satisfied with this, some even beard him in his home. Then there is the amateur playwriter to deal with; and it may be said that Mr. SWALLER receives over twenty plays a week to read. "If only people would think before they begin to write plays, how much easier it would be for the actor-manager," he once said. Some of those who have written plays come to his house or the theatre, and insist on reading their effusions to him.

As regards intrusions of this nature, however, the high-water mark was reached a short time ago when, on arriving home from the theatre, after a *matinée*, Mr. SWALLER found his drawing-room full of ladies whom he had never seen in his life before. "We admire you so much," they exclaimed when he entered, "that we thought we must come and have a chat with you." Many besides Mr. ASQUITH would have taken umbrage thereat, but it is said that Mr. SWALLER provided them with tea, and did his best to entertain them. One has to be a great romantic actor or hairy musician to get this kind of homage. It never happened to a stockbroker or an editor.

In short, we have in Mr. ALEXANDER SWALLER the *preux chevalier* of the time, or, at any rate, of the order, for we are proposing to describe Mr. LEWIS GEORGE in our next number, and we shall want to dip once again in the superlatives reservoir then, and again the week after.

"WANTED, to Hire, a small Hand Coffee Van for Pea Picking. Address Rev. C."—*Church Times.*

WE suppose they do this sort of thing in *The Church Times*, when they want to let off their feelings on the Education Bill. It is quite harmless, really.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Mr. Harold Bindloss' latest book (published by F. V. White) is called *Beneath Her Station*, but I cannot think why. The heroine, *Millicent*, is a "companion," and she marries *Derrick Weland*, who is a gin-trader in West Africa. *Derrick*, however, was a very fine fellow, and the owner of a wonderful Ju-ju (Ju-ju is not the same as Ju-jitsu, though almost as useful). He led the British troops against the rebellious *Kwaka*, defeating him with heavy slaughter, nor ever a question asked in the House of Commons. When you have read the book you will refuse to admit that it was *Millicent* who married beneath her station. Perhaps it was *Addy*. *Addy* became the wife of *Konnoto*, who was a native king, and probably a 'Varsity man. *Addy's* previous station had been that of a milliner's assistant; and though of course it is a beautiful calling, and though Society is Rotten, still *Konnoto* was hardly beneath that station, though possibly beneath her notice. However, we may let the thing pass, and proceed to my second objection; which is that Mr. Bindloss refers frequently to a horrible West African insect, which burrows into the sole of your foot, and stays there. It is called the jigger—and I don't wonder. The point is that I don't go to West Africa so long as the jigger is there, Empire or no Empire; Mr. Bindloss has spoilt the place for me. He has, however, (otherwise) written a fascinating book about an (otherwise) fascinating country.

The object of *The Making of an Orator* (Methuen), as described by its author, is to indicate in popular language a course of practice in oratory based on his personal observation and experience in the House of Commons, at the Bar and on the platform. Mr. O'Connor Power treats his subject with the authority of an expert. It is many years since he quitted the Parliamentary scene. But there still linger at Westminster recollections of his eloquent, picturesque, occasionally almost turbulent speech. He has made profound study of the masters of the art, and, writing nearly as well as he speaks, presents a valuable treatise, illuminated with examples of gems of oratory cut and polished, from the times of Cicero and Demosthenes down to Burke, Cobden, Bright, Disraeli and Gladstone. One does not need intent or ambition to practise the art of oratory in order to enjoy this book.

In *The Sin of George Warrener* Marie van Vorst
Describes a few years in the life
Of a man who, once patient and plodding, is forced
To put on the pace by his wife.

She is beautiful, heartless, self-centred, and worse,
And, with never a touch of remorse,
She plays ducks and drakes with his honour and purse,
And there 's more than a hint of divorce.

Catastrophe follows, disgrace in its train,
Then calm unexpected, but still
So achieved that the author convinces your brain
With her deft psychological skill.

The book comes from Heinemann's house; it is bound
To be read (though its binding is blue);
The price is six shillings, and, take it all round,
It 's a very good money's worth, too.

A Fair Insurgent (Ward, Lock) is a story of the Cretan troubles of 1897, and I fancy that when Mr. George Horton set about writing it he made up his mind to produce a very brilliant work indeed. I can picture him taking out the note-book which accompanied him on his travels, and ticking off phrases with a pencil. The result is that, in the early pages, metaphors and similes come tumbling like rocket-stars, and we get such sentences as this: "The waters of the bay, that lay like a rolling plain of green meadow grass and blood-red anemones in the dying sun, were shredded into lily-white foam by the ship's iron ploughshare, and hurled carelessly into the broad road that streamed out behind." Later on the air clears a little, and there is a somewhat incoherent tale of adventure, with a good deal of excellent local colour, a good deal of padding, some modern Greek (translated in brackets), and a plentiful sprinkling of atrocities, horrors, and love. In the end the other fellow marries her, and one is rather glad to get the thing settled.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

["Beautiful bright auburn transformation, cost £12; sell £2 (good condition), or exchange farm produce."—*Advt. in Ladies' Paper.*]

I well remember how there dawned a day
When, with a candour that was simply horrid,
I, gazing in my mirror, heard it say
The locks were growing scanter on my forehead;
I was, in short, appalled
To realise that I was growing bald.

Then, when my soul lay sick with sudden dread
And all my life was plunged in desolation,
When youth and beauty, hope itself had fled,
Thou didst appear, sweet auburn transformation,
And lo! my bosom warmed
And, like my face, my spirit was transformed.

Lightly upon my too Shakspearean brow
I placed thee; lightly thou didst rest upon it,
And now I scanned my mirror closely, now
Withdrawn a little, artist-like to con it.
A dream I seemed to see,
And oh! I thought, the difference to me!

A radiance was about me. I had found
A trap to catch the sunbeams, and they danced there
So irresistibly that they were bound
(I felt) to ravish any one that glanced there.
Copper and gold and red
Flamed in a burnished halo round my head.

Then on my march of triumph forth I set,
And soon it came to pass, as I expected,
That, wander where my footsteps would, I met
A crowd of eligibles all rejected—
Who heaved pathetic sighs
And gazed at thee with dumb, appealing eyes.

At first I revelled in my new-found strength,
And over broken hearts elate I strutted;
But even broken hearts may pall at length.
I wearied of this homage. I was glutted
With conquest, and began
To loathe the vision of proposing man.

And now it bores me when I hear him rave
Of thy bright charms and suicidal bullets;
I sigh for something sensible; I crave
The simple life—peas, cauliflowers, and pullets;
My sated spirit begs
No longer hearts, but butter, cheese, and eggs.

Thus, O my transformation, we must part,
And thou shalt deck some Phyllida or Chloe,
And 'mid the hayfields ply thy deadly art
On youthful Strephons, for thou still art showy,
And, thanks to all my care,
Scarcely the very least the worse for wear.



MIXED METAPHORS IN CONNEMARA.

Sportsman. "I wonder what's become of Mike? I told him to meet me here."
Driver. "Ach, 'tis no use tellin' him anything! Sure, Sorr, ut just goes in at wan ear and out at the other, like wather off a duck's back!"

THE WOULD-BE EUPHAGIST.

["The Euphagist is a man who refuses to take anything seriously at meal times."—*Evening News.*]

When the luncheon hour rewards me with the respite it affords me
From the tyranny of sealing-wax and tape,
When I hie with satisfaction from the scene of my inaction,
Whistling gaily as my clubward course I shape;
When the thought of food delights me, when the plump head-waiter sights me
And advances with his tempting little list,
When he brings the icy tankard after which my soul has hankered,
Then I vow that I will be a euphagist.
To Care I'll say,
"Away!"
To Grief, "Depart,
Sad heart!
I'll banquet here on dainty cheer
And quaff my beer without a fear;
I'll laugh and smile
Awhile,
Whatever woes may rise;
I'll suffer none to spoil my fun—
In short, I'll euphagise."

But when Robinson has spied me and has dumped himself beside me
(He's the most aggressive bore in all the Club),
When he tells me what the nation think of Birrell's Education,
And refuses to be silenced with a snub;
When the man proceeds to dish up words of wisdom from a bishop
With a wild misapprehension of their gist,
When he tells me how he differed from the worthy Dr. Clifford—
Then I find it hard to be a euphagist.
Of penny rates
He prates,
Provided schools
And rules;
He talks to me about Clause Three
And Column B and Schedule C;
The conscience clause,
Its flaws,
Its wherefores and its whys—
Whenever he's wound up on these,
Then I kakophagise.

"For Sale, 26 Hens and Cock; young birds; all laying."
Worthing Gazette.

"GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(*By a Caddie.*)

III.

Taking it all in all, 'Enery Wilks 'as very little use fer wimmen. Excep, of course, as playthings and rellaxashuns after toil. As sich I regards Hervangerline, of 'oom I've told yer. That is, when 'er mood is dosile. At sich times, when she is not trying to be yumourous or utherwise acting the goat, the child can listen, wif doo respekt, whilst 'im she loves so well unbends 'isself. It is 'er privviledge, alone of all yuman beings, to see 'Enery Wilks remove 'is stern cold marsk. Yuss, I tollerates Hervangerline, but I 'ave little use fer uther wimmen.

Speaking quite frenkly, I can find little to kommend in the hexeckertive of these 'ere links, but there is one of their resent hinnervashuns in pertickler that fills me wif cold rage. This is the rule permitting lidy members to play on the course, excep' on Satterday and Sunday.

Lord knows as 'ow the men is bad enuff to deal wif. 'Eadstrong, vain, irriterble and pig-'eaded they mostly is, but oh! strike me pink and purple, if they ain't fair angels, wings and all, kompared to those dredfull, onreasoningable wimmen! Onreasoningable is the one word as I can use to deskribe them. And that don't do 'em justise.

Wif a man, to some eggstent, you do know where you are. You do know from eggsperiense 'ow fur you may go wif 'im, before 'e katches you a clump on the side of the 'ead. But wif wimmen no eggsperiense will 'elp yer. Becos there ain't no rules abart them.

Lord knows as 'ow I started out wif the idear of pleesing 'em. I ses to Hervangerline, the evening I 'eard abart it, "We're going to 'ave lidies on the course, kid," I ses. "Your 'Enery will 'ave to smarten 'isself up a bit fer their dear sakes," I ses. Womanlike she begun to snif.

"You take care, 'Enery Wilks," she ses worningly. "You take care of them desining 'ussies. There's many of 'em as will be after you, I knows it well. Fer some wimmen," she ses, sort of sarkastic, "some wimmen will go after anythink in trarsers," she ses. Well, I wears nickers meself as a general rule, but I knowed what she meant. And, though of course I 'id it from her, pertending to be kontemptewous, I found 'er words quite pleesing. I thort to meself, komplasent like, as 'ow some of these lidy members might show a prefferrence fer that one of our caddies as 'is pollished and korteous and older than 'is years. But, apparriently, both I and Hervangerline was rong—iddeously rong. Fer it's no good konseeling from meself, at anyrate, as 'ow I 'aven't been a komplete success so fur wif our lidy members. Why sich should be the case I cannot tell, but there it is. There's a preggerdise agin me as is kep' alive by the ontiring, revengfull tungs of Miss Triggie Kornish and Missis Jossephus 'Askins. And this is 'ow that preggerdise begun.

They come along one morning and say as 'ow they're going to play a rarnd, and they'll share a caddy beween them. And to my ondying greef they picked on 'Enery Wilks. Not as there was anythink surprising in their doing that. In their place I'd 'ave picked on 'im meself. And I'm bound in justise to say as there was nothing in *their* appeerance to set me agin them. Missis 'Askins is very yung and plessant-looking, although she *is* married, and Miss Kornish is darkish and carries 'erself wif a sort of swing. No, their looks was rite enuff; it was only their dredfull 'abit of cheating as made the trubble.

They started as frendly as love-birds, but by the second 'ole the fur was beginning to stand up stiff upon their backs. It was their orful onguvernabul keenness as did it. On the third green Missis 'Askins asks Miss Kornish 'ow many she's played, and she tells 'er, nine, quite brisk like. Now both Missis 'Askins and meself *knew* quite well as 'ow Miss Kornish 'ad played ten; indeed, I could see as 'ow Missis 'Askins thort it were eleven. They rangles a bit abart it, growing gradewally more 'eated, and then Missis 'Askins erpeals to me, and I gives it in 'er favour, trying very 'ard to rap it up plessant like. Miss Kornish glares at me like a cat 'oom you've mannidged to 'it wif a brick whilst it's taking a stroll quite inercent and leshurely; but she doesn't say much and we goes on.

Two 'oles later it all 'appens agin, only this time it's Missis 'Askins 'oo 'as kondescended to redooce 'er score. They rages rarnd upon the green, and then Miss Kornish erpeals to me, and truth kompels me to erward the 'ole to 'er. This time it's Missis 'Askins 'oo glarnces at me as though she'd like to cut orf my yung life. But 'Enery Wilks can stand a lot of that.

So we goes on agin, wif the air growing 'eavier like, and three 'oles later they both erpeals to me, fer both is cheating. It was an 'ard posishun fer a yung feller as is only wishfull to pleese. 'Owever, I desided to give pore old Truth another chawnce; although misdoubtfull. So I ses to them quite respeckfull like, as 'ow both their scores is inakkerite and should I keep them both in fuchure?

Oh Lumme, I'd like to forgit what 'appened then! All in a moment those two yung wimmen grew frendly agin to each other and konsentrited all their rage and spite on 'Enery Wilks. They fell upon me wif their tungs, and I felt as though I was being 'it wif barbed wire and nettels. They called me "impudent little boy," me the chosin 'ero of the yunger caddies, and I could only garsp and trimble. Their crewel thretts brought tears even to my proud eyes, and I almost beleeve as 'ow I grovvelled before them. It 'urts me to remember it.

When at last they 'ad tired themselves out, they finished their rarnd as though they 'ad never 'ad an unkind thort towards each other, and I slunk be'ind them, dased and silent, like a puppy 'oos been kicked.

And that's—that's what comes of edmitting wimmen to a golf corse!

DOUBLE LIMERICKS OF THE DAY.

I.—Mrs. Longworth.

There once was a Senator's bride,
Her President-poppa's chief pride;
  Though she lunched off cold veal
  With the Kaiser at Kiel,
She never put on the least side.

Though to crown her they frequently tried,
Advances she firmly denied.
  "It's my honeymoon now,"
  She replied with a bow,
"And it can't be too much simplified."

II.—Mr. Asquith.

A statesman of Cavendish Square
Erstwhile was renowned for his hair;
  But since visits were paid
  By the Suffrage Brigade
His scalp's become perfectly bare.

He was once very glad to be there,
But peace has forsaken his lair.
  To recapture that boon
  He must hire a balloon
That is Billington-proof, in mid-air.

III.—Sir Bamford Slack.

There was once a great statesman named Slack,
Who rarely, if ever, turned back;
  But in spite of his zeal
  For the Liberal weal
They recently gave him the sack.

At the sound of this resonant smack,
His Majesty murmured, "Alack!
  What balm can we find
  For his mortified mind?—
'Good Bamford, kneel down; rise, Sir Slack!'"

Stands Scotland where it did?

"Every Friday, for some weeks to come, the G. E. R. will run cheap excursions to Scotland and several other towns in the north of England."

Cambridge Chronicle.



MAKING HIM FIT.

Mr. H-ld-ne. "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, THIS BOX ISN'T GOING TO BE ENLARGED TO SUIT YOU. *YOU'RE* GOING TO BE REDUCED TO SUIT THIS BOX!"



"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

Old Gentleman. "Are you certain that these life-belts are cork, and not half sawdust?"
Store-man. "They are the best quality. We have sold hundreds and never had a complaint!"

THE LATEST EXCURSION.

Messrs. Chef and Sons, the famous excursion agents, always full of enterprise, have arranged a new excitement for visitors to London, as the following prospectus shows:—

A DAY IN PROFUSE POPLAR.

The Lair of the Gorgeous Guardians.
Sumptuously fitted *char-à-bancs* leave Messrs. Chef's office at 10 sharp.
Arrival at Poplar at 11.
Inspection of Workhouse.
The Stately Homes of England.
Note the Louis Quatorze upholstery.
Sheraton Chairs.
Turkish Lounges.
N.B.—Don't Miss the Cellar.

Reception by the Matron.
Songs by Melba and Caruso.
Recitations by Réjane, Yvette Guilbert and Coquelin.
Grand March Past by more than satisfied Inmates.

Merrie England at Last.
Frequent adjournments to Cellar.
Luncheon with the Guardians.
Everything out of Season.
Vintage wines only.
Presentation to the Cordon Bleu; after which
Drive through Enchanted Essex to Farm Colony.

The Isles of the Blest Realised.
A Land where it is always afternoon.

Recitation by the Master: "The Lotus Eaters."
Tableau by Contented Colonists.
(1) The Feast of Lucullus.
(2) The Siesta of Heliogabalus.
(3) *Otium cum dignitate.*
The Return to London by Zig-Zag Route.

The entire cost of these excursions being borne by the Poplar ratepayers, Messrs. Chef are enabled to charge only a nominal sum for the use of the *char-à-bancs* and medical advice on return.

The Shirt of Nessus.

"Try the H - - improved shirt and you 'll stick to it."

This is bad news for the hot weather.

LECTURES ON CHILD TRAINING.

(*Reported by Helen and Cecil.*)

I.

Mother had a man two afternoons last week to tell the mothers of all the kids round how to train us.

Dad used his strongest word (the one he gave me half-a-crown to promise never to say) when he heard about it, and he told Mother that the rod at home and the cane at school had done all the training he had ever wanted.

But Mother said she felt that she would be neglecting her duty to the whole of the rising generation in the country if she drew her hand back from the plough.

When Dad asked her what she meant by the plough, Mother said she did not of course mean a real plough, but only that she had told Lady Montfort that she thought the idea of the lectures was charming, and that she would open her drawing-room with pleasure. "Lady Montfort says he is quite a Dear Man, and that we shall all be sure to like him," Mother said.

So the Dear Man came—and so did heaps and heaps of ladies, and they ate piles of afternoon tea. Cecil said that was to show sympathy with childhood, and to come down to the child's level. He said that after we had heard the lectures.

The worst of Cecil is that he is frightfully honourable. It is awful trying to prove to him that the things we both want to do are all right. And of course we wanted to hear what the Dear Man had to say, especially as he isn't a bit rotten, and has the biggest nose and the twinkliest eyes; besides, we heard Mother telling Dad that the lectures were entirely unsuited for children.

That was what made us think of the conservatory, and the place behind the fernery, where there used to be a fountain, but the tap has gone wrong.

If you crouch down, the palms hide you, and you can hear anyone talking in the drawing-room.

Cecil argued for an hour about it, but I never give in, and at last I thought of telling him that Dad often said that two were better than one, and that if we knew how we were to be trained, we could bend ourselves and help Mother so much better. In our house Mother does the training, and Dad makes remarks.

Then I enticed Cecil by telling him to take his note-book, and that Mother would be delighted afterwards to find that he had written it down, for she had only been groaning just before about how she forgot every lecture she ever went to.

So we went, and it was all rather startling. I am going to underline what Cecil put down. He writes rather large, so he missed heaps, and I had to listen to the in-between bits.

"*Sit at the feet of the child. Place the child in the midst!*"

Fancy, and they wouldn't even have us in the room! I nudged Cecil and was just going to say something when he licked his pencil and told me not to interrupt him.

"*Curiosity—a precious gift! Do not smother it. Do not let it worry you. The child is reaching out to know. The child cannot help itself.*"

There, again, of course we were right to listen. Cecil looked up at me with joy in his big eyes, and knew at last that I was really right.

"*There are two kinds of children—Motors and Sensors. Motor children are those who act first and think afterwards, and Sensors are those who think first and act afterwards—sometimes.*"

We thought that was rather clever of him. He had got Cecil and me as good as a snapshot.

I adore playing motor-cars bouncing down the rock path, but Cecil doesn't. He says a real motor would never go that way to the pond, but round by the drive.

"*The Motor child is covered with cuts and lumps and bruises. The Sensor child seldom falls.*"

That was as right as Cecil's sums always are. I counted six things on me this morning in the bath—one a lovely green and purple mark as big as a pincushion. (Cecil says that's no comparison, because a pincushion might be any size—of course I meant the one in my room.)

Certainly Cecil never gets a scratch. Dad says Cecil will be a judge, and that I shall be a circus girl.

"*It is upon the Motor child that the everlasting 'Don't' falls.*"

"Cecil," I said, "that man must be a wizard!" I poked my head through the palms, but I could only see some boots.

"*Do not crush the Motor child by 'don'ting' him. The world is full of 'don'ters'—that is what is the matter with it. Rather feel that in your Motor child you have a mighty force.*"

I told this afterwards to Nurse while she was doing my hair—of course without telling her what had put the idea into my head—and all she said was: "Don't twist about so, Miss Helen!"

Then I told Guest, the gardener, and he said, "Well, Miss, so long as you don't run over my flower beds, and don't jump over the new shrubs, and don't leave the hot-house doors open, and don't——"

I told him he was a 'don'ter,' and ran off.

"*That precious gift, the imagination! Make-believe! Your children live in a beautiful world of their own! Do not seek to drag them downwards to our poor adult level!*"

We wondered what an adult level was. Cecil thought it might be the level crossing down below the park that we were not to be dragged down to—as if we weren't always dying to run across the line.

Then we heard Mother's voice.

"But suppose you had a boy and girl who lived in such a 'beautiful world' of their own that they employed themselves one early morning in digging up earthworks on the lawn and insisting, against all argument, that the Boers were in the park, and that they were defending the house?"

Cecil and me looked at each other. They had put us to bed at five that day, and took away our pocket-money for a fortnight to pay for the gardener's time for putting the earthworks back.

"*Surely the precious gift of imagination which your children possess, Mrs. Lister, is worth your beautiful lawn ten times over! And consider the evidence of loyalty to yourselves, the instinct of home defence ——*"

Wasn't he a Dear Man? I would like to have rushed to kiss him.

"But one can't have one's lawns digged up," went on Mother, in a mournful little voice she has sometimes. "We should lose the gardener in a week."

"*Perhaps it might have been better to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and tell them that you had authentic word during the night that the Boers would approach by the back of the house.*"

"Then they would have digged up the vegetable garden," Mother said, "and the under-gardeners would have left in a body."

We did not hear the end of that, because the door opened and we knew that the tea was coming, and Mother had particularly mentioned that as it was holiday time we were to come in and make ourselves useful.

So we scrambled up, and round by the side door, and so properly into the drawing-room.

The minute we appeared they all stopped talking, and we knew why.

"Please don't mind us," said Cecil, very politely.

"My dear boy, where have you been?" laughed Mother.

And when we looked down, Cecil's knees and my skirts were awful, with crouching in the fernery.

"There is a plot on foot to destroy every mother in the country!" said Cecil, in his slow, clear voice. "Helen and I have been searching the cellars."

MORE HARD CASES.

(With apologies to "Vanity Fair.")

The Duchess of K. is very fond of practical horticulture. Mr. C., who is near-sighted, meets her on the drive in her gardening attire with a large basket under one arm, and mistakes her for a pot-hawker. He further gets the impression that she is grieving over a curt dismissal from the front-door, for the Duchess, having got a piece of real estate in her eye, is, unwisely enough, applying friction. She contrives, however, to lunge out a greeting hand, into which Mr. C., still ridden by his idea, slips a consolatory penny, and passes on. The Duke and his emotional bull-terrier are watching from the terrace, the attitude of each indicating strained interest; and Mr. C., who has already shaken hands with an under-gardener in mistake for the son of the house, now realising his second error, takes the opportunity to perspire at every pore. The Duke's epigrammatic daughter, her satirical *fiancé*, and a week-end party of friends, are seen approaching from the tennis-court. What should Mr. C. do?

Answers adjudged correct.

Tactician:—Mr. C. must pass the whole thing off as a joke. He must wink at the Duke, and, when he gets sufficiently near, dig him in the ribs Later he can say to the Duchess. "I knew, of course, that it must be you; a pedlar would have gone to the back."

Resource:—Mr. C. must feign a sunstroke, or give the idea that he is under alcoholic influence. To heighten this impression, he might career over the Duchess's favourite flower-bed, following immediately with an erratic charge for the main exit. Should the dog be set on, or take action on its own initiative, Mr. C., while travelling, must decide between the gate and the wall.

Discretion:—Mr. C. must pretend to have lost something, and, looking narrowly at the ground, retrace his steps to the gate. Safely there, he can slip away before an explanation is demanded.

Answers adjudged incorrect.

Motherly:—He must keep out of a draught. Anyone perspiring soon takes cold, and, even with a strong constitution, it is madness to risk getting a chill.

Caledonian:—Mr. C. has clearly given the penny in a mistake, and, if he explains, ought to get it back without recourse to litigation.

Chicane:—X. must politely draw his partner's attention to the error, and, if the trick is lost, get even with him after the game. (Chicane is replying to an old problem; the last one contained no allusion to golf whatever.—"Hard Case" Editor.)



FISH, FOWL, OR GOOD RED HERRING?

Customer "What are these?" *Shopman* "Elevenpence halfpenny"
Customer "Yes—but what are they?" *Shopman* "Hors-d'œuvres"
Customer "Yes but WHAT ARE THEY?"
Shopman (in a confidential whisper) "They are those little things, Madam, that people take at the beginning of dinner to give them an appetite"

Our Next Case:—

A. has lately joined a club, of which Colonel X. is an old and powerful member. It is the Colonel's habit, after reading a paper or periodical, to fall asleep with it clasped tightly to him, and though a very sound sleeper he is a person of demoniacal tendencies when roused. A. catches sight of a special paragraph between the Colonel's fingers, and by stooping over with his hands resting on the sleeper's knees can make most of it out. He, however, loses his foothold, and dives impetuously into the Colonel's waistcoat, from the pocket of which he inadvertently drags the Colonel's watch. Colonel X. wakes in a fury, and, accusing A. of being a pick-pocket, dispatches an attendant for the police. What should A. do?

Browning at Henley.

Suggested Theme:—How they brought the good crews from Ghent.

CHARIVARIA.

The Duma might have been the Mother of Parliaments instead of her youngest progeny to judge by the scenes of disorder which have recently characterised its proceedings.

Few of us achieve our ambitions. During his recent visit to Kiel, the Kaiser several times conducted the special orchestra on board the *Hamburg*. At one time, it will be remembered, he conceived the idea of directing the Concert of Europe.

The opening of the Summer Sales passed off comparatively quietly. The hospitals were not called upon to treat any serious cases, and even the number of superficial flesh wounds admitted was smaller than usual. The ladies will yet earn the right to be called "The Gentle Sex."

Miss Marie Corelli (the well-known authoress) and Mr. Hall Caine (the well-known author) were both present at the Warwick Pageant. Each, we understand, was the observed of all observers, except one.

A badge or brooch bearing a portrait of Mr. Chamberlain is to be given to every boy and girl attending an elementary school in Birmingham, in commemoration of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday. Sir F. C. Gould denies the cruel rumour that he is designing the portrait.

How unpleasant it will be for the Liberal gentlemen who have just been promoted to the House of Lords when they have to be abolished.

The following extract from the Parliamentary report of *The Evening Standard* of the 2nd inst. would seem to prove that poor Mr. Churchill has got Coolies on the brain:—

"Algeciras.

"Mr. Lonsdale asked the Foreign Secretary whether, in ratifying the Algeciras protocol, the Sultan of Morocco had made any reservations or conditions, and, if so, whether he could communicate the nature of such conditions to the House.

"Mr. Churchill said all the twelve Coolies had been repatriated, so that his hon. friend's solicitation came too late. (*Laughter.*)"

We think that the laughter was justifiable, although in doubtful taste.

The City of Limoges holds an annual fair for the sale of human hair to wholesale buyers. We have nothing quite like this in England, but we read that at Chichester fair, held last week, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon obtained a good price for his wool.

Seven thousand five hundred gallons of adulterated wine were, by order of the police, poured into the river Neckar last week. The effect on the local fish, who were used to nothing stronger than water, was, we understand, deplorable.

It will be remembered that there was recently exhibited at Washington a jar of "artificial" honey in which there was floating a dead bee. It is now reported that the scandal is worse than was thought. Even the bee was not a real one.

After several barren years, good catches of sardines are reported from Brittany. The clever Chicago packers are at a loss to understand why there should ever have been a shortage.

It is stated that the Committee of the "Quieter London Movement," who have been reading the account of the street fighting in *The Daily Mail's* serial, are about to petition the Government to make war with Germany impossible.

The Countess Feodora Gleichen is showing at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours a bronze statue of Satan. It is a capital likeness.

"Suburbia" draws our attention to an act of gross impertinence on the part of a cabman. Our correspondent having received a present of two tickets for the Opera entered a cab, with his wife, and, in reply to the cabman's "Where to?" answered loudly and distinctly, "Covent Garden." "Market, Sir?" asked the cabman.

EX-DÉBUTANTES.

(A Palinode.)

["Out of a hundred very charming girls who come out in May, only about one in ten is fit to be spoken to by the middle of July. There is only one cure—Back to the Land!"—"Middle-aged Bachelor" in *The World*.]

Five days of *grace* remain!
While the sun shines, then, make hay,
As in middle July the quest were vain
For the Débutantes of May!

The Season's fleeting fast
And chasing the charm away
(Now Ascot and Henley and Lord's are past)
Of the Débutantes of May!

Five days are quickly spent—
If eligible swains delay,
They'll encounter that awful 90 per cent.
Of the Débutantes of May.

One tenth will scarce go round
In the marriage mart to-day,
If the "Middle-aged Bachelor's" views are sound
On the Débutantes of May.

When Mayfair Maids disband,
In London *we*'d rather stay,
While they're trying the cure of "Back to the Land"
For ex-Débutantes of May!

Zig-Zag.

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES;

Or, Who was Who?

IV.—John Loudon McAdam. 1756–1836.

John Loudon McAdam, the inventor of macadamised roads, was born at Ayr on September 21, 1756. A little book was published a few years ago, entitled *The Open Road*, which gives a pathetic account of his early years. It tells how he walked four miles to school every day, and four miles back, with bare feet, along a loose flinty road; of the pain this caused him, and of how, even as a child, he vowed himself to the great task of remaking all the roads, not only of Scotland but of the whole United Kingdom.

It was many years before his intentions could be realised. His parents were poor, and, although they sympathised with his ambitions, they could not afford to buy him even the smallest road to play with. Early in life he had to go out and earn his living, first as a rook-scarer and then as a golf-caddie. It was while he was engaged in throwing stones at birds that he made the great discovery which was afterwards to bear such fruit, not only in his own life, but in the comfort and convenience of millions to come after. But he kept it to himself, knowing that the time had not yet come to put it into practice. When he had carried golf-clubs for a year, and thus acquired a command of language which stood him in good stead in after years when he had to deal with large bodies of navvies, he spent a few months in a stone-mason's yard. We next find him at work in the glass-houses of a prominent Ayrshire horticulturist. He was very shortly dismissed from this place, and was offered a situation by a grateful glazier, which he refused in order to take up with a travelling tooth-extractor. It will be seen later how all these various employments, at first sight so little connected, were undertaken with a definite object in view, and how they bore fruit in after years.

Having thus trained himself as far as possible for the work which lay before him, the young McAdam judged it time to set about getting some money. So he made a fortune, and fitted up a laboratory at Sauchie, N.B., and began to make experiments. He knew all

about stones and what could be done with them from his early experiences. He had thrown them at birds, he had chipped and cut them in the mason's yard, he had lived in glass houses. And, as assistant to the dentist, he had learnt the average capacity of the human mouth. This last experience bore directly on his great discovery. McAdam had found out that if you broke up the granite of which a road was to be made into *stones not larger than would go conveniently into a man's mouth* they would bind together of themselves. It was a discovery that was destined to revolutionise the road-making of the world. He would have made millions out of it if he had not also at this time invented the phrase "arteries of communication." It was thought that a man who could talk in that way would be too proud to accept money for his services, and everything he did now was done at his own expense.

He started in a small way on his own estate. He brought several loads of granite and broke it up with a hammer, testing the size of each stone by putting it into his mouth and taking it out again. It was dry work, and it was entirely owing to John Loudon McAdam's strength of mind that he did not at this stage acquire the drink-habit. It took him a year to make a piece of road ten feet long, but he was proud of it when it was finished, for he had tested every stone of which it was composed, and he now knew from practical experience exactly how a road ought to be made. But he saw quite plainly, such was his perspicacity of intellect, that if he was to make headway in reconstructing the roads of Great Britain and Ireland his present rate of progress was too slow. So, after a month's holiday, which he spent in a dentist's chair in Glasgow, he set to work to gather round him a body of roadmakers.

He chose men with strong arms and average-sized mouths, and told them exactly what he wanted done. They were not to swallow the stones—that must be clearly understood. And, if any of them got a stone into his mouth that would not come out again until his teeth had been extracted, he was on no account to put that stone on to the road until it had been broken smaller. Infraction of this rule would be punished by instant dismissal. He trained these men with the utmost care, and then they made a road. It was a triumph. People would come for miles to walk on it and laugh at the roadmakers. They said they had seldom seen working men look so silly. It was the talk of the country, and McAdam's fame was placed once for all on a sure basis.

He now began to be sought for all over the kingdom. Interest in his performances lasted without flagging for four years, and then he made another discovery. This was that stones passed through a two-inch mesh would serve the same purpose as those which had been tested by the average mouth.

"Now," said John Loudon McAdam, "we can really get along," and he dismissed every one of his trained stone-tasters and engaged ordinary able-bodied navvies in their place. The result was what might have been expected. Nobody would employ him any longer, and he was brought to the verge of ruin. He petitioned Parliament for a gratuity, and the House of Commons, recognising his great services in the cause of healthy amusement, voted him £10,000 and appointed him Surveyor-General of Metropolitan Roads, allowing him to make them as he liked. He lived for thirteen years longer, greatly honoured, and died at the age of eighty, toothless but contented. His biography has lately been written by Michael Fairless under the title of *The Road-Mender*, and he deserves everything that is said of him.



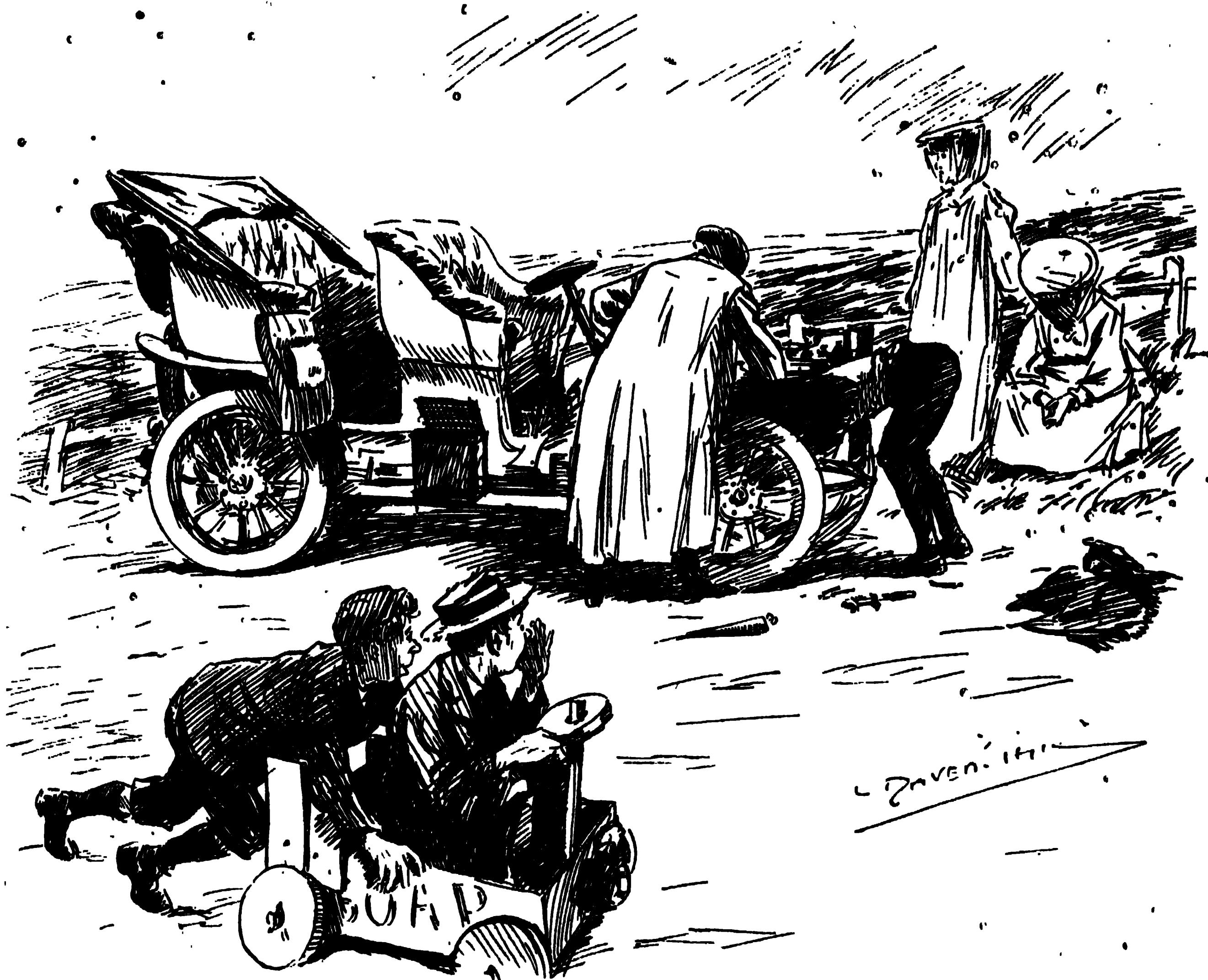
Little Boy (who has already been threatened with punishment if he mutilates any more insects—in an imploring voice, to fly). "Get up! Get up! You know you're only pretending!"

COLERIDGE IN CHICAGO.

In Chicago did Kubla can
A Mastodon from dim B.C.
And called it beef, the wily man!
And sent it in a baggage van
For England's heavy tea.

* * * * * *

I met an Abyssinian maid
Who'd tasted some, ah, me!
And said that she was much afraid
They never would agree.



INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

Wretched Boy. "Hi, guv'nor! D'yer want any help?"

THE CARUSO CAROLS.

(*After a well-known model.*)

Why does the great Lord Burton brew so?
To quench the thirst of his friend Caruso.

Why does the pit peruse "*Who's Who*" so?
For further details of Sig. Caruso.

Why do the 'buses leave Waterloo so?
They're bringing the suburbs to hear Caruso.

Why does my Alderney heifer "moo" so?
Because she fancies herself Caruso.

Why do the cats on the housetop mew so?
They also confuse themselves with Caruso.

Why does the bride forego her trousseau?
To purchase a gallery seat for Caruso.

What made Miss Billington hullabaloo so?
She mistook Mr. Asquith for Signor Caruso.

Why did the public lengthen the queue so?
To see how the earthquake affected Caruso.

What put Poseidon in a stew so?
His utter failure to shake Caruso.

What saddened the end of Brian Boru so?
The thought that he never would hear Caruso.

Why do the duchesses rifle Kew so?
For floral tributes to hurl at Caruso.

Why do the third-rate tenors boo so?
It's their only chance to extinguish Caruso.

Why do the worshippers crowd the pew so?
They hope that the hymn will be led by Caruso.

Why do the masses frequent the Zoo so?
They've heard that the wombat resembles Caruso.

Why does Lloyd-George detest Lord Hugh so?
This has nothing whatever to do with Caruso.

The Daily Express says: "In attempting to take a catch in the long field C. B. Fry's injured leg gave way."

Mr. Punch sincerely sympathises with Mr. Fry on this second misfortune, but still thinks that he ought to have tried to catch the ball with his hands rather than with his leg.



FANCY-FREE.

PROFESSOR BIRRELL. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE THROWN MY WHIP ASIDE AND AM TRUSTING TO THE UNAIDED INTELLIGENCE OF THE ANIMAL. A NUMBER CONSISTING OF THREE FIGURES HAS BEEN SUGGESTED TO ME AT RANDOM. THE SAGACIOUS BEAST WILL NOW WRITE THOSE FIGURES ON THE BLACKBOARD."

[The Liberal majority, which had not previously fallen below three figures during the debates on the Education Bill, was reduced to sixteen on Mr. WALTERS' amendment to Clause Six, Mr. BIRRELL having left it to the conscience of Members to vote as they chose "without any hint or suggestion being given by the employment of Government tellers."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PROTÉGÉS OF OUR NEW KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

A Puzzle for Patriots. How it comes that certain emotional Members of the British Parliament should be able, with apparent equanimity, to overlook attacks on British subjects, and yet be wrought up to a passionate frenzy of indignation when the poor dear foreign perpetrators (as above portrayed) are brought to book for their misdeeds.

House of Commons, Monday, July 2. - Another dreary day in Committee on Education Bill varied by final flare up in Division Lobby. Government in a tight place. Division of opinion on Sixth Clause not only manifest in rank and file of Party; is developed in Cabinet. When Division took place HENRY FOWLER and BRYCE went into Opposition Lobby, their votes annulling those of PREMIER and MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

In such critical circumstances, the question at issue not being vital to Bill, safe thing to do is to tell your men they may vote as they please.

"A pretty disclosure of ordinary course of business," murmurs the MEMBER FOR SARK. "Assumption is that when a man is chosen to represent in Parliament a body of free and independent Electors he brings to every question that presents itself an impartial judgment, unfettered action. Seems not. The keeper of his conscience is either the PREMIER or the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. Each has Whips who, when Division is signalled, stand at the gates of the Temple and point towards the Lobby, into which their men file like dumb driven cattle. It is this state of things that makes BANBURY so restive. Proffered a seat for the City, he long hesitated to submit his proud spirit to the familiar yoke. To-night, Ministers themselves being at sixes and sevens with respect to Clause 6, we are graciously permitted to vote in accordance with our convictions and the dictates of conscience."

Through the long afternoon the flow of talk lapped sleepily against the walls of the half-empty House. What was the use of talking? Every man had made up his mind which way he would vote. Had Division taken place when WALTERS sat down, having moved his amendment, result would have been precisely the same. But in the Commons we do everything (or almost everything) decently and in order. Period of debate limited to half-past ten o'clock. Punctually at that moment, whosoever might chance to be on his legs, whatsoever had been said or left unsaid, Chairman would rise with cry of "Order! Order!" forthwith put the Question, and call a Division. So, whilst Members who had prepared speeches insisted on delivering them, the rest went off to the sunlit terrace.

"Now do I realise the feelings of the gentleman lingering in the country churchyard," said Mr. EMMOTT, settling down in the Chair and repressing a yawn.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

At half-past ten scene suddenly changed. House crowded on every bench. A throng upstanding blocked the Bar. Buzz of animated conversation filled the erstwhile gloomy Chamber. For once in a while there was real sharp interest in pending Division. It was none of your cut and-dried programmes — the solid phalanx of well-drilled Ministerialists on one side, on the other the shrivelled remnant of the once great Unionist Party, its Leaders anxiously scanning the Irish Nationalists and the Don't-Keirs, thankful in advance for any small contribution to their numbers. Ministerialists were, temporarily at least, emancipated, much as if they were slaves in the West Indies or serfs in Russia.

How would they use their freedom? Would they take advantage of it to go for their old masters, or would they, in

obedience to long instinct, humbly follow them into the Division Lobby? On ordinary occasions, Members, having taken part in the final Division of a sitting, hurry off to catch a cab, contentedly waiting for the morning papers to learn the exact figures. To-night they trooped back in battalions, once more filling the Chamber with bustling babbling crowd. As it grew it became obvious that the Division had been a close thing. On other nights the few Opposition sheep are early penned, whilst the Ministerialists continue to pour a constant stream from the Division Lobby. To-night the contending hosts came in neck-and-neck, stepping together like a pair of well-matched carriage horses.

Up to the very last difficult to say which Lobby was first cleared. When the figures were reported to Clerk at Table and WALTERS was observed to place himself on the left of the line of Tellers, it was known the amendment was defeated. By how many?

"Ayes to the right, 267," cried the Teller; "Noes to the left, 283."

A great shout went up from the Opposition. True, it was not even a moral defeat of the Government. After carefully considering their hand Mr. BIRRELL had been put up to say, "I leave it to you, partner." The Ministerial Whips had taken no part in the Division. But an important clause in the principal Government measure submitted to unfettered judgment of House of 550 Members had been saved by a narrow majority of 16.

Business done.—Clause 6 added to Education Bill.

Wednesday night.—To-day the SPEAKER, attended by a crowd of Members sombrely arrayed, attended in their Parish Church of St. Margaret's. WILFRID LAWSON is dead, not ere his prime, for that was long past; still in the fulness of his popularity. Almost up to the last he was in attendance at the place he knew so well, where he had lived and laughed so long. Forty-seven years ago he walked up to the Table to take the oath on being returned Member for Carlisle. He was here on Thursday. On Sunday morning he died, and to-morrow will be laid to rest in Cumberland soil. To-day Members of all sections of Party meet on the common ground of the Parish Church to lament the loss of a comrade, honest to the point of fanaticism, withal the merriest of men.

Odd to recall a time when WILFRID LAWSON used habitually to address a not too crowded House unmoved to laughter. Discovery that he was humorous was suddenly, unexpectedly made, much as the fortunate miner, after long unrequited labour, taps upon rich quartz.



FAREWELL TO AN OLD FRIEND.
(Sir Wilfrid Lawson.)

Some time early in the Disraelian Parliament the Member for Carlisle chanced to make a joke that caught the fancy of the House. Encouraged by success, he tried again, and speedily gained a reputation that secured for him the position out of which BERNAL OSBORNE was opportunely fading.

OSBORNE never recovered from an accidental, undesigned shot fired at him by a long-suffering Member opposite. Had intended to allude to his tormentor as "the chartered libertine of debate." By happy confusion of speech he called him "the shattered libertine of debate." The House recognised the ruthless accuracy of the description. BERNAL OSBORNE, after long reign, fell into obscurity, and WILFRID LAWSON took his cap and bells.

In congenial company LAWSON was even better off the Parliamentary stage than on it. In one case he flashed forth his happy sayings. In the other he carefully fashioned them in his study, brought them down written out in manuscript, and without attempt to disguise read them to an audience whose enjoyment was, by rare exception, not marred by the mechanical process.

I recall two instances that illustrate his manner in varied circumstance. TOM COLLINS, one of a Parliamentary type long extinct, was as thrifty as he was wealthy. Returned for Knaresborough after long absence, he delayed putting in an appearance at Westminster.

"Odd, isn't it," someone said to Sir WILFRID, "that TOM COLLINS doesn't turn up?"

"Not at all, not at all," was the swift reply. "He is waiting for an excursion train."

The other flash of humour illuminated the House. It was provoked in connection with an old Member who, oddly enough for those who sat with him in the Radical camp thirty years ago, will presently reappear on the Parliamentary scene in the robes of a Peer. Mr. COURTNEY, then Member for Liskeard, distinguished himself by his opposition to the Transvaal War that ended on Majuba Hill. He was warmly backed by WILFRID LAWSON in his bitter attacks on GLADSTONE'S Government. In its second year he accepted office as Under Secretary for the Home Department.

This was a great blow to LAWSON'S faith in his fellow-man. He waited his opportunity and scored, the point not the less hurtful since it was that of the rapier. Mr. GLADSTONE declining an invitation to make a statement of the views of the Government in respect to the Transvaal, WILFRID LAWSON interposed with the suave remark—

"Perhaps the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT will undertake the duty."

Business done.—In Committee on the Education Bill.



SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE.
(Mr. Th-d-re T-yl-r.)

Railway Candour.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT PEEBLES.

A SPECIAL excursion train will run as under:—

"NOTICE.—*The Company hereby give Special Notice that they do not undertake or guarantee that passengers will reach Peebles.*"—N. B. R. Placard.

THE LONGWORTHS' INDEPENDENCE DAY.

From the Diary of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

July 4.—Independence Day. NICHOLAS began day suitably by reading in firm voice Declaration of Independence. I said nothing, but I have my doubts. NICHOLAS, in asbestos Senatorial uniform, then let off some crackers, and we sang "*Hail Columbia!*" NICHOLAS's voice not very good, but I helped him over the top notes. Mr. WHITELAW REID rather nervous about the crackers, as it seems Dorchester House is only leased.

Small but select breakfast party, strictly kept to free-born Americans. Mr. and Mrs. WHITELAW REID, of course; Miss MAY SUTTON; Mr. R. G. KNOWLES; Miss EDNA MAY; Sir CHARLES FROHMAN; Mr. SARGENT; Sir KENNEDY, Bart.; Mr. and Mrs. and the sweet little FULLERS, and seven duchesses. A thoroughly American meal—began with cocktails and clam chowder and ended with maple syrup and pemmican. NICHOLAS, wearing his starred-and-striped moccasins and silver-mounted goatee, much admired.

After breakfast went out shopping. Great difficulty in finding chewing gum. Must urge Poppa to institute Gum Trust for Great Britain. Bought Independence-day presents for old friends: among these diamond-hilted rook-and-rabbit rifle for the KAISER, who was so nice to us last week; gramophone for President FALLIÈRES, with whom we dine to-morrow; and monogram ring for dear old FRANZ JOSEF, with F. J. H. neatly engraved on it. NICHOLAS gave me another motor-car—this makes the sixth since we have been here—and a white satin dress the exact copy of that worn by Princess ENA at her recent marriage.

At 11.30 left our cards at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House; then motored down to Henley, dropping Miss SUTTON, who was looking more radiant than ever, at Wimbledon. Just in time for two heats of the Grand Challenge, and lunch with Lord DESBOROUGH. Then on to Warwick for the Pageant, where we picked up a number of hints likely to be useful in a new republican country.

Changed *en route* in the tonneau into mediæval costume. I went as Queen ELIZABETH in a star-spangled ruff, and NICHOLAS as Sir WALTER RALEIGH, with beard and cloak. NICHOLAS, who is really often quite witty, convulsed Lady WARWICK by the following conundrum: "What is the difference between a Warwick cow and a Chicago cow?" Answer, "One is dun and the other has been overdone." I cabled this to Poppa. At the reception in the pavilion in my honour I had much pleasure in raising Mr. LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER to the Philippine peerage as the Earl of WARWICK, the pageant-maker.

Motored back in time for great dinner and Fourth-of-July Ball at Dorchester House. Was taken in by Prince EITEL FRITZ, who is over here *incog.*, travelling as a simple American, a member of our suite. Led off the "*Washington Post*" with Sir BAMFORD SLACK, who is the latest member of the English aristocracy, and was therefore given this honour. NICHOLAS acquitted himself in the cake-walk with his customary dignity and distinction, Mr. JAMES BRYCE being much impressed, and remarking that he had never seen EUGENE STRATTON in such good form. Earlier in the day, I might remark, Mr. BRYCE had said that he had never been so impressed by any American's constitution as by dear MAY SUTTON's.

Off to Paris by midnight train to stay with the FALLIÈRES.



Harry Holdtight (of the Bumpwaddle Yeomanry). "HERE—HANG IT ALL! I'M NOT A BALLY TOREADOR!"

THERE is a rumour at Potsdam that the KAISER is jealous of the youngest Hohenzollern. His Majesty recognises with regret that at last there is one in the world who can boast a more illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten grandfather than he himself can.

THOUGH Mr. FREEMAN THOMAS is now happily recovered from his recent accident, the extent of his injuries seems to have been much larger than was at first supposed. *The Western Morning News*, in commenting on his narrow escape, says that he was "hurted between 30 ft. and 40 ft."

TIT-FOR-TATIANA.

I GATHER, from the highest third-hand information, that the late POUSHKIN'S novel in verse, *Eugène Onéghin*, is a work of psychologic subtlety. I am glad to know this, as I should never have guessed it from seeing TCHAIKOWSKY'S operatic version, than which I can imagine nothing more naïve. It goes something like this:

Olga (Madame KIRKBY LUNN) and *Tatiana* (Mlle. DESTINN) are sisters, who sing duets. *Olga*, the elder, is very dark and sufficiently mature to be engaged to a certain *Lensky* (M. ALTCHEVSKY). *Tatiana*, on the other hand, has her golden hair still hanging down her back. But if she is not engaged to be married it is no fault of hers; for not only does the synopsis admit that she is "sentimental," but we also see her taking her earliest chance, and falling in love at sight with *Lensky's* friend, *Onéghin*, described as "a disappointed man of the world." (The part of this well-preserved beau was played with an admirable sense of deportment and great lusciousness of voice by Signor BATTISTINI, who, though he wore a moustache, recalled by his debonair appearance the prime of Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN.) As *Onéghin* fails to make any advances at their first meeting, *Tatiana*, recognising with true operatic instinct that time presses, resolves to accelerate matters by declaring her passion in a letter and appointing a *rendezvous*.

One can imagine the maiden hesitancy which any nice-minded girl would bring to the execution of so delicate a task; and, indeed, it takes her the whole night to compose the letter. Meanwhile the orchestra plays the most fascinating accompaniment to her moving pen. (Thanks to the practice she has had in *Madama Butterfly*, these all-night sittings are becoming quite a habit with Mlle. DESTINN.) Naturally *Tatiana* is looking a bit below herself next day, and, although she remains in excellent voice, *Onéghin*, who keeps the appointment, tells her with appalling candour that he does not share her infatuation.

A birthday dance is now given by her Mamma (for after all a chorus must be kept employed, and its previous appearance as Russian peasantry had been far from picturesque), and *Onéghin* avenges himself on his friend *Lensky* for the boredom of the entertainment (there I was with him) by pursuing the engaged *Olga* with persistent attentions. A duel is easily arranged, a most delightful snow-scene being selected for the *terrain;* and it was soon clear that *Lensky* would be the victim. For in the first place he was the innocent man, and secondly he was kept waiting an unconscionable time in the cold without an overcoat. At last *Onéghin* arrived, very comfortably and warmly clad, and then I thought there must be a misprint and that they were there to fight a duet and not a duel at all. But the song was soon over, and they took up their positions with their backs to one another, and the signal was given.

Neither of them moved. Indeed, I cannot remember having ever assisted at a duel in which the parties were so long in getting off the mark. Finally *Onéghin* woke up and shot his man dead. That was the end of *Lensky;* and, except that he at once rose and bowed to the audience, he took no further part in the melodrama.



"A DISAPPOINTED MAN OF THE WORLD."
Sig. Battistini . . . *Eugène Onéghin.*

Years elapse and *Tatiana* marries a Prince, and they give a ball in St. Petersburg (for after all the chorus must be kept employed, and a ball in town is really quite a fresh idea after a ball in a country house). *Onéghin* does not recognise his hostess, for *Tatiana* has grown a big girl by this, and has her hair up.

It is now *his* turn to fall in love at sight, and I am told that the original novel is peculiarly subtle at this juncture. In that case I cannot think that the opera does it justice. If the change in *Onéghin's* attitude had been due to the discovery that the lady was now married, this might have raised a pretty but rather familiar point in psychologics. But he is at first ignorant of the fact that she is married; so that his changed appreciation of her must be due to the improvement in her physical or social attractions—neither of them a very subtle reason. However, the reason doesn't matter much, as it is now the gentleman's turn to be rebuffed. But *Tatiana* has not forgotten her first assignation, nor the pains it cost her to compose it; and she still has a soft place in her heart for the object of that unfortunate tryst. Accordingly she allows him to argue his case at some length in her boudoir, even joining him in a very eloquent duet. Then she says "No," and goes right out of the room before she can change her mind.

The synopsis says that *Onéghin* shoots himself in despair. This is not true. His brains were still intact when the curtain fell, and I think that he got over it all in rather less than a fortnight.

The opera, admirably performed, abounds in delicious melody; but as a play it is poor stuff. The novel of motive is not readily adapted to the ordinary stage, still less to the operatic. For here, owing to the claims of music, always leisurely in expressing itself, there is even smaller scope for the revelation of causes that lead to action; which must without such revelation appear crude and arbitrary.

And in any case Opera is perhaps a sufficiently hybrid art without the further introduction of a psychologic strain.

O. S.

COVER-POINTS.

CRICKET is still the national game, in spite of the efforts of the Americans to supersede it. But "Wibbley-Wob" has never really conquered the affections of the British public. This is attributable, I think, to the lack of a proper "Wibbley-Wob" costume. Everybody recognises that the magnetism of the M.C.C. as a cricket club is almost entirely due to the privilege its members enjoy of wearing a chili and mustard blazer with cap *en suite.* With an equally tasty colour-scheme, I feel confident that "King Wibbley-Wob" would now rule supreme.

The great objection to cricket is, of course, that it is such an unsportsmanlike game. For example, I once fielded for many, many hours in a marrow-warping sun, and was rewarded with an innings of three balls only. The first two were wides.



The Squire. "BUT I TELL YOU, SIR, THIS ROAD IS PRIVATE, AND YOU SHALL NOT PASS EXCEPT OVER MY PROSTRATE BODY!"
Cyclist. "ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR, I'LL GO BACK. I'VE DONE ENOUGH HILL CLIMBING ALREADY!"

The umpiring of cricket, too, is notoriously indifferent. A friend of mine was caught, last week, on the second bounce in the deep field and was given "out" by the umpire, who afterwards explained that he was slightly deaf and under the impression that the appeal was for "leg-before." Now this kind of thing should not be allowed to occur, I think, and in point of fact I remember a somewhat similar incident on the ground of the Solomon Islands C.C. being summarily dealt with. The umpire was a missionary. Was.

A propos, a brightening up of county cricket also is sadly needed. Many excellent proposals have been made in the papers lately with this end in view, and the best of them, to my mind, is the abolition of the professional. But the scheme hardly seems to go far enough. Why not the amateur as well? I assume, of course, that there are still some amateur players in county cricket.

My own performance in that class of match is limited to the game last year between Quackmannanshire and the touring Uganda team, where my scoring at a critical time won the match for the Scotch county. With only half-an-hour left for play we were one-hundred-and-thirty runs behind, and yet we won. Truly the pen is mightier than the bat!

Apart from that occasion, I have not been asked to participate in first-class cricket, although I have some acquaintance with the sporting editor of *The Daily Mail;* but as a boy I once captained a team of first-class ladies on board a "P. and O." liner. This match had a tragic termination, as the young lady I placed at cover-point—five yards away from the wicket—did not pay sufficient attention to the game. She was to have been married immediately on arrival at Adelaide the next day, but had to take to novel-writing instead.

This mention of Australia recalls to me an interesting match I witnessed in the March of '04 at Gluepots (Gippsland) between the "Geelong Googlems" and the "Gluepots Blueguns." The Gluepots ground is well known to be somewhat muddy, especially after heavy rains. There had been a few showers before I arrived, and the pitch was a little "tacky," so that most of the men were fielding in the deep, but the bowler's head and arms were well above the mud. This was because he was standing on the umpire's shoulders. The "G.G.'s" won, after an exciting finish, by three lost balls, ninety-six to seventy-eight, mainly owing to the superb bowling of a promising young colt, who managed to find a hard spot at the pavilion end of the wicket.

[ED.—We print this last story under reserve, and are cabling out to our Melbourne office for confirmation.]

The Journalistic Touch.

"SIX years ago this geyser started as a modest hot-water spring, but at present it throws out every ten minutes a great mass of water rising to 180 feet high, and lasting a quarter of an hour."—*Daily Mail.*

"To-day's weather was ideal: Thirty hours' brilliant sunshine."

Dublin Daily Express.

Why worry about your looks?

"THE beauty of crystals lies in the planeness of their faces."—*Times.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I MAY as well say at once that, in reviewing Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S *From a Cornish Window*, I intend (with permission of Dr. CLIFFORD and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN) to speak of the author as "Q."—and this though I do not know him personally. Very well then. Q.'s window, like the village shop window, exhibits all sorts of odd things, some of them new, some second-hand; but all worthy of consideration. There is an absurd idea abroad that an author may not hold an opinion on any subjects save literature. When Mr. MEREDITH said that somebody had an adventurous nose there was an outcry at his intrusion into politics. This attitude is hard to understand. We know Mr. MEREDITH and "Q." to be clever, thoughtful men, who write what they have to write deliberately. We have only *The Daily Blank's* word for it that their anonymous leader-writers are clever and thoughtful; and they certainly write in a hurry. Something of this sort says "Q." himself; and certainly what he has to say on politics is worth listening to. On some other occasions his window becomes too much the pulpit or the master's desk; nor does one ever feel sure that one sees the real "Q." He looks out from behind a curtain, which is not playing fair. Mr. E. F. BENSON'S *Book of Months* remains the ideal book of this class. *From a Cornish Window* is published by ARROWSMITH, and in any case should be read by all "book-lovers."

MR. STORER CLOUSTON is his own most dangerous enemy. Some years ago he wrote *The Lunatic at Large*. Now when he produces *Count Bunker* (BLACKWOOD) folk feebly say it isn't so good as his first essay. Probably not. But it's good enough to read and laugh over every page. Like his *magnum opus*, the story is based upon a series of elaborately contrived misunderstandings. A German *attaché* at the Court of St. James, weary of conventionality, places himself in the hands of that audacious conspirator, *Count Bunker*. Under his direction he goes to Scotland, assuming the personality of a nobleman for pecuniary reasons hankering after the hand of the daughter of a millionaire American who, after a fashion not unknown to his class, rents a Lodge and moor in Scotland. In the height of his animal spirits the Baron makes love not to one girl but to two. As they are neighbours serious complications ensue. It is all absurdly impossible, but not therefore the less joyous.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, the well-known man of letters, has done a great deal for the glory of departed great men by drawing attention to the neglected state of their tombstones, and *Mr. Punch*, for one, assures him with all sincerity that these good deeds of his will not readily be forgotten. But apparently Mr. ASHTON has no faith in the gratitude of the public. He fears that, when his time comes, he too may lie beneath a weather-stained and uninformative slab of marble. So with a view to keeping fresh the recollection of his achievement he has brought together into a book, under the title *Truth, Wit and Wisdom*, his letters to the newspapers. There are five hundred and twenty-five of them, and the majority deal with monumental masonry. The result is, in the author's modest words, "a mine of information," and in it there is one nugget at least which the reader cannot fail to excavate. At the foot of every single one of the five hundred and twenty-five epistles the writer's name and address appear in full. He has, in fact, erected a monument more brazen than brass, and if that doesn't keep his memory green nothing will. Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have done their best to assist by publishing the book.



A MIXED RECORD.

In *The Balkan Trail* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. FREDERICK MOORE modestly presents himself without personal introduction. The reader speedily learns that his journey to the Balkans was undertaken on the commission of a New York newspaper. Its fruits are found in the record of many incidents of Turkish rule inevitably leading to chronic revolt. But Mr. MOORE is not chiefly concerned with politics. The American newspaper correspondent is in marked degree the *sapeur* of journalism. To him nothing is sacred. Leaving high politics in the main to look after themselves, he goes among the people taking hasty snapshots of their appearance and their character. The book is more of the nature of the libretto of a Comic Opera than a serious contribution to political or geographical knowledge. Many will be inclined to regard this rather as a recommendation than a detraction. To the brightly-drawn word pictures that follow in rapid succession Mr. MOORE adds some three-score illustrations of street scenes taken by the camera. These are most interesting.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS, however much he may be occupied with the night side of London and the revival of melodrama, has not forgotten his youth; and there are plenty of youthful high spirits in the kind of little fable which he puts forth under the title *Two London Fairies* (GREENING). The application of the fairy-tale formula to present-day life, with scenes at the Carlton and elsewhere, and the solution of the problems of poverty and disease and misfortune by the waving of an umbrella, are very ingenious, and now and then—as when the bus conductor who had long wanted a moustache is suddenly endowed with one as a reward for his politeness—are managed with much humour. Mr. SIMS, we fancy, for all his knowledge of the world and desire to make our hair grow, has a good deal of the nature of the fairy godfather himself.

A Long Jump.

"A PASSENGER leaped from an excursion train to Clacton yesterday as it was passing at a rapid pace through Thorpe station."

Daily Chronicle.

As it is nearly four miles from Thorpe to Clacton, this performance easily beats the previous record of 24 feet 10½ inches.



Porter. "ANY MORE LUGGAGE, SIR?"

THE CORELLI CLUB.

THE Omar Khayyám Club, the Johnson Club, the Pepys Club, the Boz Club, the Vagabonds Club, the Whitefriars Club being insufficient for the convivial needs of literary London, it has been suggested that a Thackeray Club should be formed too. And why not? A dinner by any name may be equally edible, and there is no reason why men with good appetites should not call themselves Thackerayans if they want to. Rather let us have more dining clubs than fewer. Why stop at THACKERAY? Why celebrate only the dead? Why not have a Corelli Club, for example, to do honour to the gifted authoress, still happily in our midst, of *Treasure of Heaven*? As a help to the energetic gentlemen who bring such projects as these to a head the following tentative programme has been drawn up. The rest (as SHAKSPEARE says) is easy.

INAUGURAL NIGHT OF THE CORELLI CLUB.

Chairman: MR. SIDNEY LEE.

MENU.

Potage.

À la Bonne Femme.

Fish.

Sole of Lilith.
Beurre fondu.
Homard aux Dames.

Entrées.

Critic braisé.
Trustee minced.

Rôt.

Venison (from Charlcote).

Wines.

"Boy." Vermouth.

No Flowers, by request.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

Song . . . . . . MR. SIDNEY LEE
"*The Queen's Marie.*"

Song . . . . . . MR. HALL CAINE
"*My Sweet Sweeting*" (Corelli).

Selections from *Ginevra da Siena* (Corelli).

Song . . . . . . MR. HALL CAINE
"*Romeo's Good Night*" (Corelli).

Ensemble.—"*For she's a jolly good fellow.*"

During the evening the Chairman will deliver an address on

"STRATFORD-ON-AVON SINCE SHAKSPEARE,"

in which he will carry the history of the quaint old Warwickshire town down to the present day and show what blessings it labours under.

The Effect of the Warwick Pageant on Derby.

"Does your Outside want painting? Now is the Best time.—Ask for estimates from S—— and Son." *Derby Daily Telegraph.*

WE understand from the auditors that the business is not what it was two thousand years ago.

FROM a magazine poem:

"At last upon the mantelpiece
The wretched thing I saw.
Of course it was my collar stud
That I was hunting for!"

The time would have been more profitably employed, perhaps, in hunting for a rhyme.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE FREE.

[Mr. HALDANE, in exposing his new Army Scheme, gave it as his opinion that the country "will not be dragooned into conscription." In other, and less conventional, terms it is the inalienable right of the freeborn British citizen to decline to lift a finger in his country's defence.]

O CITY clerk, in whom the hopes are stored
Of England's manhood, let me talk with you—
With you whose pen is mightier than the sword
(And far, far safer, too).

Soon you will trip to some salubrious Spa,
Or pluck delight from Southend shrimps and tea,
Flaunting beneath a so-called Panama
Beside the so-called sea.

There you will blow the expense and softly lie
In some hotel abutting on the brine,
And have your food (*en pension*) served you by
A waiter from the Rhine.

Him you will treat with well-deserved contempt,
Poor Teuton, seared with vile Conscription's brand,
Not, like yourself, a gentleman exempt
From duty to his land.

You are a free-born City clerk, and boast
That you can buy the necessary slaves—
Tommies that undertake to man the coast,
And Tars to walk the waves.

Besides, the leisure hours in which you slack
Are owed to Sport—the Briton's primal law;
You have to watch a game of ball, or back
A horse you never saw.

Splendid, *mon brave!* you have a sporting nerve
Unknown to these dull churls of Teuton breed;
Yet here's a man has learned at least to serve
His Fatherland at need.

He sings his *Wacht am Rhein*, and, if the thing
Wants watching with a rifle, he'll be there;
When *you*'ve invited Heaven to "save the King"
You think you've done your share.

They've taught him how to march in fighting kit
And drill a likely hole in human butts;
You have no discipline and couldn't hit
A haystack, not for nuts.

His women-folk are safe in their appeal
To his protection when the bullets skirl,
While your "fiongy"—well, I really feel
Quite sorry for the girl.

For this poor "conscript" whom the tyrants grind,
Though he may miss your British freedom's scope,
Yet knows the use of arms, where you would find
Your legs your only hope.

So doff your hat to him when next you meet,
And pray that, when his prentice task is done,
If you should cross him on a raiding beat,
He'll give you time to run.

O. S.

Curious Treatment of a Famous Dean.

"DEAN CHURCH.—The interior of Dean Church is being thoroughly cleaned and painted."—*West Cumberland Times.*

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR THE PACKERS.—*Omnia possumus omnes*—We all can everything.

SPORTING ESTATES TO LET.

[A contemporary states that insect and moth hunting are the very best recreations for the jaded business man.]

THE Entomological Sporting Agency, Ltd., offers the following splendid estates to City gentlemen, members of the Stock Exchange, and other sportsmen.

"In a picturesque part of Kent—Old Elizabethan house—Earwig Manor—with unequalled sporting and fishing rights. It was in the back kitchen of this celebrated mansion that the famous FITZ-TOMPKINS battue took place, in which 1,305 brace of blackbeetles, 40 cockroaches, and 70 head of mixed game fell to a party of six slippers in one evening. The antique water-butts, on which the mansion depends for its water supply, afford excellent cover for water-beetle drives. Thirty coveys of this favourite sporting fowl were flushed last season. The estate has always been strictly preserved, and no poaching chars or spring-cleaners have been allowed on it for generations."

"Within fourteen miles of a railway station—that superb family mansion, The Sluggery. This domain is well known in sporting circles. 1,962 moths were secured in a single carpet beat last season. The kitchen garden affords admirable facilities for the sport of slug-shooting. It was in the grounds of this estate that Captain Longbowe (of the Royal Marines) had his famous conflict with a ferocious slug, which he detected in the act of carrying away the garden roller. The fortunate renter of this estate will be able to reduce his chemist's bill considerably, as leeches of the finest sucking power are always to be found on the premises."

"Bluebag Hall—in the immediate vicinity of the pleasant town of Hartshorn. Few estates in England offer such attractions to the spirited sportsman. The stock of midges and gnats is absolutely unlimited, and the pleasant recreation of mosquito netting may be enjoyed at any hour of the day or night during the season. In addition there are on the estate several hundred wasps' nests. The Bluebag wasps provide the fastest runs across country of any wasps in the United Kingdom. This is the only estate in England on which the sport of hornet-hunting in chain armour can be thoroughly enjoyed. The chain armour, diving dresses, and other sporting costumes will be placed at the disposal of a thoroughly reliable tenant.

"Unequalled facilities for recovery are offered to sufferers from rheumatism. The bee-stinging cure may be enjoyed in perfection."

GENTLEMEN *v.* PLAYERS.

"Urgentur . . . longa
Nocte carent quia vate sacro."

IF only some poet or else poetaster
Had sung of the Players, when play was beginning,
They might have averted the final disaster,
And made a great match even greater by winning.

But, since they were wholly bereft "*sacri vatis*,"
They failed and were beaten before five-o'clock tea,
And whate'er in the game at the Oval their fate is
"*Urgentur*" at Lords for this year "*longa Nocte*."*

* That is to say, "by long KNOX."

An Echo of Chicago.

"Fish and chips to be sold cheap: ill health sole cause."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"Choice of three honest half-legged horses . . . . suit Carrier."—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

"*Suit* Carrier" seems hardly strong enough. He would appear to be absolutely necessary.



CARNARVON, 1284—1906.

King Edward the First . . Mr. Lloyd-George. *The Infant Prince* . . The New Minister for Welsh Education.

Mr. Lloyd-George (*M.P. for Carnarvon*). "LOOK YOU NOW; THIS IS YOUR MAN, WHATEFFER."

[According to tradition, Edward the First presented his infant son, the first Prince of Wales, to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarvon, holding him up in his arms, and saying, in the Welsh tongue, "This is your man!"]



Ethel (on a visit and sharing her cousin's lessons). "You shouldn't count on your fingers, May. My Governess never lets me."
May. "How do you count, then?" *Ethel.* "I count on my toes—then she can't see me doing it!"

THE ORDEAL OF CHOICE.

(A Golfing Soliloquy by a Junior Partner.)

Round comes July, and with it comes the need,
 Ordained by custom, of my annual flitting—
My senior partner having so decreed—
 But, e'er I start, it first of all is fitting
To settle whither I intend to speed;
 And I have no compunction in admitting
That, each successive year, the task of choosing
Becomes more difficult and more confusing.

Golf summons me afield; yet who am I
 To weigh the claims of Gullane *v.* Tantallon?
To judge between Deal, Littlestone and Rye?
 Portmarnock, Rosapenna and Port Salon?
Fain would I see Strathpeffer ere I die,
 And quaff its healing waters by the gallon;
Or view the lambent lights of the aurora
Amid the bunkers and the bents of Brora.

Some pens wax lyrical on Westward Ho!
 Spite of its rushes loudly execrated.
St. Andrews is supreme; yet some I know
 Pronounce it overrun and overrated.
Sandwich is sleepless in the dogstar's glow,
 And by stockbrokers somewhat devastated.
Lahinch allures, albeit somewhat windy;
And there are varying views about Kilspindie.

Nor are my hours of slumber docked at night
 By musing merely on the choice of scene.
The choice of ball, its "carry" and its flight,
 Its subsequent behaviour on the green,
Claim anxious thought. Last week it was the "Kite;"
 But now comes Horace Hutchinson, I mean—
And fills me, in the Friday W. G.,
With hopes of Haskells costing one-and-three!

Again, shall I adopt the discs of Scaife
 Or stud my solid soles with nails of metal?
Alas! here too the cracks no clue vouchsafe
 But differ each from each, like pot and kettle,
While I, in search of guidance, fret and chafe
 Beneath a load of problems none can settle.
I cannot even find which rule is Cocker's
To golf in trousers or in knickerbockers!

When the acknowledged experts disagree—
 Taylor with Braid, and Sandy Herd with Vardon—
The indecision that bewilders me,
 A foozling layman, surely merits pardon.
Were it not safer then to shun the sea
 And drive a captive ball in my back garden,
Arranging with my housekeeper to say
To callers that I've gone to Cruden Bay?

Stay, what is that I hear, what ancient lilt?
 "The Campbells," so the organ grinds, "are coming."
Shall I then in these sultry chambers wilt
 With Scotia's spell in all my pulses drumming?
I hail the omen. Jenkins, pack my kilt!
 Farewell to Fashion's thraldom soul-benumbing!
The die is cast: my doubts *instanter* vanish;
I'm off to Campbeltown and Machrihanish.

CHARIVARIA.

AFTER all, the KAISER's grandson is to be christened WILHELM, and not EDWARD.

The KAISER will stick at nothing to gain the friendship of the United States. He has now come to the rescue of the Beef Trust. He has bought a steam-yacht from Mr. ARMOUR for £15,000.

The Constitution of the Transvaal will, it is said, comprise an Upper and a Lower House: and it is stated that, when the Government abolishes our House of Lords, a scheme of State-aided Emigration for its members will be found to be ready.

To the great annoyance of our Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, the American Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is about to embark upon a political career. Our Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL would like it to be known that he is the original Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and that all others are cheap, if not tinned, imitations.

Those who had been prophesying the present Government's speedy death are looking rather foolish to-day. Mr. T. GIBSON BOWLES has announced his intention in future to support Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and the Liberal party. The news has fallen like a bolt from a pop-gun in the Conservative camp.

The repatriation placards having failed to arrest the attention of the South African coolies, the Government are, we hear, about to try the effect of more attractive posters by Mr. JOHN HASSALL, Mr. DUDLEY HARDY, and Mr. TOM BROWNE.

We hear that Mr. BYLES is about to ask that a day may be set apart for the House of Commons to discuss the conduct of Sir EDWARD GREY, who has been showing marked pro-British tendencies.

We fear that the official history of the struggle in South Africa contains a record not only of the mistakes of that contest, but also those of our next war.

Several members of the House of Commons rifle team practised shooting at Staines last week, but none of them hit it.

The Admiralty has directed that American tinned meat shall no longer be a compulsory ration in the British Navy. An appeal has now been received from Chicago that the products in question shall be retained as a punishment in view of the impending abolition of flogging.

We are not so sure that the Colonel who objected to some volunteers wearing curls acted wisely. It is just conceivable that it might put the enemy off.

Mr. JABEZ WOLFFE has beaten Captain WEBB's record for the swim from Dover to Ramsgate, doing it not only in a shorter time but also to the accompaniment of bagpipes.

The announcement that one of our leading railway companies is about to make experiments in audible signalling has caused grave discontent among several persons who, in order to escape from the noise of a motor-bus route, have taken houses backing on a railway line in the hope of enjoying comparative quiet.

We understand that Miss CORELLI's new book to be published at the end of this month, will bear on its cover the following modest inscription: —

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN.
MARIE CORELLI.

The suggestion has been made that we should have a reserve of judges. That is undoubtedly just what some of our judges lack.

Great Britain, France, and Italy having concluded an Abyssinian Agreement inimical to the interests of Germany, Italy has courteously laid a copy of the Agreement upon the table of the German Foreign Office.

Our plucky little allies are about to start motor-omnibus services at Osaka and Kobe.

The Alpine Clubs of Italy and Switzerland propose to agitate for legislation rendering it compulsory for those who make difficult ascents to employ professional guides. The severest penalties are to be imposed on those who lose their lives owing to a neglect of this precaution.

Both political parties in Kansas have been asked to incorporate in their platforms a plank demanding that shirts shall be made an inch longer in order to use up the surplus cotton crop, and it is rumoured that those interested in the cloth trade are about to demand that trousers shall in future button round the neck.

Q. Why are the woods of the Amazon called virgin forests?

A. Because they have never been axed.

LECTURES ON CHILD TRAINING.

(*Reported by Helen and Cecil.*)

II.

WELL, we hid in the fernery, like we did on Tuesday, to hear the second lecture by Lady MONTFORT's Dear Man on Child Training. CECIL to write the bits down, and me to remember what he missed.

There were more ladies than ever, and they buzzed and chattered louder and louder, till there was suddenly a sort of a swish—as if somebody out of *The Strand Magazine* had jumped in amongst them and shouted, "Hands up!"

(That is what CECIL whispered. I shouldn't have thought of it myself.)

And then Dear Man began.

"*Children have their just rights—rights, remember!*"

"Hullo!" I murmured.

"Shut up!" said CECIL, scribbling and moving his lips in and out, as he always does when he is keen.

"*Firstly: The child has a right to punishment—to learn that Acts bring Consequences.*"

Really, CECIL and me didn't think much of that part of the lecture; but CECIL thought he had better go on reporting, so that we might explain to Mother afterwards how silly it was.

Dear Man gassed a lot about how if we over-eat we got pains, and if we sat up late we were unbearable next day, and if we didn't learn our lessons we didn't know them, and if we climbed trees we spoiled our clothes, and how they must be sure that the punishment was the natural consequence of the crime committed. That last wasn't so bad, for punishments are awfully monotonous—CECIL and me had often thought how much jollier it would be if they could invent fresh ones. But all the same CECIL wanted to run right in amongst them and ask whether all of them stopped doing things because they knew what would happen.

Dad knows as well as well that eating pork makes him unfit, but he will go on because he likes the crackling. And Mother—she knows that if she wears openwork stockings the midges simply torment her insteps. But she goes on buying them and groaning.

"*Never punish them when you are angry.*"

That, of course, was nonsense.

Why, Mother could hardly bring herself to punish us at all unless she were vexed or "tried," as she calls it. And Dad—if he didn't punish that very minute, he would laugh. Dad gets vexed as quick as boiling milk, and down again the moment he is off the fire. Fancy letting them keep back their punishments like lemonade with the corks out!

'Anyway, I generally get naughty in a hurry; and it is much jollier to have a good fizzy punishment in a hurry and be done with it, so that you can get time for something else.

Like when I cut off my curls and threw them into the fire. Dad was furious, quite as bad as when our new groom let down the yellow mare—and he was across the nursery in two strides.

He glared at me, and I glared at him.

"What *did* make you do it?" he asked.

And I said: "I expect it was Satan—or else—to hear them fizzle."

And Dad shot down in the rocking-chair and creaked and creaked, looking at me till I ran and hugged him.

"*Never forget to punish them when they have broken a rule.*"

That was, of course, another silly thing. Why, that would take all the sport out of life. It is just the off-chance that they will forget to punish that makes doing things so jolly!

"*Don't try to break a child's will. It is his most precious possession.*"

Dear Man was getting more sensible again. They are trying to break REGGIE McDONALD's will next door. They keep him in bed to do it. CECIL and me went through the plum wall yesterday—that's the quickest way to the Hall—and we halloo'd at his window, and he got up and danced to us in his pyjamas. It was just before lunch. They were trying to get him to put a book back on the shelf.

"*Don't worry if your child says 'I won't' now and then. He is only testing his own personality. He will want it all when he is grown up.*"

We don't know what he meant by that. But when CECIL and me say "I won't" we are generally testing Dad and Mother. We watch their eyes to know how long it is safe to do it.

"But don't you believe in implicit obedience of the child?" That was poor old REGGIE's mother who asked that, and we listened to our very teeth.

"*Not invariably!*" said Dear Man. "*You may infinitely handicap your child in the Race of Life by demanding it unreasonably!*"

Wasn't he sweet?

"*Beware how you punish the Sensor Child. You may, while trying to break his will, break his heart. Rough punishment does not hurt the Motor Child so much. He fusses and yells and forgets. The Sensor Child is silent and thinks.*"

Perhaps they will start whipping me now, as I am the Motor Child, and start setting CECIL on a chair.

Dear Man does jolly well know the difference between Motor-Me and Sensor-CECIL.

They gave us dry bread for breakfast only last week for messing before breakfast and coming in late. We had only been out with *Bedlam*—he's a lovely dog we bought off a tramp for fivepence—trying to find him a rat.

I was so mad I wouldn't eat a bite. But CECIL just munched away and said, "I prefer dry bread."

He was jolly all the morning, but I was fearfully hungry, and had to make up with radishes. I washed them at the rain-water butt.

"*Children have just Rights of Possession.*"

This was awfully interesting. He explained how they grumbled when we didn't respect their rights and spoiled their things; when all the time they never thought of respecting ours. They took away our broken toys, and told us how we were to spend our very own money, and altered our gardens, and even sold our ponies or sent away our dogs without so much as a "By your leave!"

And then he finished up with a lot about what he called *Adultism*. He said that all the while he had been talking he could see in the eyes of his audience that they were consumed with Adultism. We hadn't a notion what he was driving at, till he came back to what he had started with on the Tuesday—"*The Child in the Midst.*"

He said they ruined everything, right down to the very children's parties, in which, instead of all the grown-up people trying to become children for a few hours, they tried to turn all the genuine children into "*horrible little adults.*" He said he was thankful that there were still a few genuine children left who would rather have a jolly good game than grand frocks, and who liked grown-up people who could "*make believe*" better than those who stuck to grim fact. Oh—and he said that even the very Bible was ruined to the children by Adultism. CECIL and me did want to know what that word meant.

Anyhow Mother can't have much of



Fisherman (beginner). "DON'T YOU THINK, PETER, I'VE IMPROVED A GOOD DEAL SINCE I BEGAN?"

Peter (anxious to pay a compliment). "YOU HAVE, SORR. BUT SURE IT WAS AISY FOR YOU TO IMPROVE, SORR!"

it, for we adore her Bible people. We act them on Sunday afternoons when everyone is asleep, and if only the sermons were like Mother's stories we shouldn't need to count all the wriggles in the lead-work of our stained window instead of listening.

"*Let the stories in the Bible become part of the children's very being.*"

So he said. But when that does happen, the grown-ups don't understand. Why, only the other afternoon on the sand-hills, when the wind was blowing tiresomely hard, CECIL cried out disgustedly—

"I wish ABRAHAM'S seed wouldn't prick my legs so, and get into my hair!" And there wasn't one of them that understood what he meant except me.

THE BEACH DOG.

I MET him on the evening after my arrival at Pebblehampton-on-Sea as I went down the steps to the beach. The crowd of smart summer people on the esplanade depressed me, for I had come down by boat, and a sharp attack of sunburn on the nose made me temporarily eager to avoid my kind. Therefore it was with a thrill of gratitude that I met his cordial and uncritical eye, and from the rapid oscillation of his stumpy tail it was obvious the pleasure was mutual. He was a dog of curious breeding, a cross between a Manchester terrier and a collie; his teeth were noticeably blunt, and the white hair on his chest and flanks was stained a pale pink from constant excavations in the sand. He whimpered with ecstasy when I stooped and patted his head, and when I threw away the fag-end of my cigarette he uttered a short sharp bark and plunged after it into the waves. That bark was the first of a long succession * which still haunts my dreams, though I have shaken the sand of Pebblehampton from my feet for ever. A moment later I picked up a piece of driftwood and threw it out for him into the sea, little knowing that by that innocent action I was to bring a permanent blight upon my future. But I anticipate.

For half an hour he danced along backwards before me, barking vociferously, with his eye on mine, and retrieving sticks and stones from the waves with rapturous energy. It was evident that even then he had formed an undying resolution never to leave me, for when, tiring of the game and jarred by his incessant bark, I flung a stone at his head in a fit of petulant anger, he merely caught it in his jaws with wonderful precision and laid it tenderly at my feet. Finally I left the beach and started a tramp across country, and was soon engrossed in a pleasant reverie. The subject of my thoughts was a young lady named LUCY, who had taken complete possession of my heart since last winter. I had followed her to Pebblehampton with a view to bringing matters to a climax—the only drawbacks to the situation being my nose and the expected arrival of CHARLIE CHATTERIS, who was also coming down to press his suit.

So engrossed was I in considering my chances that the setting sun found me some miles from home, and I was obliged to train back from a wayside station in



First Arab (after spelling out advertisement of celebrated pill). "HI, 'ENRY, WOULDN'T YER LIKE A PILL FOR THAT FEELING OF FULNESS AFTER EATING?"

Second Arab. "I'D LIKE THAT FEELING FUST."

order not to miss my *table d'hôte*. On the platform I was recalled to earth by a request on the part of the stationmaster that I should take a dog ticket. Following his glance I became aware of the beach dog crouching at my feet, panting with his hurried walk, but still watching my every movement with an alert eye. I have since thought that the incredulity shown by the official on my remarking that the dog was none of mine was perhaps excusable, but during the altercation that followed (he also being a hasty man) I lost control of my temper, particularly at the point when, with a significant glance at my nose, he alluded to the local lock-up as being designed for the restraint of disorderly persons. The crowd which gathered round sided with the station-master, and all agreed that I was a poor cur to disown so evidently faithful a servant; but it was not until I noticed the approach of a figure in pale blue closely resembling LUCY that I hurriedly took a dog ticket and dived into a smoking compartment, rather than face the critical glance of my lady. The brute lay at my feet and took my vicious kicks with such humble gratitude that I ceased to take pleasure in them, even when I discovered that the lady was not LUCY, but a plainish person with a nose as red as my own. However, I gave my attendant the slip in the side streets of Pebblehampton, and so entered my hotel by the back door in a great hurry, much to the surprise and suspicion of the proprietress.

Next morning I was overjoyed to find my complexion had recovered its normal hue, save for the addition of a becoming tan—in fact, I may say the rosy tint had transferred itself from my nose to my prospects, and, light of heart, I set out for a dip to brace myself to meet my fate before the morning was out. As I ran down the steps to the beach the sound of a strangled bark let loose a flood of memories, and there was the beach dog at my side, a large stone wedged between his sandy jaws, and the same look of unswerving devotion in his loving eyes. Throwing the stone to some distance, I slipped into a machine and closed both doors, and when I emerged into the water I had the satisfaction of seeing him ensconced, stone and all, on a clean white shirt in the next machine, clearly under the impression he was guarding my belongings. It gave me even greater satisfaction to see LUCY on the beach in a charming frock, with a pleasant smile on her pretty face, and when she waved to me with her dainty walking-stick I felt success was assured. Although unable to swim in any depth of water, I managed to give a fine exhibition of the trudgeon stroke with one foot on the bottom.

"Oh! how *beautifully* you swim!" said LUCY, when half-an-hour later I sank down by her side.

"Oh, yes—I can swim a bit," I replied carelessly.

"But you seem so fearless," she said, on a note of admiration.

"Oh, well," I said modestly, "of course one gets accustomed to things."

"I'm sure I never should," she replied with a shiver; "still I should despise a man who couldn't swim—it's such a brave and manly exercise."

"Well," I said, "I trust you'll never despise me for anything—because you know, dear—— Confound it!"

I broke off, half blinded by a shower of sand flung into my face by the paws of the beach dog in his endeavours to unearth a stone for my immediate use. With a muttered imprecation I sprang to my feet and hurled my stick far out

* This would have been impossible at the present day if the scene had been Hunstanton (Norfolk), where the Council has passed an order to the effect that "Dogs must not bark while trotting along the sea front," and instructed the beach officer to see that dogs conform to this rule.

to sea, determined to rid myself of his pestilent attentions for a few necessary moments. But no sooner had it left my hand than I discovered it was LUCY's walking-stick, a present she set great store by, that I had flung into the waves instead of my own. LUCY made the discovery simultaneously, and turned to me with a little cry of anguish.

"He'll bring it back!" I cried, rushing to the brink; but in spite of the fact that over-night he had retrieved unerringly every odd stick I had thrown for him, now he absolutely refused to go further than the breaking waves.

"He'll never get it!" cried LUCY, with puckering chin; "it's going further away every minute. *You* go and get it for me—do please—I *can't* lose it."

I turned white to the lips, and murmured, I know not what, about cramp and a twisted shoulder. She turned away in open contempt.

"LUCY," I cried, "don't be angry. Let's go and buy another stick now. I'll do anything else for you in the world."

"Oh, go away, you *horrid* little brute!" ejaculated LUCY, as at that moment, with one shake of his shaggy coat, the beach dog saturated LUCY and ruined her frock and my prospects.

I remembered to have smiled over an identical ambiguity in the legend of a picture in the current number of *Punch*, but I did not smile now.

An hour later I was driving to the station in a cab with my bag by my side. The beach dog was before me in the booking-office, but I was past caring, and he lost me in the crowd as I went across to the up-platform. A train from town had just disgorged its passengers, and as I glanced at them from the window of my carriage I saw a sight that compensated for many things. Faultlessly dressed in a neat travelling suit, stood CHARLIE CHATTERIS against his load of luggage. The beach dog had taken up his stand beside him, and was lifting his appealing eyes to CHARLIE's face. My train began to move away, but before the intercepting arch blocked my view I saw CHARLIE CHATTERIS stoop down and pat him affectionately, and I sank back on the cushions with a sigh of bitter satisfaction.

He, too, would soon be a blighted man!

Choosing his Company.

"Furnished Room wanted, for gent., between Angel and Elephant."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE following telegram was recently received by the Station-Master at Walford Street Junction:—

"Forward at once three cases labelled Mrs. ——, also baby left on platform. Feed baby and charge forward."



FULL STOP.

Lady Helper. "COME, JOHNNY, I'M SURE YOU CAN MANAGE ONE MORE PIECE OF CAKE."
Johnny (in a hoarse whisper). "NO, THANKY, MUM. A' CAN STILL EAT, BUT A' CAN'T SWALLER!"

More Commercial Candour.

A NOTICE in the window of a Cambridge hatter runs:

SPECIAL SHOW THIS WEEK.
PRICES REASONABLE.
25% OFF USUAL PRICES.

At the KAISER's instance a tax on cats has been instituted in Germany. We hear on reliable authority, that a number of the leading cats of Berlin are considering the advisability of brushing their moustaches up at each end, with a view to mollifying His Majesty.

A Family Affair.

A CORRESPONDENT in *The Spectator*, writing on the subject of bull-fighting, states that "several Popes have directed Bulls against this pastime."

AN outspoken criticism of the methods of certain athletic champions is published in *The Referee.*

"AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS' TWO MILES WALKING RACE.

Yeomans	1
Creasey	2
Harrison	3

Also ran:—Thompson, Metcalfe, &c., &c."



BLAZING INTO THE BROWN.

The MacDuffer. "WHAT! MY TOTAL SCORE NOUGHT? HAVE I MISSED THE WHOLE BLOOMIN' LOT?"

THE REVOLT OF THE VEG.

[A French physician has discovered that appendicitis may be caused by a vegetable diet.]

LITTLE heeding where you nestled,
 Germ of all our modern care,
Fancy-free in youth I wrestled
 With the boldest bill-of-fare;
Mentors who controlled the latter
 Often wondered to my face
(Musing on a polished platter)
 Where I found the cubic space.

Fashions change; in time I courted
 Food reform and diet-lists,
Sang hygienics and supported
 Antivivisectionists;
GALEN frowned, and at his will I
 Let the lethal cutlet drop,
And eluded foul *bacilli*
 Ambushed in a mutton-chop.

Hints (promoting patent nostra)
 Specified that bread was doom,
Savants also from their rostra
 Helped to cheat an early tomb;
Milk, they told us, needed steril-
 ising in an air-tight keg,
And carousers at their peril
 Drained the water-tankard's dreg.

Maddened by the germ's vagaries,
 "Country life," I said, "be mine—
Life amid sequestered Lares
 Clad with the potato vine.
There I'll foster market seedlings
 And repair a virtual corpse
With the turnip's tender wheedlings
 And a round of Yorkshire warps."

Thus I eked a bare survival
 Till to-day, when (like *Macbeth*
Noting Birnam wood's arrival
 And the hopeless odds on death)
I who shrank from *bos* and *porcus*
 Heard the sentence passed on "greens,"
And observed the gates of Orcus
 In the guise of kidney-beans.

Turned to bay, like one besotted,
 "Set," I cried, "the sirloin loose!
Cut the fatted calf's carotid,
 Fill the jar with Samian juice;
Never let them claim that carrots
 Sent me down the shadowy road,
Pray unseal the vintage clarets,
 Æsculapius be blowed!"

So it stands; while doctors ferret
 To the microbe's last retreat,
Every illness we inherit
 Hides in every food we eat;
Since potato-plots can kill us,
 And our peas are primed with woe,
I revert to that *bacillus*
 Who devoured me long ago!

DOUBLE LIMERICKS OF THE DAY.

IV.—MISS SUTTON.

There once was a seraph called MAY,
Who wandered down Wimbledon way;
 The strength of her arm
 Produced such alarm
That even strong men couldn't stay.

The fame of this muscular fay
Spread over the whole U.S.A.
 But though SUTTON indeedy
 She never was seedy,
And her stance was as good as a play.

NEW TERM FOR THE RICH AND THE POOR.—The Smart Set and the Sharpset.



"NONE SO DEAF——"

"I confess I sometimes despair of the country ever becoming alive to the danger of the unpreparedness of our present position until too late to prevent some fatal catastrophe."—*Earl Roberts's speech in the House of Lords, July 10.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 9.—Came upon SAMUEL ROBERTS just now in remote corridor. Took no note as SARK and I passed. Walked as a man in a dream; glassy eyes fixed on nothing; a strange pallor sicklied o'er his countenance; lips moved as if he were rehearsing incantation.

One of our new Members, he had up to to-day his fame to make. A Sheffield blade, he has HOWARD VINCENT among his colleagues. Whenever question is raised of the relative strength of the British Army and the safety of these Islands from hoof of the invader, S. R. instinctively turns to allow his eyes to rest on the martial figure in laager behind the Front Opposition Bench. Another distinction is that he is the successor of ASHMEAD BARTLETT in the affections of the Ecclesball Division. Personally a man of note in city and shire. Has been Lord Mayor of one; is Deputy-Lieutenant of the other.

This afternoon posed ST. AUGUSTINE with question on Education Bill. Had given up days and nights to its composition. For a saint, BIRRELL displays a certain mundane agility in evading awkward questions. Now he had to deal with a man from Sheffield. What S. R. wanted to know was whether, on a vacancy occurring in a teaching staff, the Local Education Authority would be permitted to ascertain that the candidate engaged is able or willing to give the



THE "MAN OF DESTINY" AND HIS EAGLE FACE THE STORM TOGETHER.
(Mr. H-ld-ne and Mr. B-ch-n-n.)



"WALKED AS A MAN IN A DREAM."

"His lips moved as if he were rehearsing incantation . . . Whether, that, ascertain, that, affirmative, negative. Whereby, why not? . . .'"
(Mr. S-m-l R-b-rts.)

special religious instruction allowed in the school?

"That'll fetch him," SAMUEL smiled to himself, resuming his seat after firing off his shot.

"If," ST. AUGUSTINE replied, "the word 'whether' be substituted for 'that' in the question, after the word 'ascertain,' the answer is in the affirmative. If the word 'that' be retained, the answer is in the negative."

The House tittered. SAMUEL gasped. As soon as Questions were over he went forth to retired quarter where we found him thinking the matter out. As we passed he was heard to murmur, "Whether, that, ascertain, that, affirmative, negative. Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!"

"Poor chap!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "he's muddling up BIRRELL with *Bunsby*. By the way I never saw it noticed that DON JOSÉ in his famous declaration, 'What I have said, I have said,' plagiarised from one of the cryptic utterances of the Captain of the *Cautious Clara*. 'Overhaul the wollum, and you'll find it in the chapter describing the visit to *Bunsby* of *Sol Gills*, *Florence Dombey*, and *Captain Cuttle*. They were greeted by the oracular remark, "My name's *Bunsby*, and what I says I stands to."'

Business done. Clause 8 added to Education Bill.

Thursday night. Pretty to see what wonders position on Treasury Bench works for some newcomers. Time was when HALDANE's uprising from middle of second Bench behind ex-Ministers was signal for general impulse to stroll forth and see how the weather was keeping up. Some men wake to find themselves famous after speech delivered over-night. Some steadily but slowly work themselves into confidence and esteem of House. Alas for those who never do either but die with all their music in them.

HALDANE belongs to second class. Those who enjoy the privilege of personal acquaintance recognised from the first his supreme capacity, were convinced that his slow pace would overtake and pass many nimbler runners on the track. His shrewd knowledge, clear insight, and judicial mind were a



REGULATING THE (PARLIAMENTARY) TRAFFIC.

Lord R-b-rt C-c-l. "Am I to be silenced?! Do you know I come from Hatfield?!!"

Constable J-mmy C-ldw-ll. "Yoong mon, I'm no gr-reatly concer-rned aboot y'r place of or-r-rigin, but I ken varra weel *whaur ye're gaun' tae* if ye stan' between Jemmy Caudwell and the execu-ution o' his djuty!"

potent influence in the inner counsels of the Liberal Party long before they were recognised in his ordered speeches.

That was due to style and manner. He was so quiet and unemotional, so level in his utterance, that casual hearers were not sufficiently attracted to follow him with the closeness necessary to discover his real place as a debater.

The secret was out in the earliest weeks of his sojourn at the War Office. It required both courage and common sense for a Minister freshly come into command in Pall Mall openly to declare that he did not propose to direct fresh departure until he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with work of his department and the condition of the Army. Of course in an ordinary business establishment there would be nothing new in that. It would be regarded as an ordinary commonplace conclusion. But we manage things differently in Pall Mall. Before they had learnt their way about the tortuous passages of the office, HALDANE's immediate predecessors had each elaborated a thorough reorganisation of the British Army.

This afternoon, after six months' close study and profound thought, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR discloses his first move on the inevitable pathway of reform. The difference between his personal position and that occupied by him up to the last day of the Balfourian Parliament is strongly marked. Then the half-empty benches, the withdrawal of the searcher after amusement and excitement, the remnant of an audience fit though few, business men who recognised one who knew what he was talking about. To-day he rises to confront an audience crowded on every bench. Two-score peers have managed to squeeze into the double row of seats assigned to them in the gallery over the clock. Strangers of lower estate have waited in long line, hoping to find a place. A throng of Members stand patient at the Bar. Others line the side galleries. The Ladies' Gallery is crammed. Its fair occupants have but the remotest idea of what the speech imports or whither it leads. But Mr. HALDANE has become a Parliamentary Institution. Like tea on the Terrace, he is the fashion. So here, in anticipation of his speech, is the House crowded, throbbing with excitement, whilst he modestly recognises the fact that he is the same man whose voice, raised from the opposite benches, was through many years as that of one crying in the wilderness.

Business done.—Mr. HALDANE makes important statement on War Office policy.

Friday night.—In one sole respect the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee resembles the burglar. His lot is not a happy one. Only the other day he had to face and explain the mystery of the apparition from the House of Commons larder of a tin bearing the trade-mark of a famous Chicago meat-packing firm, purporting to contain compressed chicken. Enquiry resulted in complete exoneration. It was made clear that the can was not the rose, though it had lived near it. The original contents were long ago devoured by an anonymous *gourmet.* A luxurious workman, anxious to associate his humble midday fare with the departed delicacy, brought his dinner down in the can. JAMES ALFRED JACOBY left the court without a stain on his character.

A further question, relating to a permanent arrangement, is fraught with more difficulty. Discovery has been made, in the published reports of the enquiry into the system of domestic economy under the rule of the Poplar Guardians, that the inmates of the workhouse have their five-o'clock tea made from a herb whose quality is marked by the fact that, bought wholesale, it works out at 2*s.* 4*d.* a pound. Now it is no secret that the Kitchen Committee do not spend more than 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound on tea supplied to noble lords, hon. and



"THE FIRST DUTY OF CITIZENSHIP."

First Citizen. "'Ere, I s'y, wot's all this 'ere rot 'as Ole 'Bobs' 'as bin a-torkin' abaout univussle millitry trining, an' wantin' to mike the likes of us into a bloomin' 'reservore'?! An' to think 'ow we've trusted that man, an' wore buttons with 'is fice an' all, an' cheered ourselves jolly near 'oarse over 'im!!"

right hon. gentlemen composing the House of Commons.

Though absolutely unjust, it is not altogether unnatural that the incident has created a coolness between the House and the esteemed Chairman of the Kitchen Committee. It is obviously a matter of fancy and prejudice. Before the Poplar secret leaked out hon. members used to smack their lips over their afternoon tea, dispensing it with pardonable pride to ladies visiting the Terrace. It was no uncommon thing for the head of a household, gathering his mate and her brood round a table on the Terrace, to regard her countenance as she poured out the tea with mute but intelligible enquiry, "Why don't you give us something like this at home?" Now the bloom is brushed off the flower, the scent has, so to speak, deserted the Pekoe. Even SARK, whom everyone would suppose to have a soul above these matters, has had his mind embittered.

"When," he said, "I read the daily report of evidence given before the Inspector of the Local Government Board, I recall that extracted by the Royal Commission investigating transactions in Military Stores at the Cape. I recognise the truth of that fine line of the poet's, 'Poplar hath her victories no less renowned than War.'"

Business done. Eleven o'clock rule suspended. Buckle to to wind up business before Recess.



Youthful Parson. "DON'T SMOKE THAT, MY BOY. YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A GREAT CRICKETER IF YOU DO! TAKE MY ADVICE AND THROW IT AWAY."

Small Boy. "GARN! WHAT 'UD YOU DO IF YOU'D LEFT YOUR PIPE ON THE DRORIN' ROOM MANTEL?"

MY TEAM.

I. THE CHOOSING OF THE DAY.

I WAS a fool ever to have promised to take an eleven down to Chartleigh, doubly a fool to have dragged HENRY BARTON into it. HENRY is a first-class cricketer, and it was my idea that he should do all the batting for us, and such of the bowling as the laws allowed. I had also another idea, and this I explained to HENRY.

"As you are aware," I said, "the ideal side contains five good bats, four good bowlers, a wicket keeper, and HENRY BARTON."

"Quite so," agreed HENRY.

"That is the principle on which one selects an eleven. Now, I intend to strike out a line of my own. My team shall consist of three authors or journalists, two solicitors, four barristers, a couple from the Stock Exchange, some civil servants and an artist or two. How many is that?"

"Nineteen."

"Well, that's the idea, anyhow."

"It's a rotten idea."

"No, it's a splendid idea. I wonder nobody has thought of it before. I send a solicitor and a journalist in first. The journalist uses the long handle, while the solicitor plays for keeps."

"And where does the artist come in?"

"The artist comes in last, and plays for a draw. You are very slow to-day, HENRY."

HENRY, the man of leisure, thought a moment.

"Yes, that's all very well for you working men," he said at last, "but what do I go as? Or am I one of the barristers?"

"You go as 'with BARTON.' Yes. If you're very good you shall have an 'H' in brackets after you. 'With BARTON (H.).'"

The method of choosing my team being settled, the next thing was the day. "Any day in the first week in July," the Chartleigh captain had said. Now at first sight there appear to be seven days in the week, but it is not really so. For instance, Saturday. Now there's a good day! What could one object to in a Saturday?

But do you imagine HENRY BARTON would let it pass?

"I don't think you'll get eleven people for the Saturday," he said. "People are always playing cricket on Saturday."

"Precisely," I said. "Healthy exercise for the London toiler. That's why I'm asking 'em."

"But I mean they'll have arranged to play already with their own teams. Or else they'll be going away for week-ends."

"One can spend a very pretty week-end at Chartleigh."

"H'm, let me think. Any day in the week, isn't it?"

"Except, apparently, Saturday," I said huffily.

"Let's see, now, what days are there?"

I mentioned two or three of the better-known ones.

"Yes. Of course, some of those are impossible, though. We'd better go through the week and see which is best."

I don't know who BARTON is that he should take it upon himself to make invidious distinctions between the days of the week.

"Very well, then," I said. "Sunday."

"Ass!"

That seemed to settle Sunday, so we passed on to Monday.

"You won't get your stockbroker on Monday," said HENRY. "It's Contanger-day or something with them every Monday."

"Stock-taking, don't you mean?"

"Perhaps. Anyhow, no one in the House can get away on a Monday."

"I must have my stockbrokers. Tuesday."

Tuesday, it seemed, was hopeless. I was a fool to have thought of Tuesday. Why, everybody knew that Tuesday was an impossible day for

I forget what spoilt Tuesday's chance. I fancy it was a busy day for Civil Servants. No one in the Home Civil can get away on a Tuesday. I know that sounds absurd, but HENRY was being absurd just then. Or was it barristers? Briefs get given out on a Tuesday, I was made to understand. That brought us to Wednesday. I hoped much from Wednesday.

"Yes," said HENRY, "Wednesday might do. Of course most of the weeklies go to press on Wednesday. Rather an awkward day for journalists. What about Thursday?"

I began to get annoyed.

"Thursday my flannel trousers go to the press," I said. "That is to say, they come back from the wash then."

"Look here—why try to be funny?"

"Hang it, who started it? Talking about Contanger-days. Contanger—it sounds like a new kind of guano."

"Well, if you don't believe me——"

"HENRY, I do. Thursday be it, then."

"Yes, I suppose that's all right," said HENRY doubtfully.

"Why not? Don't say it's sending-in day with artists," I implored. "Not *every* Thursday?"

"No. Only there's Friday, and——"

"Friday is *my* busy day," I pleaded—"my one ewe lamb. Do not rob me of it."

"It's a very good day, Friday. I think you'd find that most people could get off then."

"But why throw over Thursday like this? A good, honest day, HENRY. Many people get born on a Thursday, HENRY. And it's a marrying day, HENRY. A nice, clean, sober day, and you——"

"The fact is," said HENRY, "I've suddenly remembered I'm engaged myself on Thursday."

This was too much.

"HENRY," I said coldly, "you forget yourself—you forget yourself strangely, my lad. Just because I was weak enough to promise you an 'H' after your name. You seem to have forgotten that the 'H' was to be in brackets."

"Yes, but I'm afraid I really am engaged."

"Are you really? Look here—I'll leave out the 'with,' and you shall be one of us. There! Baby see the pretty gentleman!"

HENRY smiled and shook his head.

"Oh well," I said, "we must have you. So if you say Friday, Friday it is. You're quite sure Friday is all right for solicitors? Very well, then."

So the day was settled for Friday. It was rather a pity, because, as I said, in the ordinary way Friday is the day I put aside for work.



DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.

Sensitive Golfer (who has foozled). "DID YOU LAUGH AT ME, BOY?"
Caddie. "NO, SIR: I WIS LAUGHIN' AT ANITHER MAN."
Sensitive Golfer. "AND WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT HIM?"
Caddie. "HE PLAYS GOWF AWFU' LIKE YOU, SIR!"

THE PIONEER HAIR DRESSER,
Still Forging Ahead.
Advt. in "Exchange and Mart."

PLAYING THE GAME.

["Mr. BYLES: Will the right hon. gentleman tell us if it was correctly reported that the rebels fought half-heartedly and retired before a terrific maxim and rifle fire. Is that what the English call fair play?"]

Zululand Field Force—Orders. July—1906.

1. ALL maxims, rifles, revolvers, field-glasses, eye-glasses, maps, fountain pens, and other objects likely to afford an unfair advantage over the enemy will be at once collected and returned to the base.

2. Native assegais and shields will be issued to front ranks, and knobkerries to rear-ranks, immediately on receipt from Birmingham.

3. Pending the arrival of the new arms, officers commanding units will take the opportunity of exercising their commands in "exposure-drill." Strenuous efforts must be made to encourage the Zulus, who will soon, it is hoped, rise to energetic methods of slaughter and mutilation, instead of going about the business in the half-hearted manner we know so well.

4. (*a*) As a precaution against causing surprise a field-officer with good manners will be sent overnight to inform the rebel chief of the intended advance; but, in order to preclude all possibility of a question in the House as to whether ample warning was given of our approach, the words "Are you ready?—*Play!*" will be delivered every hundred yards by section-shouts from the right. (*b*) The attack will always be carried out in close formation; fat men and white horses in front.

5. In accordance with the recognised principles of fair play, troops, on arriving within the unpleasant zone, will dismount and engage on foot. Any man detected prodding with his assegai below the belt; giving a Zulu tinned rations; treading on his toes; refusing to release him when he taps twice on the veldt (*see rules of Jiu-Jitsu*); or showing any other unsportsmanlike conduct, will be court-martialled and shot. (As you were.—For 'shot' read 'assegaied.')

(*Signed*) O. C. ZULULAND FIELD FORCE.

Pope in the House.

ETERNAL BYLES his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run babbling all the way.



BRITISH GRIT.

Gentleman on Stump. "You touch me, you brute, and I 'll kill you!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If any one familiar with the *personnel* of English politics looks to *Cæsar's Wife* (Methuen) for portraits or caricatures of any of its leaders, he (or she) will be disappointed. I never heard of Mr. Melton's name in Parliamentary circles, but he has evidently enjoyed opportunity of closely studying them. His little touches of description of the House of Commons in debate are admirably done. But he discreetly refrains from temptation to use its prominent Members as lay figures. Starting with the ambitious intent of writing a political novel, he finds himself irresistibly led into the commoner pathways of domestic tragedy. The Leader of the Opposition, baffled in the political arena by the restless independence of a nominal follower, makes discovery that the rebel is in love with his wife, and she with him. The story of their infatuation is boldly told. Evolved in several dramatic scenes, it reaches its climax in a stroke of tragedy that conveniently removes the husband and leaves the lovers free. Apparently a first effort *Cæsar's Wife* is a clever performance, full of rich promise.

Latter-Day Sweethearts (Unwin) gives
Delirious hints how the *Beau Monde* lives —
A subject of which Mrs. Burton Harrison
Seems to have knowledge beyond comparison.
She catches you up, and lifts you clean
From all that is vulgar and cheap and mean,
To a glorious, opulent, glowing land
Where everything 's gilt-edged, rich, and grand;
Hardly a man you encounter there
Who isn't a peer or a millionaire,
And the circumambient atmosphere 's
Suited to millionaires and peers.
They always engage, these tip-top swells,
Palatial suites in crack hotels,
And travel in trains *de luxe*, and trot
Round the seas in a sumptuous yacht,
Till those who aren't as rich as the Czar
Get happily wedded to those who are.
In fact, in this wonderful work we see
The Upper Ten as they ought to be;
And aspiring folk would do well to try
To model the scheme of their lives thereby.
There 's a plot, of course, to support the bliss,
Which, put succinctly, amounts to this —
Heroine A rejects young B,
Who is promptly accepted by Heroine C,
Who loves Lord D, who, strange to say,
Is suspected of aiming at Heroine A,
Who loves young B all the time — But there,
What matters the plot? It can't compare
In worth with the one main point, and that 's
The mixture of peers and plutocrats.

The House of Macmillan has just added *Dorset* to its "Highways and Byways" series; and whom do you think has written it? The Sergeant-Surgeon to H.M. the King, and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. In other words, Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D. There 's honour for the simple folk of Wessex! He has done it very

well, too, mingling history and topography and local traditions and personal impressions into an agreeable *pot-pourri.* The only fault I have to find with the book is that it is too heavy. It weighs a pound and a half. But it is a pound and a half of the best Dorset, anyway.

The Butterflies of the British Isles, by RICHARD SOUTH, F.E.S. (WARNE & CO.), is advertised to go in the pocket. The trouble, however, with the collector is that he has already so many things which have to go in the pocket: killing bottle, cork-lined collecting box, various parts of his self-folding collapsible net, and so on. Of course it is possible to do without some of these weapons. The butterfly, when caught, may be pinched gently under the thorax, and put inside the hat. Only somehow this doesn't seem to be playing the game. Still, if there is a spare pocket, this book should certainly go into it. It contains coloured plates of every species front view, back view, and profile all just as good as they can be. I happened to turn to the Clouded Yellow, and read: "If a female is captured in August it would be a good plan to try to induce her to lay some eggs." I have often caught Female Clouded Yellows in August, but whenever a question of eggs arose I found threats, prayers and entreaties alike useless. Mr. SOUTH, however, is as helpful here as in all other difficulties. Every boy should insist on having his book; which (let me tell the parent in confidence) costs only six shillings.

IN the old days a hero was a man, and a heroine a woman, and that was the end of it. But we know better now, and find heroes and heroines elsewhere, on four legs as well as two. Mr. THOMPSON SETON, who is Naturalist to the Government of Manitoba, as well as a lecturer and author, has written a book about several of his acquaintances, called *Animal Heroes* (CONSTABLE), wherein you may read of the great merits of a certain slum cat, and a certain bull-terrier, and a pigeon, and a lynx, and a reindeer, and two wolves, all of whom touched nobility. The result is a book that no child should be without. I give it as my opinion that as a writer about animals

THOMPSON SETON
Can't be beaten.

ODE TO A CHEAP SAUSAGE.

THOU still unfathomed bag of mystery!
Thou foster-child of Chemistry and Crime!
Toothsome comestible, whose scent should be
The luscious mate of herbs and fragrant thyme—
What horrid legend hangs about thy shape
Of stockyard or of packing-house or both,
By Strasbourg or the shores of Michigan;
What yarns wherewith the papers, nothing loth,
Bid the incredulous reader stand agape
At what thou art, and all that bad men can?

A sausage should be meat, but I have heard
That thou art meeter for the cemetery;
That in thy fashioning some things occurred
Whereof a *résumé* would leave thee very
Unappetising. What if it be so?
Age cannot alter thee, nor scandal stale
The public nose's well-accustomed sense,
Nor aught diminish the delightful tale
Of blended flavours which thine eaters know,
Or take from thine amazing succulence!

Why range the spheres of speculative thought
To rehabilitate in halting rhyme
Aught of the cosmic processes that wrought
A resurrection instant and sublime?
Perchance thou wast a little curly dog
Ere thou becam'st a sausage; or a pair
Of mislaid leggings; or potato peels.
Perchance some citizen whose teeth, or hair,
Happened quite inadvertently to clog
The whirring sequence of relentless wheels.

Perhaps thou lately wast a foaming steed,
A blithe four-wheeler harnessed to thy flanks,
Whose toil-worn carcass, toughest of its breed,
The dogs'-meat-vendor had declined with thanks;
Perhaps a Persian cat, for ever lost
Within some ham-and-beef shop's dark recess,
Thou from a *chat* became *charcuterie.*
But there—what skills it ruthlessly to guess,
Ebullient sausage, who or what thou wast:
Thou art my lunch, and that 's enough for me!

Saucisse, polony, schnitzel, saveloy,
The hungry generations gulped thee down,
Nor cared what arts thy makers might employ
So thou wert plump and savoury and brown.
Pensive we thrust the fork into thy ribs
And spread the mustard with artistic touch,
Then paused awhile, and walked serenely in.
And "Oh," we cried, "sweet comforter of such
As suffer from a paucity of dibs,
Thou art ambrosia, all except the skin!"

A fig for these sensational reports,
Designed to lead thy worshippers away!
And yet—perhaps I 'm feeling out of sorts,
But I 've no appetite for thee to-day.
'Tis but the mind's impressionable eye,
The mental palate only that now fail
To judge thy proper qualities aright;
Respectfully I seize thee by the tail,
And, moving to the casement thoughtfully,
Give thee to blank oblivion and the night!

ALGOL.

WE frequently hear of a hungry man "walking into a meal" (see above), but a writer in *The C. T. C. Gazette* has hit upon a more picturesque way of putting it. "Between Serravalle and Pistoja," he says, "we halted beside a stream and made tea, *and rode into the latter at sunset.*"

THE word "Suffragettes" has met with a good deal of criticism. Why not call them Insuffrabelles?

"A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS."

MR. PUNCH confesses to have always had a soft place in his heart for the children (being practically himself "a child in these matters") and he ventures to make an appeal to the many among his readers who share this foible. It is on behalf of a Fund which sends the children of the slums into the green fields to have their little lungs filled with Fresh Air. The modest sum of ninepence furnishes a day's happiness (and many more days of happy anticipation and memory) for one child; and last year 180,000 were made glad by country sights and sounds and scents. This year it is hoped that the number will reach 200,000. Perhaps *Mr. Punch's* readers will at least make up the difference. All contributions should be sent (and they send twice who send quickly, before the summer goes) to the Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund, 17, Henrietta Street, W.C.



THE LATEST LITTLE GAME.

"THE DUCHESS IS LOOKING AWFULLY PLEASED WITH HERSELF THIS EVENIN'. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? WHY, SHE'S JUST BEEN MADE EDITOR OF THE PET POODLE PAGE IN THE *Upper Crust Magazine!*"

A MODERN NABOB.

THOUGH five-and-twenty seasons, spent
 Where man is either brown or yellow,
Have to our friend's complexion lent
 A warmth emphatically mellow,
His accents are so full and clear,
 His curls so generously cluster,
You 'd never guess that his career
 Had nearly closed its thirteenth lustre.

Rotund in form, yet not obese;
 Square built, or more correctly cubic,
He scarcely ever shows a crease
 Upon his countenance cherubic.
He wears an everlasting smile
 Of such impeccable sincerity,
None but a cynic, steeped in guile,
 Could venture to impugn its verity.

A bachelor of ample means,
 He stays in Yorkshire for the shooting;
Then flits awhile to Southern scenes
 Till April's blasts have ceased their hooting.
A month or two in town he spends
 Till Fashion's whirl grows hot and heady,
Then starts with some congenial friends
 To golf until the grouse are ready.

Though somewhat shortish off the tee,
 He seldom foozles his approaches;
And ladies readily agree
 That he 's the very best of coaches.
And if in singles he may fail
 Against the longest drivers pitted,
In foursomes, whether mixed or male,
 His skill is cordially admitted.

His taste in raiment quite suggests
 The sojourner in regions torrid;
And in the pattern of his vests
 He shows a leaning tow'rds the florid.
He runs to highly-coloured ties,
 He lays his colour on in splashes,
And on the tennis-lawn supplies
 Relief by his flamboyant sashes.

His conversation never flags,
 He never uses slang expressions,
He quotes a few Horatian tags,
 He keeps an album of confessions,
He thinks that an excess of brain
 Impairs the real charm of ladies,
He finds the novels of HALL CAINE
 Are quite as noble as *Quo Vadis*.

Above Parnassus' lower slope
 He has no notion of ascending,
But LINDSAY GORDON, LAURENCE HOPE,
 Fill him with ecstasy unending.
He much admires the luscious lays
 Composed by MRS. WOODFORDE-FINDEN,
And I have heard him highly praise
 The lilt of CAMPBELL's "Hohenlinden."

Unmoved by dieters' whims,
 He quaffs whatever tipple 's handy,
And nightly in succession brims
 His glass with Clicquot, port, and brandy;
He sleeps nine solid hours at night
 Untroubled by digestive worries,
And still retains his appetite
 For chutney and the hottest curries.

Distinguished in the smoking-room
 For yarns of tropical adventure,
Elsewhere he 's careful to assume
 An attitude that baffles censure,
Surprising clerics by his flow
 Of talk on foreign fanes and minsters,
And cheerfully prepared to go
 And dance with uninviting spinsters.

How long, you ask, can he maintain
 This bounding, boyish versatility?
I know not; and it gives me pain
 To link him with the least senility.
But let me, ere this rhyme is o'er,
 One pious aspiration utter,
That I may see him at four-score
 Still wield his famous wooden putter.

THE LIGHTNING GUIDE TO LONDON;

Or, The Stranger's Vade Mecum.

Trips to Lovely London are now being organised all over the U.S.A. Many persons fail to extract the best of this sojourn here through insufficient or erroneous information being supplied to them. *Mr. Punch* proposes to alter all that by the following terse but illuminative hints.

The Tower.

Of old the quickest way to the Tower was to offend Henry the Eighth; but the Underground is now recommended. In crossing Tower Hill be careful not to lose your head. The principal attractions of the Tower are the Crown Jewels, which may or may not be paste, and the Beef-eaters, who are fed on prime cuts at ten, twelve, two and four every day.

The Mint.

From the Tower it is an easy walk to the Mint, which has been placed close by in the interests of the Beef-eaters, whose efforts constantly bring on an indigestion that only *crème de menthe* can mitigate.

The Bank of England.

Few places of resort would better repay the acquisitive tourist than this, but visitors are not encouraged, and the rules as to keeping off the grass are very stringent.

St. Paul's.

No visit to London is complete unless one has confided a secret to the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. To return to Wisconsin without such an achievement to boast of is to court disaster as a European traveller. St. Paul's is London's largest temple and the biggest Wren's nest ever built. The Christian law is upheld in the nave, but the inside of the dome is strictly Mosaic.

The Tubes.

A modest twopence entitles one to the freedom of these curious subterraneous passages—the Catacombs of London. One must be very careful how one walks, as electric trains run almost continuously, and the space between the train and the wall is inconsiderable. Only very diligent search will yield the skeletons and desiccated bodies of monks which no doubt are stored here.

The Griffin.

This noble if obsolete fowl, who is actually a dragon and not a griffin at all, marks the site of Temple Bar, a famous drinking saloon for barristers which was removed some twenty years ago after a wave of teetotalism passing over the legal profession rendered it useless.

Charing Cross Station.

One of the finest of the S. E. & C. R. London termini. On this platform the ends of the earth are said to meet, and a number of trains start from it every day and are never heard of again. Weary of waiting for the arrival of one of the faster expresses, the roof lately fell down; but it is now being repaired.

Trafalgar Square.

Trafalgar Square is free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. On other days there is a small charge. The air here is very good. The lions are fed once a day—on railway refreshment buns made of the same material. There is no law against visitors climbing the Nelson Column, but it is not usually done.

The National Gallery.

This is London's finest collection of Old Masters. The peculiarity of the Exhibition is that every picture was painted by hand, and none is for sale. Officers are stationed at the gates especially to prevent visitors from carrying away the pictures—even the little ones. The most valuable of the recent acquisitions is the famous undraped Suffragette, known as "*Venus and Cupid*," by Velasquith.

National Liberal Club.

No one should miss this Club, and it is quite unnecessary to be a member. You go right in, shouting "C.-B. for ever!" and the marble halls are your own. So many National Liberals were never before gathered together as in this palace of political righteousness. It will be useless to try to take away the nail scissors, as they are chained to the wall.

New Scotland Yard.

It is well ever to keep as far from this building as possible; unless by chance one is a murderer, in which case one could not do better than take lodgings next door or even join the Force.

The Thames.

London is situated on this river, but one may easily not notice the circumstance. The Thames is celebrated also for its extraordinary number of empty passenger steamers which ply for hire all day long, and, although large bonuses are offered, have never yet induced a passenger to board them. There is no charge for looking at the river or crossing it on a bridge.

Houses of Parliament.

The home of the English Winston Churchill, who shares this noble building with Mr. Byles. A handsome, rambling residence, much used to advertise whisky.

Westminster Abbey.

Great men lie here also,—but in another way. Visitors desirous to see this historic pile (as it has been tersely called) should make haste, for the vibration caused by motor buses is said to be hastening its end.

Madame Tussaud's.

London's principal gallery of waxworks, or the Modellers' *Who's Who*. Our only man of eminence never yet reproduced in wax is Mr. Louis Wain—for obvious reasons. Many murders are committed solely from a desire to be added to the Marylebone Road Valhalla; while men have become Cabinet Ministers on no other grounds.

Having given a liberal five minutes to each of the places named and described above, the traveller from Higgsville, Pa., or Syracuse, Wis., can return by the next boat, fully satisfied with his knowledge of London.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

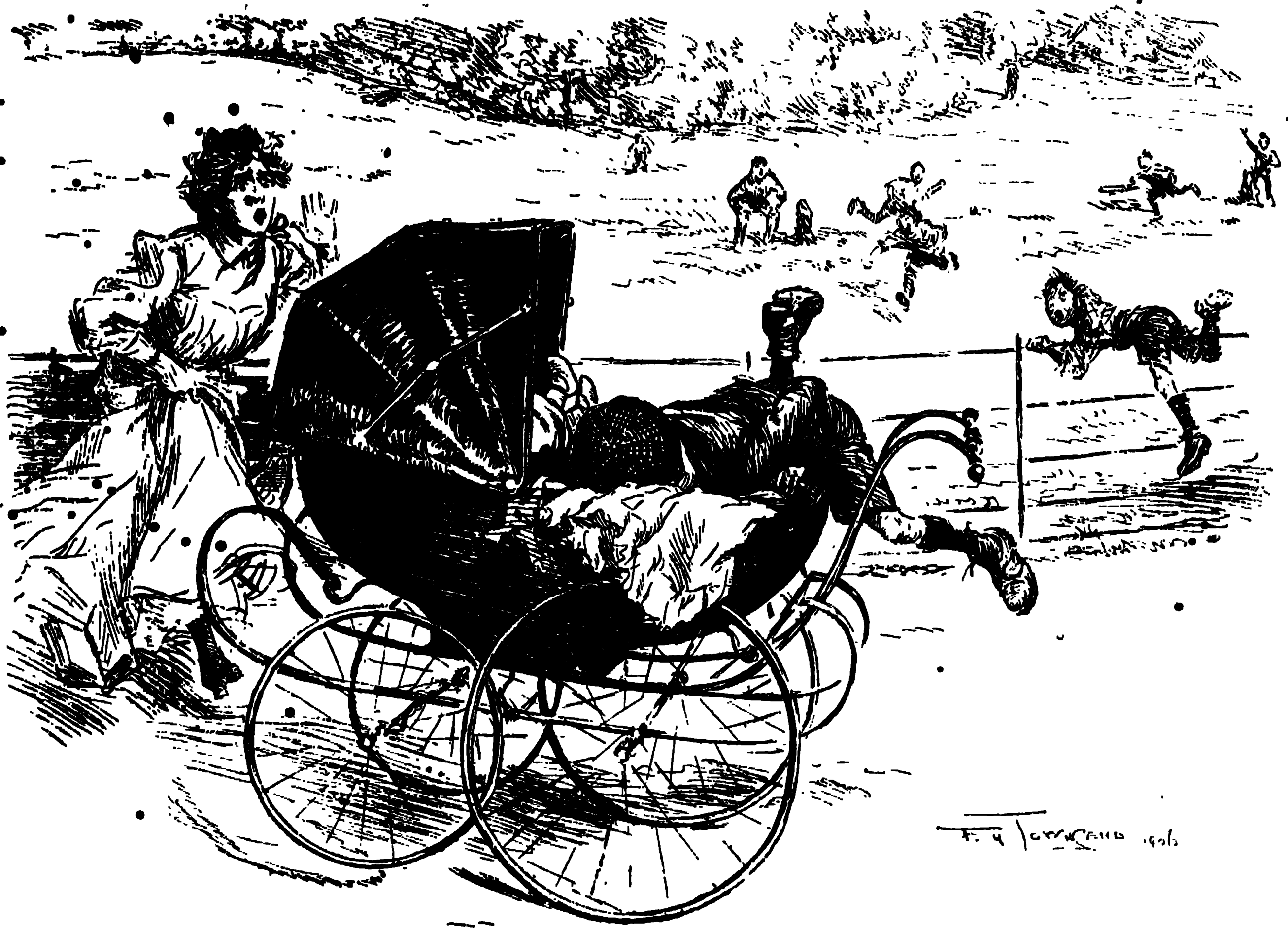
Dearest Daphne,—Everyone says the Season has been "dull" and a "failure," yet everyone professes to have had individually "a ripping time,"—so it must have been the others who were stupid. A good many hostesses, who think they have made their mark, will find that the impartial eye of history judges *otherwise*. Norty and I are quite agreed that the only hostess in London this summer who has offered us *anything* of a novelty has been Lady Clarges with her Jiu-Jitsu balloon parties.

Myself, I nearly had my Season spoiled by Aunt Goldingham coming out of her retirement and quartering herself on us while she looked for a town-house. She did her level to make herself a first-class nuisance; but as she's a widow without encumbrance and simply rolling, of course we have to be civil to her. Norty and Babs have been very good in taking her off our hands a bit. At first she was inclined to be boresome and preachy, but, after making her own observations on some choice specimens of our juvenile-antiques she took on a sort of ponderous skittishness, and was duly grateful to me (showing it in a very decent way, I own) for helping her to put back the clock by taking her to the right places for her frocks and toques and (tell it not in Gath, my dear!) her transformations. She now wishes to be styled "Georgie, Lady Goldingham," and doesn't remember *anything* more than fifteen years ago. When she first came to us she had a memory as long as a court-train, and remembered things way back in the seventies. Curious effect of London air, isn't it? No wonder Londoners are so given to losing their memories altogether, and themselves too!

One of the brightest spots in the Season has been having Norty for a pal.



THE GREY KNIGHT RIDES ON.



Boy (*reassuringly*). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS. I'M ONLY LOOKING FOR OUR CRICKET-BALL!"

We have met constantly, and have had simply splendid talks about "Men and Things," as he puts it, though I own I *don't* think it's a particularly nice way of referring to *us*. He is by way of being quite a *philosopher*, you know, and his philosophy is that "Life is a rotten business, and nothing matters much." Together we have looked at the people who form our world by "dry-light" (that's another of his clever phrases) and have sized them up with all their littlenesses and absurdities. I don't mean that we think we're better than they are, but, well, you see, we're *philosophers*, and look at things accordingly. I lent NORTY my notes on the PLATO lectures last spring, and we thoroughly discussed the Platonic philosophy. He says my views have plenty of *insight*, but that, like all women's views, they lack *grasp*. I don't mind about *that*. I would never wish to be thought grasping.

NORTY is a dear boy, and, though it was quite understood between us from the first that we could neither of us *afford* to be romantic and, *of course*, we would not do anything *so provincial*, not to say *suburban*, as to fall in love, yet I do hope he won't be miserable when he hears something. For, DAPHNE, I have said "Yes." Now, my dear, please don't prepare to kiss me and cry over me and be *Early Victorian*. It's not *that* sort of "Yes," but a prudent, common-sense one. He proposed the other night at one of Mrs. JIMMY SHARPE's "spur-of-the-moment" parties (she sends out the invitations, post-cards, with "Come and have some fun" on them, the same day). "The Powers that be" would never have forgiven me, nor would I ever have forgiven myself, had I refused JOSIAH MULTIMILL, for he is rich "beyond the dreams," and might have had any girl for the asking (the Duchess of DUNSTABLE made a dead set at him for WINNIE or CUCKOO). Then you know, dearest, I *must* think of my family. My fourth season is just over, JOAN has been out more than a year, and HILDEGARDE is *clamouring* to leave the schoolroom and let loose her attractions on Society, and, in short, *London* expects every *girl* to do her duty, just as *England* expects every *man* to do his.

I believe I said some horrid things about JOSIAH MULTIMILL in one of my letters. You can forget those now, my dear, if you like, or, if you don't like, you needn't, it's all one to your BLANCHE.

I own I'm a bit worried about NORTY. Will he be bitter and angry? I wonder. Being philosophers, we have quite settled such matters together in *theory*, but, when it comes to *practice*, men are not quite so sensible or consistent as we are.

Jusqu'à tantôt, m'amie,

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—I needn't have worried about how NORTY would take the news of my engagement. *It seems he has been engaged a week to Aunt Goldingham!!* I won't say I'm *surprised*. After *four* Seasons, to be *surprised* is a *Lost Art*. But one can *still* be *deeply disgusted*.

Commercial Candour.

(*From a hoarding at Croydon.*)

JONES' COFFEE ESSENCE.
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LIKE IT.

FREE FIGHT IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.
ALL THE WINNERS.
"*Star*" *Poster*.

BY-LAWS FOR BALLOONISTS.

IN view of the fact that air-travel is becoming increasingly popular and that ballooning "week-ends" and the aeronautic rest-cure are now in favour, it is imperative that speedy measures should be taken to reinforce the powers of the police and safeguard that portion of the public who are henceforth to be known as literally the "lower classes." The following regulations are therefore under consideration:—

1. The term "airship" shall include every balloon, aerostat, aeroplane, kite, parachute, projectile, gas-bag, spring-heel boots, or any other device whatsoever at any stage disconnected with terra firma, whereby one or more human beings may be transported, propelled or dropped from point to point through the atmosphere. The ordinary steam round-about, the Maxim Flying-machine at Earl's Court, diving-boards, boat-swings, lifts, elevators and gallows of all kinds shall not therefore come under the designation "airship."

2. Persons shall be considered as "aeronauts" who, whether tired of life, anxious of being ranked among the "Upper Ten" and entered in BURKE's *Balloonage*, nervous of motor-buses, fond of *tête-à-têtes* with variety actresses, or from any other motive, shall, intentionally or unintentionally, travel by an airship.

3. In order that the immemorial rights of property may be respected, it shall be deemed a trespass for any aeronaut to sail within a perpendicular mile of any inclosure, unless by permission of the owner of the territorial surface. Any such proprietor wishing to reserve the entire usufruct of the air-block above his land to a height not exceeding five miles, must exhibit as a notice the words "Ancient Lights" in horizontal lettering, legible at that distance without the aid of a telescope.

4. Ordinary aeronauts shall confine themselves to the volumes of atmosphere vertically above the recognised land-thoroughfares, and shall take short cuts at their peril.

5. Airships going down wind shall give way to those beating up, and if there be not room to pass on the level, shall sail either above or below the latter vessels. When the wind is abeam, the usual nautical rule of the road is to be observed.

6. It shall be accounted a misdemeanour to drop hand-bills, waste paper, soiled linen, bottles, ballast, or any articles whatever on to private property from airships passing overhead. All such refuse must be collected by the local dust-balloons.

7. "Week-end" parties, beanfeasters, cheap-trippers, and other aeronauts who may be guilty of reckless steering, furious driving, or generally riotous behaviour in aerial transit shall have their licences endorsed.

8. It shall be forbidden to take snap-shots or other photographic bird's-eye views of back-gardens and private premises, to trail ropes indiscriminately over house-tops, to collide against factory chimneys, to come to anchor except in duly authorised trees, or to take other liberties with terrestrial objects.

9. Every aeronaut transgressing the above regulations shall come to ground after being challenged by a police-boat. If the offender refuse to take notice of such challenge, a shot shall be first fired across his bows, and, failing surrender, his vessel shall then be punctured.

10. The existing number of coroners shall be increased by one for each parish.

ZIG-ZAG.

CHARIVARIA.

THE annual manœuvres in actual war conditions have recently been taking place in Central America.

It would seem to be impossible to please everybody. *Das Deutsche Volksblatt*, the organ of the Vienna Christian Socialist Clerical Anti-Semites, is annoyed that DREYFUS should have been acquitted.

Meanwhile General MERCIER, whose virulent attacks on us during the Boer War will be remembered, has given further proof of the genuineness of his opinions of our country. Realising the requirements of poetic justice he has banished himself to what he considers a Devil's Isle.

An ingenious attempt has been made to foster anti-Semitism in South Africa. A contemporary declares that it will be found that any barbarities which have taken place in Natal are the work of Native Levis.

Those who love picturesque old customs were delighted at the recent revival in the French Chamber of Deputies of Nose-pulling and Face-slapping, practices which had shown signs of falling into desuetude.

A speaker at a meeting of a Peace Association implored mothers not to give their children tin soldiers or air-guns. To take the place of these toys the Society of the Friends of the Enemies of Great Britain is, we hear, preparing to place on the market at a popular price a large consignment of little banners, no longer saleable abroad, bearing the inscription *A bas les Anglais!*

In spite of statements to the contrary, we understand that Mr. ASQUITH is by no means in favour of the reduction of the Army proposed by Mr. HALDANE. Mr. ASQUITH thinks that the growing power of the Suffragettes has been lost sight of.

It is rumoured that the London County Council intends, as soon as it has control of the London Volunteers under Mr. HALDANE's scheme, to convert their steam-boats into ironclads.

"Our object," said Mr. HALDANE, "has been to produce a force which could contract or expand according to policy." Our South African army, it will be remembered, failed badly in contracting.

"Mr. LE GALLIENNE, I am informed," says Mr. SHORTER in *The Sphere*, "has become naturalised as an American citizen, a thing that is very rarely done by either Englishmen in America or by Americans in England." This statement confirms the rumour that Mr. SHORTER has Irish relations by marriage.

More sensational Cricket! Our extract is from *The Liverpool Echo*:—"Runs were coming briskly at first consequent on GRAHAM driving MAY finely for a couple and getting him to leg for 30." This is leg-pulling with a vengeance.

The cow which swallowed a cricket ball at King's Sutton has died—after cautioning her companions against the dangers of eating tinned apples.

The Plaistow land-grabbers have been busily engaged in collecting coppers, but it is prophesied that very soon the coppers will be busily engaged in collecting the Plaistow land-grabbers.

The Army Council directs the attention of responsible officers to the practice, frequent among soldiers, of wearing caps of obsolete patterns when walking out. The men should take a lesson from the members of the other sex, who invariably wear the latest fashion no matter how ugly it may be.

The Poplar rate-payers, it has been announced, must pay for the cost of the Poplar inquiry. The L.C.C., it will be remembered, also expend large sums in providing amusement for the people.

An immense impetus has been given to the teaching of singing in the United States by a report that a lady who was knocked down by a lion in the Rocky Mountains rendered the beast helpless by singing to him.



She (*to clumsy steerer*). "RATHER LIKE PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE, ISN'T IT?"
He. "WHY?"
She. "WELL, YOU SEE, YOU RUN UP AGAINST EVERYONE IN THE ROOM BEFORE YOU'VE DONE."

MY TEAM.

II.—The Selection Committee.

The Committee consisted of Henry and myself. Originally it was myself alone, but as soon as I had selected Henry I proceeded to co-opt him, reserving to myself, however, the right of a casting vote in case of any difference of opinion. One arose, almost immediately, over Higgins. Henry said:

(a) That Higgins had once made 97.

(b) That he had been asked to play for his county.

(c) That he was an artist, and we had arranged to have an artist in the team.

In reply I pointed out:

(a) That 97 was an extremely unlikely number for anyone to have made.

(b) That if he had been asked he evidently hadn't accepted, which showed the sort of man he was; besides which, what was his county?

(c) That, assuming for the moment he had made 97, was it likely he would consent to go in last and play for a draw, which was why we wanted the artist? And that, anyhow, he was a jolly bad artist.

(d) That hadn't we better put it to the vote?

This was accordingly done, and an exciting division ended in a tie.

Those in favour of Higgins ... 1
Those against Higgins 1

The Speaker gave his casting vote against Higgins.

Prior to this, however, I had laid before the House the letter of invitation. It was as follows (and, I flatter myself, combined tact with a certain dignity):

"Dear ——, I am taking a team into the country to play against the village eleven. The ground and the lunch are good. Do you think you could manage to come down? I know you are very busy just now with

Contangers,
Briefs,
Clients,
Your Christmas number,
etc., etc.,

but a day in the country would do you good. I hear from Jack (or 'from all sides') that you are in great form this season. I will give you all particulars about trains later on. Good-bye. Remember me to ——. How is ——?

"Ever yours.

"P.S.—Old Henry is playing for us. He has strained himself a little and probably won't bowl much, so I expect we shall all have a turn with the ball.

"*Or*, I don't think you have ever met Henry Barton the cricketer. He is very keen on meeting you. Apparently he has seen you play somewhere. He will be turning out for us on Friday.

"P.P.S.—We might manage to have some Bridge in the train."

"That," I said to Henry, "is what I call a clever letter."

"What makes you think that?"

"It is all clever," I said modestly; "but the cleverest part is a sentence at the end. 'I will give you all particulars about trains later on.' You see I have been looking them up, and we leave Victoria at 7.30 a.m. and get back to London Bridge at 11.45 p.m."

The answers began to come in the next day. One of the first was from Bolton, the solicitor, and it upset us altogether. For, after accepting the invitation, he went on: "I am afraid I don't play Bridge. As you may remember, I used to play chess at Cambridge, and I still keep it up."

"Chess," said Henry. "That's where White plays and mates in two moves. And there's a Black too. He does something."

"We shall have to get a Black. This is awful."

"Couldn't Bolton do problems by himself all the time?"

"That would be rather bad luck on him. No, look here. Here's Carey. Glad to come, but doesn't Bridge. He's the man."

Accordingly we wired to Carey: "Do you play chess? Reply paid." He answered, "No. Why?"

"Carey will have to play that game with glass balls. Solitaire. Yes. We must remember to bring a board with us."

"But what about the Chess gentleman?" asked Henry.

"I must go and find one. We've had one refusal."

There is an editor I know slightly, so I called upon him at his office. I found him writing verses.

"Be brief," he said, "I'm frightfully busy."

"I have just three questions to ask you," I replied.

"What rhymes with 'yorker'?"

"That wasn't one of them."

"Yorker—corker por—"

"Better make it a full pitch," I suggested. "Step out and make it a full pitch. Then there are such lots of rhymes."

"Thanks, I will. Well?"

"One. Do you play Bridge?"

"No."

"Two. Do you play Chess?"

"I can."

"Three. Do you play Cricket? Not that it matters."

"Yes, I do sometimes. Good-bye. Send me a proof, will you? By the way, what paper is this for?"

"*The Sportsman*, if you'll play. On Friday. Do."

"Anything, if you'll go."

"May I have that in writing?"

He handed me a rejection form.

"There you are. And I'll do anything you like on Friday."

I went back to Henry, and told him the good news.

"I wonder if he'll mind being Black," said Henry. "That's the chap that always gets mated so quickly."

"I expect they'll arrange it among themselves. Anyhow, we've done our best for them."

"It's an awful business getting up a team," said Henry thoughtfully. "Well, we shall have two decent sets of Bridge, anyway. But you ought to have arranged for twelve aside, and then we needn't have had any of this Chess bother."

"It's all the fault of the rules. Some day somebody will realise that four doesn't go into eleven, and then we shall have a new rule."

"No, I don't think so," said Henry. "I don't fancy Major Trevor would allow it."

LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.

Or, Who was Who?

Immanuel Kant (1724—1804).

It would be difficult to overestimate the achievements of Immanuel Kant in that realm of light literature of which the Germans are such admirable exponents. His father was a strap-maker in Königsberg, and thus possessed unexampled facilities for bringing up his son in the way he should go. But we must not waste time over anecdotes of the little Immanuel's boyhood; we must pass on to a consideration of his place in literature.

In upholding Kant's claims to be considered the pioneer of the New Humour we must not overlook the labours of David Hume in the same field. It was in a witty controversy with Hume that Kant first made his mark. It is true that he had already published his *Dissertatio de Mundi Sensibilis atque Intelligibilis Forma et Principiis*; but this delightful little volume, which has since become so popular and is said to be one of the favourite bedside books of Dr. W. G. Grace, acquired no more than a local reputation at the time of its issue. What really put Kant on his mettle and led to the production of his best work was a statement of Hume's that apodeictic necessity could not be discovered in casuality. Kant said he should have thought Hume knew better than to talk like that. Why, of course it could. And he proved it in a work brimming over with fun. "Could we not add," he asked, in the course of it, "from the intellect an inferential *a priori* form, which, in combination with the *a priori* perceptive form, might give



OUR MARKSMEN. THE RAW MATERIAL.

Range Officer. "Good gracious! What are you doing? That rifle's loaded and cocked!"
Recruit. "I bin and lost one of them cartridge things, and I be lookin' if there be two on 'em in the gun."

birth to an *a priori schema* supplying necessity to casuality?" Hume, tackled in this pungent and searching manner, could not deny it. He said, "Well, if you put it in that way, perhaps we could." Of course every schoolboy can see the point now, but Kant saw it first, and if he had not exercised his whimsicality on it we should not yet know exactly where we stood with the *a priori schema.*

Perhaps the most remarkable thing to be noticed about the career of Immanuel Kant is that he was nearly sixty before he met Hume in his own field and vanquished him. No other known humourist has had such a late development. Mr. W. S. Gilbert projected the Bab Ballads in his cradle; Mr. Barry Pain and M. Maeterlinck secured an early hearing for their pleasantries; and both the Wards—Artemus and Mrs. Humphry—achieved distinction before maturity. And David Hume himself was still in the twenties when he published the first two volumes of his mirth-provoking *Treatise on Human Nature.*

And another remarkable thing is that Immanuel Kant was born and educated, lived and died, in Königsberg. He saw nothing of the world outside that place, which can easily be found on the map by anyone who knows where to look for it; and to the end of his life he was actually never in a railway train. How different was Hume's preparation for his life-work! After writing his first two books, feeling that he still lacked material, he became the companion of an insane nobleman, accompanied a military expedition against France, and a mission to Vienna and Turin, picking up copy wherever he went, and only then felt himself equal to the production of his side-splitting *Inquiry into the Principles of Morals.*

It will be seen, therefore, that to treat Immanuel Kant's life from the point of view of his actions would be to do him an injustice. He did nothing all his life but write, and in the delight and recreation he has spread amongst all the nations of the world lies his claim to immortality. He had a wife, but little is known of her. There is a tradition that she received all his quips in stony silence until he tried her with his famous epigram about the practical ego possessing a categorical imperative in determination of its own will. Then at last, after forty years of indifference, she burst into hysterical laughter, and cried, "Immanuel, *du bist wie eine Blume! Hoch!*" The anecdote lacks corroboration, and even if it is true it is doubtful whether she quite saw the point.

When he was nearing eighty Kant published *Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der blossen Vernunft*, concerning which Mark Twain said that he would rather have thought of "*blossen Vernunft*" than written *The Tramp Abroad.*

Immanuel Kant died at Königsberg on February 12, 1804, just failing to reach St. Valentine's Day. The Emperor William reads his books through twice a year, President Roosevelt only once. But Mr. Roosevelt laughs more. The titled office-boy of *The Throne* is said to have written to Königsberg to offer Kant a large salary to turn out two columns of snappy pars. per month for his organ, but the letter was returned endorsed "Not known." Such is fame.



First Friend. "Have you dined, Old Man?"
Second Ditto (faintly). "On the contrary!"

SHOULD MARRIED MEN BE ALLOWED TO PLAY GOLF?

(*Extract from a Golfer's Diary.*)

July 21.—Played Robinson, who would never win a match if it wasn't for his wife. Think that I shall start a links for bachelors only. (Mem.—Suggest to the committee that no married man is allowed to play golf in the mornings or afternoons.)

Hole I. I played perfectly, holing beautiful long putt. Robinson hopeless. One up.

Hole II. R. bunkered. Entirely his own fault. Two up.

Hole III. Holed my approach, allowing for both wind and slope of green; really a grand shot. Caught sight of Mrs. R. as I walked to the next tee. Three up.

Hole IV. Thought that I might have to speak to Mrs. R. at any minute. Missed my drive in consequence. Disgusting! Two up.

Hole V. R. seemed to be looking for his wife instead of attending to what I was saying. My drive lay on a buttercup, and who the deuce can be expected to play off buttercups? One up.

Hole VI. Stymied R. quite perfectly. He pretended to think that we were not playing stymies. We were. Two up.

Hole VII. Saw Mrs. R. looking aimlessly out to sea. These loafing ladies are enough to put any man off his game. Why can't they do something? One up.

Hole VIII. R. may say what he likes, but he waved to his wife. I was also annoyed by his stockings, which I should think Mrs. R. knitted. The sort of useless thing she would do. All square.

Hole IX. Got well away from Mrs. R., and though my caddie coughed as I was approaching I laid my ball dead. Beautiful shot. One up at the turn.

Hole X. Had the hole in my pocket when R. laid his approach dead. Ridiculous luck. All square.

Hole XI. Just as I was driving I saw Mrs. R. still looking at the sea. I complained, but R. took no notice. At any rate she cost me the hole. One down.

Hole XII. Vardon couldn't have played better than I did, and even R. had to say, "Good shot!" twice. All square.

Hole XIII. As I was putting I had a feeling in my back that Mrs. R. had arrived at last. Missed my putt and only halved the hole.

Hole XIV. Couldn't see Mrs. R. anywhere. Wondered where on earth she had got to, or whether she was drowned. Of course I lost the hole. One down.

Hole XV. A little dispute, as R. claimed that his ball—which was under a wheelbarrow—was on ground under repair. Absolutely foolish, and I told him so. All square.

Hole XVI. Made a perfect drive, approach and putt. Looked everywhere for Mrs. R. and couldn't see her. One up.

Hole XVII. Completely put off by wondering when I should see Mrs. R. Most unfair. Told my caddie I should report him to the committee. All square.

Hole XVIII. Saw Mrs. R. on a hill half a mile away. Got on my nerves. R. said, "Halloa, there's my wife! I thought she wasn't coming out this morning." Lost the hole and the match, and told the secretary that R.'s handicap ought to be reduced.

The unkindest thing that has yet been said about Father Bernard Vaughan appeared in *The Tablet* last week; which stated that his sermons on The Sins of Society "were manifestly intended for the benefit of those who were not all there."



THE GYNÆCOPHOBES.

BROTHER ASQUITH. "I REJOICE, DEAR BROTHER HALDANE, THAT JUST AS *I* HAVE RENOUNCED THE CHARMS OF THE SUFFRAGETTE SO *YOU* HAVE SOUGHT SANCTUARY FROM THE WILES OF FEMALE RANK AND BEAUTY."

["Attempts to obtain favourable consideration of any application by the use of outside influence are forbidden." - *Army Order of* 1904.
"I am aware of this order . . . . The Army Council is determined that it shall be enforced."—*Mr. Haldane.*]

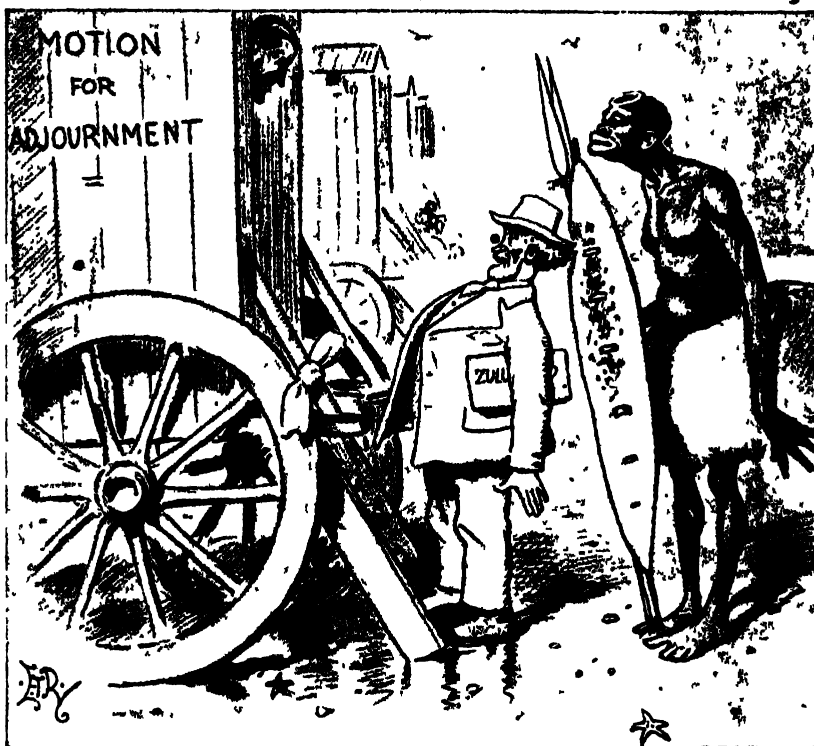
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 16.—Delightful time in Lords to-night. Circumstances as indicated on Orders of Day not promising.

Business under discussion, London County Council (General Powers) Bill. Always pretty to watch noble Lords dealing, however remotely, with London County Council. Whilst the MARKISS was still with us it was worth an hour's patient sufferance of dreary procedure to hear him casually allude to the House of Commons. The scorn, the contempt, the pained reluctance were charming. Noble Lords especially of ancient Victorian lineage hold and display same feeling towards the L.C.C. SARK, who has travelled in the East, tells me attitude of majority of Lords towards this latest development of autocratic power created by popular vote always reminds him of the camel when, taking its walks abroad, it meets a tame elephant. It throws back its head, curls lip and nostril, and, till the elephant is out of sight, assumes a severely "Don't-know-yah!" expression.

To-night obliged for full hour to discuss L.C.C. and its works. Had decided to negative clause in Bill authorising Council to establish service of street ambulances in London, when YOUNG WEMYSS came to the front, claymore in hand, proposing to lop off at a stroke Clauses 27, 28, and 29. These authorised Council to supply electric fittings for the electric light they already have power to purvey. Topic rather sordid, just sort of thing pettifogging County Council would potter about. The statesmanlike glance of YOUNG WEMYSS going straight to heart of matter discovered fresh attempt to extend principle of municipal trading hateful to lofty minds.



A "HYPOCRITICAL WHITE."

Mr. K-r H-rd-e. "Look here, young Sir, I engaged this machine for myself and my friend here!"

Mr. F. E. Sm-th. "That's all right, old man, only I *took* it!!"

(Mr. K-r H-rd-e, who had announced his intention of moving the adjournment on the Natal "Atrocities," was forestalled by Mr. F. E. Sm-th.)

With consummate art he at outset introduced autobiographical touch that straightway lifted the theme above the level of Cheapside; commanded attention of noble Lords who thought they had been sufficiently bored. Lightly turning back the leaves of memory, he recalled a November night in the reign of Queen ANNE when he left the House, strolling homewards in company with HENRY ST. JOHN, perhaps better known in history as Lord BOLINGBROKE. As they carefully picked their way along the oil-lamp-lit narrow streets that then converged on the Palace of Westminster, ST. JOHN, in high spirits at having got through the Army Estimates at a single sitting, commented on the sufficient brilliancy of the illumination.

"You couldn't imagine anything better than this, ELCHO, could you?" the War Minister asked (Lord ELCHO at that date had not succeeded to the peerage).

YOUNG WEMYSS modestly told the listening Lords how in reply he had confidently predicted discovery of an illuminating element that would supplant oil lamps in the street, wax candles on the tables of the rich, farthing lights in the dwellings of the poor. Confessed he did not then precisely know the new-comer would be gas. But gas it was, and to gas had succeeded the electric light.



AN ILLUMINANT OF EXTRAORDINARY STAYING POWER.

(E-rl of W-m-ss).

Was that the fulfilment of development, the last word of science? As confidently as he had controverted Sr. JOHN's optimistic view about the permanency of oil as an illuminant, YOUNG WEMYSS, standing to-night by way of change at the corner of the Front Bench below that on which Lord LANSDOWNE, Lord ASHBOURNE and other ex-Ministers sat entranced, declared that the electric light was but a fleeting expedient. He could not tell their Lordships what would be the next article; but it would come.

This the picturesque prelude to an argument calculated to shrivel up the County Council, electric fittings and all. Stubbornly, stupidly, confident that oil lamps had come to stay, the predecessors of the L.C.C. in Queen ANNE's time formed a water park for the preservation of their own whales, built what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" fleet of penny packet boats, fitted up with oil cisterns, and so prepared to supply the lights o' London with sperm oil for all time. This, of course, done at

expense of the ratepayers. When gas dowsed the light of oil lamps, the capital invested in water park and whales was lost. The fleet of packet boats was dispatched by the JACK FISHER of the day to the scrap heap, and grievous permanent addition was made to the burden of the rates.

"My Lords," said YOUNG WEMYSS, beating the palm of his left hand with a rolled copy of the Orders of the Day, "history will repeat itself. To-day gas as a street illuminant has been superseded by electric light. The electric light will go in its turn. I do not say when or how. But go it will, and then where will be your London County Council with their barns full of electric-light fittings?"

Seemed as if nothing could withstand this. Somehow or other when amendment was submitted it was negatived, and the obnoxious clauses remained portions of a Bill read a third time without division.

Business done.—Commons still crooning over Education Bill in Committee.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—"The House of Commons likes a Leader who will show it sport."

Thus PAM, discoursing midway in the last century.

This afternoon PRINCE ARTHUR bethought himself of the axiom, and to pleased surprise of House adopted it. In Committee on Education Bill. Accustomed to condition of inertia. Hot July afternoon. Terrace crowded; benches nearly empty. Reached Part IV., which provides a central Education Authority for Wales. An old familiar story; was part of Bill as introduced, printed and circulated. Apathy on the subject indicated by empty benches. SMITH of Liverpool, jealous for Parliamentary control, rose from behind Front Opposition Bench and moved amendment substituting for the Authority proposed by Bill the words "Consultative Education Committee under the Board of Education to be called the Welsh Central Committee."

LLOYD-GEORGE, protesting that the Welsh Members were not afraid of Parliamentary control, practically accepted the amendment. Added that in order to carry out the designed purpose it would be necessary to appoint a Minister with a seat in the House responsible for everything done by the Welsh Council.

In certain moods PRINCE ARTHUR might have seized the opportunity to compliment his young friend the Member for Liverpool on his success in imposing a crucial amendment on an all-powerful Government. Through his agency the Opposition as a whole had scored heavily, demonstrating the wholesome fact that the battle is not always to the strong. That would have been commonplace; PRINCE ARTHUR is a genius.

He began quietly enough. Probably when he started he had not foreseen whither he was going. As he proceeded light dawned on him. He followed it eagerly, passionately. Brushing aside the familiar original clause proposing a separate Education Authority for Wales, ignoring his able young friend blushing with pleasure at acceptance of an important amendment, he seized on the proposal that the Welsh Council should be made directly responsible to Parliament in the person of a representative seated on the Treasury Bench. Was there ever such an insult to the House of Commons? Was ever Committee treated with such contumely?



PRINCE ARTHUR IN TRAGIC MELODRAMA.

("In all his experience he had never seen an artificially engendered passion torn into more minute and infinitesimal tatters."—*Mr. Asquith.*)
(The ex-Prime Minister.)

"Mr. GLADSTONE himself," he cried, amid enthusiastic cheers from the dead statesman's friends and admirers seated round him, "would have shuddered at the suggestion."

The printed words in which the speech is reported give but slight idea of the performance. They lack the ring of indignant tone, the countenance glowing with righteous indignation, the lithe figure vibrant with horror at a Minister, backed by whatsoever majority, daring to touch with unhallowed hand the Ark of the liberties and privileges of the House of Commons.

"An artificially engendered passion," ASQUITH bluntly called it. Actually it was splendid, reviving regret frequently felt during the last Parliament that fortune had not led PRINCE ARTHUR'S steps in the direction of the stage door. When, in his turn master of legions, he was accustomed night after night to gag a helpless minority, beaming on their contortions a smile that made them almost think they liked the discipline, he charmingly filled the part of light comedy. To-day he rose almost to the height of tragedy.

Business done.—Clause 37 added to Education Bill.

RONDEAU.

THE Suffragette has come to stay,
  To that event we may as well
  Make up our minds, her strident yell
Is heard amongst us every day.

Poor Man at present is at bay,
  Endeavouring in vain to quell
    The Suffragette.

In time, no doubt, she'll get her way
  (When that will be, no man can tell),
But—pray divulge not where I dwell—
Woman does not deserve, *I* say,
    The Suffrage Yet!

Our Gallant Frontiersmen.

"LAST evening the first general meeting of the Manchester and District Committee of the recently formed Legion of Frontiersmen was held, and considering the bad weather the attendance was a satisfactory one."—*Manchester Courier.*

Sad Fate of an Irish Bull.

"THE speaker proceeded to refer to the sale of diseased meat. A veterinary surgeon spoke of beasts killed to save their lives."—*Irish Times.*

MR. PUNCH'S DEFINITION OF A BORE.—The man who talks about his own motor-car when you want to talk about yours.

Holiday Candour.

"FURNISHED House, summer months. Flies in village; no servants."—*Standard.*

Master. Who said, and under what circumstances: "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*"?

Boy. NAPOLEON, on his retreat from Moscow.



Head of the Laundry. "So, Betsy, I hear you're going to be married. You must let me know what you'd like me to give you towards your *trousseau*."

Betsy. "Please, Ma'am, I've got some of that what you said."

Head of the Laundry. "Really! What have you got?"

Betsy. "Please, Ma'am, I've got six cups and saucers and a glass case of stuffed birds."

BACK-TO-NATURE HOTELS.

["One of the Paris hotels in the Place Vendôme has arranged to supply its guests with a shower of rain to order. By an arrangement of pipes placed high in the air over the courtyard a shower is obtained whenever required. The guests may sit under an immense umbrella, 25 feet in diameter, enjoying the cool rainfall on a hot summer day."

"The Carlton Hotel is bringing live trout from Barrasford-on-Tyne. A glass tank will be fixed in an annexe to the palm garden beyond the restaurant, and those who are so pleased may go and see the actual fish caught ten minutes before they are served at table."

Daily Paper.]

The above announcements seem to indicate a new and refreshing development of the activity of the modern hotel-proprietor. May we not hope that so promising an idea will be carried still further, and that, in the near future, paragraphs like the following may be expected?

"Something entirely new in the way of dinners for the twelfth was that arranged by the proprietors of the Savoy Restaurant for the Hon. Bobby Blazer and party. At a given signal a strong covey of birds was put up from behind the musicians' gallery. The light was excellent and some capital sport was enjoyed, the bag including not only sufficient game for the party but two waiters, a bar-tender, and a prominent member of the Humanitarian League who was dining at an adjacent table."

"'Thunderstorm suppers' are, we hear, to be the latest novelty in fashionable entertaining. By special arrangements with the Electric Installation Co. and the District Railway, the management of the Hotel Cecil have secured for their patrons a complete realisation of the most pronounced form of atmospheric disturbance. Nothing could be more refreshing on these sultry evenings than to dine in semi-darkness, to the accompaniment of crashing thunder and brilliant but innocuous electric discharges.

Canard au tonnerre, as prepared by the able *chef* of the establishment, promises to become the most popular supper delicacy of the waning season."

"Bear-steaks from animals freshly hunted and slain by the diners themselves are now announced by the Ritz Hotel as an addition to its daily menu. The experiment of letting loose a consignment of grislies on the premises is one that will be watched with interest by epicures and others. We have, however, small sympathy with "Returned Traveller," who writes to *The Daily Mail* complaining of the loss of a valuable suit-case and a second cousin, owing to an encounter with one of the new importations in the passenger lift. Every innovation must be attended by some such trifling mishaps, and we trust that the management will persevere undeterred in their enterprising and attractive scheme."

Latin at the Bridge Table.—*Sursum corda*—"I double hearts."



THE HEIGHT OF THE CATERPILLAR SEASON IN HYDE PARK.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMIDA.

It seems that when the people of Damascus were at war it was the custom to rely upon their Princess *Armida* to crumple up the enemy by the sheer force of her beauty. This enabled the War Office to develop that military economy which is so dear to the heart of Mr. Haldane. As one of her Maids of Honour forcibly put it:

Ah! quel bonheur! Nos désirs sont comblés,
Sans nous coûter ni de sang ni de larmes.

It must therefore have been peculiarly galling to the lady (who on her own showing had captured a thousand hearts without once losing her own) to find, in the person of the redoutable *Renaud*, a General Officer who remained impervious to her fascination; enjoying, in his own words, "*une heureuse indifférence.*" That was why she found it necessary to supplement her physical charms by those of certain "Spirits" whom she was in the habit of summoning from the vasty Inferno to obey her magic art.

Following her directions—

(Démons affreux, cachez-vous
Sous une agréable image)—

they disguise themselves as Naiad or Nymph; and, finding *Renaud* engaged in a siesta on the usual open-air stage-sofa by the banks of a thoroughly nice river, they enchant him and dress him up in rose-garlands; and with such good effect that *Armida*, coming upon him with the dagger of vengeance in her hand, is overcome by his attractions; and remarks that

Il semble être fait pour l'Amour.

Many of us thought that he looked rather ridiculous under his paper roses, but *Armida* had a perfect right to her own opinion.

Naturally shrinking from publicity in the hour of her *faiblesse*, she arranges that they shall have their loves apart in the "most remote wilderness;" and attaching herself to the back of the property sofa she instructs the demons to spirit them away through air, "*au bout de l'Univers.*"

Chagrined, in Act III., at losing the heart she had never lost before, and a good deal annoyed by the suspicion that *Renaud* has only yielded to her under stress of sorcery, she summons *Hatred* (Madame Kirkby Lunn) to exorcise Love from her constitution; but finally repents, and determines that things shall remain *in statu quo*.

Meanwhile some of *Renaud's* brother-officers have come round to the Wilderness to look up the deserter, and get their *Heracles* out of his *Omphale's* snares. All sorts of distractions are strewn in their path. At first they encounter "*des bêtes farouches et des monstres épouvantables*," including 2 prehistoric ponies, 1 hippopotamus, and 1 ordinary devil. These withdraw before the golden sceptre of *Ubalde* (M. Crabbé) and the magic sword of *Le Chevalier Danois* (M. Altchevsky, apparently not much the worse for his fatal duel with *Eugène Onéghin*, except that perhaps his voice was a little metallic from the effects of the bullet).



Partant de la Syrie.

Renaud (M. Laffitte) and *Armida* (Mlle. Bréval) leave the neighbourhood of Damascus *en route pour* "*les plus reculés Déserts.*"

Next there are enchantments—demons that take the lovely disguise of actual lady friends. What would have happened if these gentlemen had been tempted simultaneously I dare not guess. But by a clever device they are tempted separately; so that there is always one man disengaged who can hold up the golden sceptre and make the temptress vanish and say, in what finally becomes a formula adaptable for a duet,

Ce que l'Amour a de charmant
N'est qu'un funeste enchantement.

A really humorous episode, and played without a smile.

In the last Act we find *Armida* and *Renaud* in the gardens of an enchanted palace (a little like Monte Carlo). *Renaud*, having discarded his armour, together with all interest in military glory, has settled himself down to a good long spell of dalliance. He has become habituated to wearing a wreath of roses round his neck and under one arm, like the strap of a field-glass. *Armida*, on the other hand, is restive. Hers is a more complex nature, which suffers from presentiments; and nothing will content her until she has gone and consulted the powers of hell as to the best plan of detaining him from the stern path of duty. She goes, leaving him under the charge of "the Pleasures," with the following instructions:

Jusques à mon retour, par d'agréables jeux,
Occupez le Héros que j'aime.

And very agreeable is their play, which includes a Gavotte, a Minuet, and a Sicilian Dance, all accompanied by lovely gestures and delightful airs, that still leave the hero cold and *distrait* in the absence of the *prima donna*. Politely requested to desist, the ballet leaves him alone, and he is at once discovered by his brother officers—an embarrassing situation of which he is acutely conscious.

> Ciel! quelle honte de paraître
> Dans l'indigne état où je suis!—

The sentiment does him credit. It is what you would expect from an officer and a gentleman, guilty of desertion, and found in an obscure retreat with a flower garden round his neck.

He is easily induced to rejoin the fighting-line; and though *Armida*, returning in the nick of time, says "*Ciel!*" and asks him, "Must you go? Can't you stay?" he is adamant, and leaves her in a dead faint with the rather chilly solace of this comment:

> Que ton destin est déplorable!

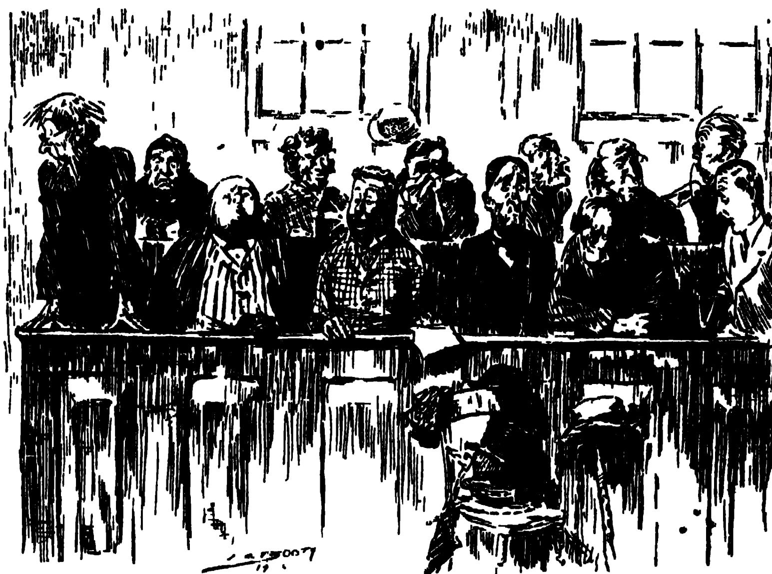
But *Armida* is not absolutely done for. Having come to, she cries "*Où suis-je?*" and orders her demons to set fire to the pavilion (to which, out of respect for *Renaud's* impersonator, we may perhaps give the name Château Laffitte) and so obliterate the scene of this most unfortunate affair. When we see the last of her the invincible creature is being borne aloft in a Flying Machine (*Char Volant*) on the direct road to vengeance.

I am informed that QUINAULT's libretto had been already used some ninety years before GLUCK handled it. And, for all its unconscious humour, I can understand the fascination it had for composers with a *penchant* for dance-music. One is apt to weary of the incidental ballet "dance of Russian peasants" and so forth that has no sort of relation to the issues of a play. But here, among these "Pleasures," and Nymphs, and Shepherdesses of the Spirit-world, the ballet is of the very essence of the drama. Each of its movements has a meaning, and indeed the main design seems constructed largely with the idea of affording the ballet a sphere of influence. Of this the leading dancers showed a sensitive appreciation, but I am not sure that the rank and file of the *corps de ballet* were fully conscious of the importance of their mission and the significance of gestures which had not always been even learnt by heart. But the orchestra, under M. MESSAGER, showed a very perfect sympathy with the exquisite sweetness of the music.

Mlle. BRÉVAL, whose way of wearing her clothes should be a lesson to the bunchy heroines of WAGNER Opera, was a noble and stately figure, with the right air of Orientalism; but she lacked invention in her gestures, which were too much confined within the limits of the semaphorical. I found her voice a little harsh, and preferred the singing of her Maids, *Phénice* (Miss GLEESON-WHITE) and *Sidonie* (Mme. GILIBERT-LEJEUNE, always delightful whatever she plays, though I never saw anybody with a face less like a Damascene). M. LAFFITTE has played the amorous soldier before in *Carmen:* and I liked him better then. Vocally he is adequate, but he was not built for heroic enterprise; and in the scene where he is left in charge of "the Pleasures," no one would have mistaken him for a Heracles in retreat. Mme. KIRKBY LUNN was an admirable Demon, and did her hating with gusto.

Mlle. DAS sang with equal grace and sweetness the parts of the *Naiad* and of *Lucinde*, the lover of the *Chevalier Danois*. As his friend *Ubalde*, M. CRABBÉ was effective whether preaching sobriety or practising its opposite; and M. SEVEILHAC, as *Hidraot* of Damascus, seemed to have improved his lower register since he went bull-fighting.

It has taken *Armida* just 129 years to come over to Covent Garden, and we hope it may not be quite so long before she repeats the venture. "Now that you have found your way here," as they say in hospitable country houses. O. S.



The Foreman "THE JURY ARE ALL OF ONE MIND—TEMPORARILY INSANE."

ACCORDING to *The Morning Leader*, "WOLFFE intends to repeat his attempt to swim the Channel in a fortnight." Provided he can stay the course he ought to have no difficulty in succeeding in the allotted time.

George Hirst.

THERE is a great Tyke—GEORGY HIRST,
Of Yorkshiremen easily first;
Under summery suns
He makes thousands of runs,
But in winter in Toffee's immersed.

HIRST's Toffee as topaz is bright,
And stronger than strong dynamite,
It is sweet to the tooth,
Grants perpetual youth,
And is known as Best Yorkish Delight.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to *The English Churchman:* "Through the window I could see this Bishop engaged in performing the operation of blessing the new home . . . under the nose of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, whose back was within thirty feet of this Popish function." Well within thirty feet, we should say, if he is constructed at all on the usual lines.

"At Lord's Eaton beat Barrow by four wickets."—*Glasgow Herald.*

REALISING, as we do, the number of different ways in which our contemporary might have spelt "Lord's," we cannot withhold our tribute of admiration at the unerring instinct which compelled it to select the right one.

"Strong Lad, about 16, as under boots and door. All found but beer."—*Telegraph.*

WE are glad to know that the Strong Lad was found: but it does not say whether he was hiding under the boots or under the door. Probably under the cellar-door, which would account for the disappearance of the beer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Times History of the War (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co.) still has Mr. AMERY for its commander-in-chief, but the G. O. C. Fourth Division (or volume) is Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS. This volume deals with the operations conducted under the chief command of Lord ROBERTS from his entry into Bloemfontein onwards; but there are supplementary chapters on Kimberley and Mafeking, and it is to these that, as a non-expert, I turn with most interest. (In the days of the war I was as competent as another to talk of "turning movements" and "advances in *échelon*," but one must go with *The Times*, and I have forsaken these for "rights of entry" and COWPER-TEMPLE.) Mr. WILLIAMS' story of Mafeking is a distinguished piece of work, and the writer, very properly, does not consider it beneath his dignity as an historian to notice the lighter side of the siege. It was becoming the fashion with some to belittle BADEN-POWELL's resistance, but Mr. WILLIAMS is not one of those.

In the earlier part of the book there is an exciting chapter on "The First De Wet Hunt." "Then began a wild nightmare of pursuit. The British columns, now hot on the trail, now missing it . . . kept stolidly trudging along with now and then a brief interval, not so much for repose as to take their bearings . . . until at last the men began to feel that life was one stupid, almost ceaseless march." Change "columns" into "editors," and "march" into "pun," and we have an exact account of what was happening in England at the same time. That was not the least tragedy of the war.

The Ha'penny Millionaire (METHUEN), by GEORGE SUNBURY,
Is one of the most originally conceived pieces of farcical writing I've read for ages.
I enjoyed reading it, and I'm sorry I can't, now it's done, bury
All my objections and faultfindings, and recommend everybody, without prejudice, to peruse its pages.

But unfortunately, when a humorous writer makes jokes and then works upon 'em, he
Is always apt to grow tedious, and Mr. SUNBURY certainly has a tendency to use material which ought to go only a little way, and makes it (like these lines) go rather a long way,
Which may be an excellent method when dealing with matters of economy,
But if you mean to write a funny book it's most assuredly the wrong way.

Still, he undoubtedly has a nimble imagination, and I'm not at all sure that he couldn't do something tolerably near perfection,
If he were not so ready to run his jokes to death;
And as this metre, if you can call it metre, seems rather inclined to follow in very much the same direction,
Let's stop and take breath.

It is no discredit to Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS that *Thalassa* (HUTCHINSON) recalls memories of *Jane Eyre*. The coincidences are doubtless accidental, but they are marked. There is the same strong man with wilful ways and a past; the same attractive, homeless girl straying into his life, shrinking at first from his gruffness, finally conquered by his passionate love. Oddly enough the principal scenes are in both dramas laid in a northern moorland country. Comparison with CHARLOTTE BRONTË's masterpiece is dangerous. Mrs. REYNOLDS comes triumphantly out of the ordeal. The Master of Lockthwayte Mills is in his varying moods of morose ill-nature and humble love an interesting study. *Aldyth* is a charming girl, sunny as the Italy whence she comes. A cleverly constructed plot with succession of unexpected turns sustains interest to the end, where the Master of the mill and *Aldyth*, after hard climbing of the stony hill, reach the top, and, as with the Greeks of old, there flashes on their sight the answer to their prayers—*Thalassa!*

CIDER.

IN praise of Beer long since a Cambridge bard
Adduced some arguments by no means shallow,
Which to refute would seem a task too hard
For one whose Muse is all untried and callow.
Against undue presumption I would guard,
Yet fain would follow *longo intervallo*,
And to his verses humbly add this rider
That there is something to be said for Cider.

The beverage that Calverley has sung
Was malt and hops, a sound and honest liquor,
That woke the living lyre and loosed the tongue
Of peer or peasant, parson or hop-picker—
A heaven-sent boon that made the heart feel young,
Though possibly it made the brain no quicker.
The modern stuff turned out from a laboratory
Could surely never have inspired such oratory.

True there are hardy souls among us still,
Convinced adherents of the foaming beaker,
Like that M.P. who nightly takes his fill,
Two pints of bitter, as he told the SPEAKER.
If he persists, I greatly fear he will
Become a Tory as his brain grows weaker.
Myself would rather drink the worst hotel hock
Than emulate the feat of Mr. BELLOC.

The thought has often struck me, when I've read
About the luxuries of other ages,
That epicures of old, when all is said,
Only attained quite elementary stages
In that great art of life, the being fed
And watered duly. Turning history's pages,
I'm not impressed by Sybaris or Crotona,
Since they knew not the worship of Pomona.

(To LEMPRIÈRE I am, I may confess,
Indebted for that piece of erudition.)
Pomona still shall all my heart possess,
Her cult shall be my self-appointed mission.
The more I hear of other drinks, the less
Am I disposed to alter my position,
Which is that cider is the only beverage
For those who live in this too sharp and clever age.

The man who has to use his wits can not,
And never could, sustain himself on whisky,
Whether produced from patent still or pot;
And other drinks are similarly risky.
The Cider drinker, though, can stand a lot
Without becoming dangerously frisky;
His is a genial outlook, full of charity,
That still retains a perfect mental clarity.

Yet many a noble edifice of song
Has in the past been reared to glorify
This drink or that. They were not wholly wrong,
Those architects of Bacchic praise, and I,
Conscious my inspiration is less strong,
Am not concerned their merits to deny,
Content to consecrate this small side chapel
To Cider, wholesome produce of the Apple. X.Y.X.

CHARIVARIA.

The Czar, in dissolving the Duma, expressed the belief that giants will arise now in his country. So with us, when Parliament is presently prorogued, we shall look for the appearance of the Giant Gooseberry.

One does not like to think that the upheaval in Russia should lessen respect for Royalty all over the world. Yet from Portsmouth comes the news that the King of the Mudlarks has been thrown into prison by the local magistrates on a charge of causing obstruction.

A Member of Parliament suggested last week that a representation should be made to the Natal military authorities in favour of substituting photography for decapitation. Those, however, who have suffered at the hands of amateur photographers oppose this idea on humanitarian grounds.

For the rest, we fancy it will be some little time before the Zulus will be so foolish as to lose their heads again.

Sigananda has died at the age of 104. The pro-Zulus hold the Natal Government responsible for his premature death.

The Westminster City Council has decided that no horse belonging to it shall be worked more than six days a week, and, to judge by an item of news from Southend-on-Sea, no frivolous use will be made of the holiday. While the Rev. John T. Vine was preaching, a horse—evidently a week-ender from Westminster—quietly walked through the vestry into the aisle.

During his recent visit to Scandinavia on the *Deutschland* (not the river but the boat) the Kaiser was so pleased with the dishes prepared for him that he went to the kitchen one day and asked many questions regarding the ingredients. The Kaiser likes to have a finger in every pie.

The plague of caterpillars in the West End has, it is said, put an entire stop to the practice of old gentlemen going to sleep with their mouths open in Kensington Gardens.

The Recorder, in charging the Grand Jury at the opening of the July Sessions at the Old Bailey, said that he was at a loss to account for the unusually heavy Calendar. That is one of the drawbacks of the Aliens Bill having been passed. Formerly the reason was the Hated Foreigner.

Professor Bouchard, of Paris, declares that the application of X-rays will cause grey hair to resume its original colour. So red-headed men who have gone grey must be careful.

The growth of slang is as undeniable as it is deplorable. A correspondent draws our attention to a case in point. On the name-plate of a shop in a leading thoroughfare he has found the inscription "Smith and Kidd." We agree that "Smith and Son," though old-fashioned, is far more dignified.

Our trousers may yet become things of beauty. *The World and his Wife* have between them been recommending young ladies fond of needlework to make embroidered bags.

We were relieved on reading a paragraph last week, headed "M. Antoine in three parts," to find that this was not yet another case of collision with a motor-car.

At Tottenham last week a four-year-old child created a sensation by driving his own steam-propelled motor-car. There must be at large many other chauffeurs older in years but just as well qualified as this young gentleman.

As a result of the success at Warwick we appear to be in for quite an epidemic of pageants, and it is rumoured that something very special may be seen at Poplar on November 5th of this year.



"Well, Mr. Heath, I suppose you are getting some eggs again now the warm weather is here."

"Yes, Miss! The blessed hens'll lay fast enough when eggs is cheap!"

Mr. Harold Spender on Mr. W. J. Bryan.

"Then came W. J. Bryan, mounting his chair and holding on to a golden lion rampant with his left hand. His was not perhaps so great a speech as he gave to the Conference on Tuesday . . . . But there were great touches. 'Unless some nation take the lead, no nation will act!'"

These great men do think of things.

"REST, REST, PERTURBÈD SPIRIT!"

Now let the weary House, its labour done,
Disport awhile in suits of airy flannel,
And swallow lotus, sitting in the sun,
Or climb an Alp or two, or swim the Channel,
Or read the nobler bards,
Being disbanded – like the 3rd Scots Guards.

Others have fairly earned the Blessed Isles,
They have deserved their fill of Ocean's breezes
Who bore the interrogatory BYLES,
Who suffered HARDIE'S whims, and LUPTON'S wheezes;
But you, at yonder Bar,
BIRRELL, have had the toughest time by far.

I have not followed all your words not all;
Friendship forewent that right and clung to rumour,
Which told me how the saintly gibes of PAUL
Yielded the crown to your more carnal humour;
Or how, with scorn like BURKE'S,
You froze the unction oozing out of PERKS.

But there are limits; mortal man is frail;
Exhausted Nature needs a new afflatus;
And, as (to change my element) the whale
Replenishes his spouting apparatus,
You from the mighty sea
Might well repair the fount of repartee.

Not that as yet your stream of mirth is stayed;
But you have been of late a little harried
By stuffy bores, at 90 in the shade,
Who left the atmosphere extremely arid;
So, ere your wit's at fault,
Let Norfolk's brine renew your Attic salt.

There the sea-wind shall loose your tangled hair,
And on your brow erase the wrinkly furrows,
And you shall lure the lobster from his lair
And chase the timorous coney to his burrows;
Thus having lightly romped, you
Will soon be feeling fresher, more *impromptu*.

Go, then, to Sheringham, my BIRRELL, go,
And with your children pluck a playful leisure;
And, if at times your vacant thoughts should flow
To what you call your "Education" measure,
Thank Heaven, with solemn pauses,
No child of yours can come within its clauses. O. S.

ILLEGAL BALLOONING.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the well-known aeronaut, who described himself as "a dramatist," was brought up last Tuesday at the South Western police court on a charge of trespassing in a balloon upon the property of various residents of Balham and Tooting. Parachute Detective ETHER deposed that at about 7.30 P.M. on that day he was patrolling his beat in one of the airships of the Atmospheric Police, in that portion of the air immediately above the Balham Road, when he saw accused's balloon at a height of between three and four thousand feet above the back garden of a resident of Balham. (Witness produced his stop-watch in proof of his statement.) He drove his airship upwards, and warned accused that he was trespassing, and instructed him to keep to the atmosphere above the public roadway. Accused replied that he (Witness) was a Philistine.

His Worship: What is a Philistine?

Witness: Cannot say, your Worship, but I'm a Yorkshireman.

Witness, proceeding, said that accused was in evening dress, and in other ways showed a peculiar demeanour. He moved away when warned, but continued to trespass in the air belonging to the property of some of the best people in Balham and Tooting, and aggravated his offence by dropping unfriendly epigrams on the residents over whom he passed.

His Worship (to accused). What is your opinion of the expression "You never can be SHAW?"

Accused. The remark cannot truthfully be addressed to me, for that is my chief accomplishment. It could be said, however, to any other person in this world.

His Worship. We cannot have the time of the Court wasted by the facetiæ of occupants of the dock. There is hardly time for my own. Have you anything further (not of a humorous nature) to say for yourself?

Accused was understood to reply that he had the greatest respect for the Court, seeing that nowadays it was his principal source of income.

At this point a clamour was heard in the corridor outside. On inquiring of the usher as to the meaning of the noise his Worship was informed that several actor-managers of the Victorian period were outside, anxious to give evidence against the accused. Their spokesman, being admitted, informed the magistrate that, while those for whom he appeared were not sure of the charge brought against SHAW, they were quite certain that he was guilty and deserved all he would get.

Accused was eventually bound over to come up when called for.

His Worship. Considering the nature of the charge, I ought perhaps to say "come down" when called for. (*Great laughter.*)

THE BREAKFAST SCORING BOARD.

OF all the many devices for extending the influence of cricket, or at least of adapting cricket methods to home life and thus fostering the natural love of the game, none strikes us as so happy or ingenious as the Breakfast Scoring Board, a simple enough piece of mechanism which, properly worked, is calculated to keep the table merry, to remind it of the tented field and incidentally to check gluttony. All that is required is one of these boards, which may be obtained all ready for use for three guineas carriage paid, and someone to work it – the governess, say, who may have breakfasted earlier or whose breakfast can easily be postponed until the others have finished. The principle is precisely that of the scoring boards in use at the chief cricket grounds, with certain modifications. The actual score which we append will give a better idea of the value and utility of this toy than any words can: –

	Rashers.	Eggs.	Marmalade.	Cups.	Spills.	
Father	3	2	2	2	—	not out
Mother	–	1	–	1	—	out
Jack	4	3	5	3	1	not out
Esmay	1	1	1	2	—	out
Peter	–	1	3	2	5	out
Visitor	3	3	3	3	1	not out

"Detective-Sergeant M—— stated that at ten minutes to four last evening he saw three ten minutes to five."—*Liverpool Echo.*

IF the Sergeant is correctly reported we marvel at the Stipendiary listening to any more of his evidence.

MUSTAFA KAMEL has come to London. One would have thought that he could have got one more easily in Cairo.



BIRRELL'S "BUZZER."

Chorus of Peers. "SUPPOSE WE CAN'T HELP THIS THING PASSING,—*BUT OH, THE VIBRATION!*"



Little Albert (always thirsting for knowledge). "UNCLE, DO THEY PRONOUNCE THAT RICOCHAYING OR RICOCHETTING?"

A MODERN MARTYR.

A PENSIVE body, middle-aged,
So mild, so uniformly placid,
That she could never be enraged
By what would make a saint grow acid—
Some five-and-twenty years ago,
Urged by a dire infatuation,
She linked her lot, for weal or woe,
To JONES, who had no occupation.

Their only son is launched in life,
A settler on the river Murray,
Their only daughter is a wife
Who has a charming house in Surrey.
But Mrs. JONES, denied a home,
A martyr quite as great as Fox's,
Is doomed unceasingly to roam
And live for ever in her boxes.

Of perfect stamina possessed,
From centenarians descended,
JONES spends his lifetime in the quest
Of health—although his health is splendid.
Last year he throve upon a fare
Which now he views with utter loathing,
And monthly he elects to wear
New hygienic underclothing.

His doctors order exercise,
Fresh air and healthy recreation;
And JONES assiduously tries
To combat physical stagnation.
Llandrindod welcomes him to-day,
To-morrow Droitwich lures him brinewards;
Next week 'tis Bath, or Alum Bay,
Or Bournemouth, and he hurries pinewards.

At scholarship inclined to scoff,
Yet fond of neither dogs nor horses,
Upon his diet and his golf
JONES concentrates his mental forces;
Unmoved by mountain peaks sublime,
Or mid the most enchanting greenery,
Because he's thinking all the time
Of his inside, and not the scenery.

To travel with this fearsome freak,
This valetudinarian loafer,
I should decline, though for one week
He gave me all the gold of Ophir.
Yet his inestimable spouse,
All normal interests resigning,
Beneath her lifelong burden bows
Without the semblance of repining.

With him she trots from links to links,
Wearing a smile of saintly meekness;
With him the tea of China drinks
Though Indian is her special weakness.
Nor is she ever even found
Lacking in sympathy at dinner,
When JONES reconstitutes each round,
And turns the tables on the winner.

Fine weather keeps him out of doors,
But when it rains or even drizzles—
The slightest moisture he abhors—
Her fate is worse than patient GRIZEL'S.
For JONES exacts attentive heed
To his malingering recital,
And poses as an invalid
When Mrs. JONES deserves the title.

No chance of respite or reward
To her the future seems to offer,
Unless some random rubber-cored
Despatches this dyspeptic golfer.
Already shrunken to a shred
By her devotion self-denying,
She perseveres, and when she's dead
He'll blame her selfishness in dying.

Divines are wont to disagree
Acutely in regard to Heaven,
Some doctors holding it to be
A single sphere, and others seven;
But JONES's consort entertains
No doubt about one crucial question;
There will, upon the heav'nly plains,
Be neither golf nor indigestion.

THE PIANOLYZER.

MESSRS. BECHWAY AND STEINSTEIN

BEG to call the attention of the public to the most astonishing invention of the age.

THE PIANOLYZER

will supersede, and, if necessary, annihilate, every other piano-player, human or inhuman.

The Pianolyzer plays BACH, HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, WAGNER, MOSZKOWSKI, ELGAR and TSCHAIKOWSKI

ALL AT ONCE!

thereby effecting considerable economy in time. It is therefore specially adapted for busy men.

People who don't like music

will find the invention a great boon, as they will be able to *get it all over at once.*

A Child can start it,

BUT NOTHING WILL STOP IT

Till it has run down.

A pint of petrol will keep it going all night.

The Pianolyzer can be made to go THREE WEEKS without stopping by a patent device which will be appreciated by persons about to go to the seaside. It will keep burglars out while the family is away from home, and will also give the owners the pleasant assurance that they will not be forgotten by their neighbours during their absence.

The Pianolyzer can be fitted with double-barrelled gramophone, so as to sing a large number of vocal duets, as well as solos, to its own accompaniment. Will also give recitations and make political speeches, &c. Never till now has it been possible to possess a machine that will play, sing, talk and recite without stopping, and *without the necessity of any attention being paid to it.*

The Pianolyzer may be obtained fitted with patent ALARUM ATTACHMENT, so as to start at any desired hour in the morning. It will effectually wake the household, and render it impossible for them to go to sleep again.

The Pianolyzer may be put to no end of different uses, as the following testimonials will show.

PADEREWSKI writes: - GENTLEMEN, — The Pianolyzer made my hair stand on end!

BUSONI writes: —. . . . An astonishing invention. It actually played through the whole of BEETHOVEN'S "*Eroica*" symphony in seven and a half minutes; and though I put the brake on hard it was impossible to check its speed. It has certainly established a record that will take a lot of beating.

The following letters speak for themselves:—

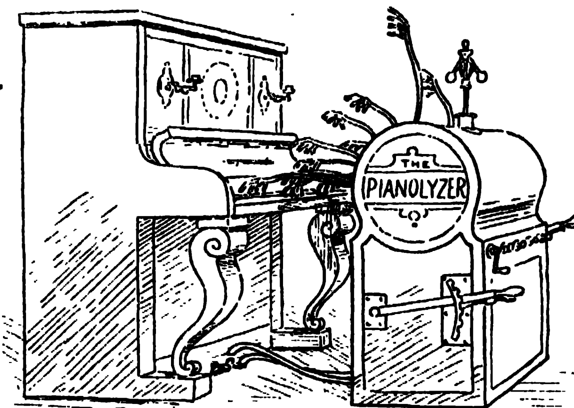
71, *Armony Avenue, N.*

GENTLEMEN,—The Pianolyzer you supplied has given me great enjoyment. I bought it as a present for a friend of mine at No. 75, and had it connected with my house by a concealed wire, so that I could start it whenever I wished. It works admirably!

75, *Armony Avenue, N.*

Please send man at once to rectify Pianolyzer. The last three nights it has started of its own accord at half-past one and played for two hours in spite of all my efforts to stop it. Last evening before going to bed I moved it away from the piano, but at 1.30 it walked across the room to the keyboard and started off as before. Cannot stand it any longer.

A HEAD MASTER writes: GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Pianolyzer with excellent results. A boy who had repeatedly failed in his Latin Grammar was strapped to a form, face downwards, and *pianolyzed* for ten minutes. He has been a different boy ever since.



A FARMER writes: — Being short-handed during the hay-harvest, I had your 3 horse-power Pianolyzer brought into the field and set to work. It acted splendidly and made hay of everything.

PATERFAMILIAS writes:—I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you for your admirable invention. Having four boys home for the holidays, and being at my wits' end to know what to do with them, I hit on the idea of buying two of your Pianolyzers. These were taken into the harness-room, and, as I quite expected, the boys set the two machines to fight each other. I have now no difficulty in finding suitable amusement for them on wet afternoons.

N.B.—Every Pianolyzer is fitted with three-speed gear, powerful Bowden brake, steam-gauge, and reversing-lever (enabling compositions to be played backwards, thus doubling the *répertoire* at a stroke). Tested up to 500 lbs. pressure.

A HANDSOME PAIR OF EAR-BLINKERS,
together with
½ lb. OF STERILISED WADDING,
Given away
With every Pianolyzer.

Don't, please don't, miss this chance!!

THE "CHILDREN'S PAGE."

Hints to Editors. By Helen and Cecil.

How it started was that I said to CECIL that Children's Pages were all rot; and CECIL said they were not *all* rot, and that he wished I wouldn't spoil the little commonsense I had by making such sweeping assertions.

And then, of course, we had to argue it out, and while we were getting hotter and hotter Dad came along and listened.

"Evidently, CECIL, you are bound for the Bench!" he said; "and as for you, HELEN, you are going to turn out the ordinary inconsistent woman! But so far as I can gather from this painful argument you both mean about the same thing. You like the solids in the Children's Page, but object to the atmosphere!"

We really hadn't a notion what he meant, but anyhow we thought we would write to the separate editors, but that was such an awful fag that CECIL said:

"If we write to *Mr. Punch* he'll tell all the editors at one go!"

So we started the letter about six times, but kept spoiling such lots of paper that we agreed that we would each write our own bits and sign them. I let CECIL begin, because he's the politest, and we want to try not to hurt their feelings.

"If you *are* an editor, would you mind *being* an editor, and not an Aunty, or an Uncle, or an Old Chum, or a Big Sister, or anything like that?—CECIL."

"Yes, and please don't call *us* Chickies, or Dickies, or Lambies, or Starbeams, or Sweet Violets. We *hate* to think that you are like the ladies at the garden parties who ask us how old we are, and tell us how we are growing. Like one said to me only yesterday: 'I wonder, my ducky, whether your little leggy-peggies would mind running across the lawn and bringing me that wee chairy-wairy!' And you mustn't think us horrid little beasts, but we don't much care about having your love and kisses every week. They are rather boring, and fill up the page, and it is not as if they came to anything.
"HELEN."

"And it's not as if the Editors of *The Times* or *The Daily Mail* ever sent love and kisses to Dad and Mother.
"Cecil."

"But we like your puzzles and problems and competitions, only sometimes the prizes are rather silly. We like money best. Helen."

"And your directions how to make things aren't bad, only would you mind saying them straight out—like our village carpenter would?

"I read quite a jolly thing on how to make a boat the other day, but just imagine how it ended up! 'But now, my dear little Brother, be careful of your precious fingers when you use the knife, or what will mamma say to your poor Big Sister? She will never never let you have the Children's Page in *The Ladies' Big Bundle* again?' Now don't you agree that that was a sickener, *Mr. Punch?* Besides, I've had a knife of my own for two years next Saturday.

"And why not give us more real news? There must be such jolly decent things going on all over the world every week, and if you could just pick us out all the true things, we'd be glad to know. We haven't the spare time like the Grown-ups to read through the common newspapers. Cecil."

"And please don't fill up our page with photographs of other kids in their best frocks and suits. Not even if they are millionaire boys. We know they must have hated to be stuck up to be taken, and if they didn't, well, they're the wrong kind. You might put the photographs on the Ladies' Page, or amongst the foods and baby advertisements. Helen."

"Why not get us real photographs of things, like a terrier hard on a rat, or a boy caught poaching, or a three-year-old pitching off a groom, or—oh, there are such heaps of interesting things that have never been photographed.—Cecil."

"Only mind you don't give us made-up stories and accidents, done in a photographer's shop. We can always spot them, and you'd best keep them for the Grown-up Pages. Helen."

"And the more rattling good adventure stories the better. We wouldn't mind a boy *Sherlock Holmes* for a change.
"Cecil."

"And of course we both of us hope you won't mind these straight hints, and as even yet we don't think we have quite properly explained what bothers us the most in the Children's Page we are writing you down the sort of letter you write sometimes which makes us want to chuck it.

'My Darling Chickywicks,—How your dear little hearts will have been panting all this week, wondering if your idle Big Sister would forget her promise to tell you the Quite True Story about the Big Big Dog and the Tiny Tiny Kitty.

'But you see, darlings, she has not forgotten! And why, do you ask? 'Cause she couldn't forget her thousands and thousands of little brothers and sisters, who are all eagerly waiting to rush to their mothers, to scramble for their *own own* Children's Page, the very minute *The Ladies' Big Bundle* arrives.

'No, my precious Chickywicks! Your Big Sister will never never forget you, and once more she greets you all with love and kisses, and hopes that you will all have a happy happy week, till she writes to you again!

'Good bye, my *sweet* Chickywicks,
'Your loving Big Sister.'

"Don't you think that's rank, *Mr. Punch*, dear? Helen."

"Couldn't *you* have a Children's Column, *Mr. Punch*, and let *us* edit it?
"Cecil."



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

"'Ere you are! Victorier! No smoke, no smell, no kill! All the way a penny. Thirteen for a shilling!"

Waste Not, Want Not.

The following post-card has been sent to the committee of a local political club:

"Tariff Reform League.

"A Special Committee Meeting will be held at the Conservative Club, tomorrow, Tuesday, at 8.30 sharp, *to finish up the Chamberlain Dinner.*"

A Seat in Hyde Park.—A cater-pillory.

OUT OF TOWN!

[The Children's Country Holiday Fund, which last year sent 38,500 children into the country for at least a fortnight, is appealing for subscriptions. The address of the Fund is 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., and the Hon. Treasurer is the Earl of ARRAN.]

IF you were a piper gay and bold,
Like the fellow who tuned his pipe of old
In wonderful Hamelin city;
And if from alley and court and street
There sounded a patter of little feet
Whenever you blew your ditty;

And if, as you still kept blowing free,
There came a murmur of childish glee
That swelled into shouts and laughter;
And so with a rush the children came
And danced about you and called your name,
And told you they'd follow after—

A swarm of thousands of London girls
With their dolls and toys and their hair in curls,
And everyone nicely dressed too,
And a noisier mob of boys mixed in
With the mob of girls in a joyful din,
And all in their Sunday best too;

And if they cried, "We are tired of town!
Oh, piper, couldn't you set us down
In a place where there's grass to roll in,
With shady banks where the girls could sit
And tidy their dolls or sew or knit,
And fields for the boys to bowl in?

"Where there isn't a bobby to stop your play,
But you're taking the air the whole long day,
And the milk's as fresh as the air is;
And sometimes—teacher has told us this—
When the nights are still you can get a kiss
From the lovely Queen of the Fairies.

"Oh, piper, let us be up and gone!
We'll follow you quick if you'll pipe us on,
For all of us want to go there.
So fill up your pipe and blow for joy
As hard as you can, and girl and boy
Will step to the tune you blow there."

If this were the cry of the swarming crowd,
Oh, wouldn't you pipe it sweet and loud,
With your collar for comfort undone;
And wouldn't you trudge it free and gay
Until you had drawn them miles away
From the smother and smoke of London?

But you haven't a pipe, and if you had
Your blowing would only make people sad
If anyone chanced to hear it;
And the children, you think, must stop and fade
In the hot dark city that man has made,
Though God's own country is near it.

But hark! there's a voice from the noisy Strand,
And it says, "If you want to lend a hand,
I'm looking for hands to borrow.
Pay up, pay down, and I'll pipe like mad,
And the crowd shall follow me glad as glad
To-day, or at most to-morrow!

"I'll take them and keep them and tend them there
Where the trees are green and there's air to spare,
And never a field is barren.
So send your money and call the tune
And order the piper to play it soon
On the pipes of the Earl of ARRAN!" R. C. L.

MY TEAM.

III.—IN THE TRAIN.

IF there is one thing I cannot stand it is ingratitude. Take the case of CAREY. CAREY, you may remember, professed himself unable to play either Bridge or Chess; and as we had a three-hour journey before us, it did not look as though he were going to have much of a time. However, HENRY and I, thinking entirely of CAREY's personal comfort, went to the trouble of buying him a Solitaire board, with glass balls complete. The balls were all in different colours.

I laid this before CAREY as soon as we settled in the train.

"Whatever's that?" he asked.

"The new game," I said. "It's all the rage now, the man tells me. The Smart Set play it every Sunday. Young girls are inveigled into lonely country houses and robbed of incredible sums."

CAREY laughed scornfully.

"So it is alleged," I added. "The inventor claims for it that in some respects it has advantages which even cricket cannot claim. As for instance, it can be played in any weather; nay, even upon the sick bed."

"And how exactly is it played?"

"Thus. You take one away and all the rest jump over each other. At each jump you remove the jumpee, and the object is to clear the board. Hence the name—Solitaire."

"I see. It seems a pretty rotten game."

That made me angry.

"All right. Then don't play. Have a game of marbles on the rack instead."

Meanwhile HENRY was introducing BOLTON and the Editor to each other.

"Two such famous people," he began.

"Everyone," said BOLTON with a bow, "knows the Editor of ——"

"Oh, yes, there's that. But I meant two such famous Chess players. BOLTON," he explained to the Editor, "was twelfth man against Oxford some years ago. Something went wrong with his heart or he'd have got in. On his day, and if the board was at all sticky, he used to turn a good deal from Q B 4."

"Do you really play?" asked BOLTON eagerly. "I have a board here."

"Does he play! Do you mean to say you have never heard of the Trocadero Defence?"

"The Sicilian Defence——"

"The Trocadero Defence. It's where you palm the other man's Queen when he's not looking. Most effective opening."

They both seemed keen on beginning, so HENRY got out the cards for the rest of us.

I drew the Younger Journalist, against HENRY and the Senior Stockbroker. Out of compliment to the journalist we arranged to play half-a-crown a hundred, that being about the price they pay him. I dealt, and a Problem arose immediately. Here it is.

"A. deals and leaves it to his partner B., who goes No Trumps. Y. leads a small heart. B.'s hand consists of king and three small diamonds, king and one other heart, king and three small clubs, and three small spades. A. plays the king from Dummy, and Z. puts on the ace. What should A. do?"

Answer.—Ring communication-cord and ask Guard to remove B.

"Very well," I said to Dummy. "One thing's pretty clear. You don't bowl to-day. Long-leg both ends is about your mark. Somewhere where there's plenty of throwing to do."

Later on when I was Dummy I strolled over to the Chess players.



Country Visitor. "I S'POSE THEY 'RE WHAT THEY CALL 'SERCIETY BUTTERFLIES'!"

"What 's the ground like?" said the Editor, as he finessed a knight.

"Sporting. Distinctly sporting."

"Long grass all round, I suppose?"

"Oh, lord, no. The cows eat up all that."

"Do you mean to say the cows are allowed on the pitch?"

"Well, they don't put it that way quite. The pitch is allowed on the cows' pasture land."

"I suppose if we make a hundred we shall do well?" asked somebody.

"If we make fifty we shall declare," I said. "By Jove, BOLTON, that 's a pretty smart move."

I may not know all the technical terms, but I do understand the spirit of Chess. The Editor was a pawn up and three to play, and had just advanced his queen against BOLTON's king, putting on a lot of check side, as it seemed to me. Of course I expected BOLTON would have to retire his king; but not he! He laid a stymie with his bishop, and it was the Editor's queen that had to withdraw. Yet BOLTON was only spare man at Cambridge!

"I am not at all sure," I said, "that Chess is not a finer game even than Solitaire."

"It 's a finer game than cricket," said BOLTON, putting his bishop back in the slips again.

"No," said the Editor. "Cricket is the finest game in the world. For why? I will tell you."

"Thanks to the glorious uncertainty of our national pastime," began the Journalist, from his next Monday's article——

"No. Thanks to the fact that it is a game in which one can produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of skill. Take my own case. I am not a batsman, I shall never make ten runs in an innings, yet how few people realise that! I go in first wicket down, wearing my M.C.C. cap. Having taken guard with the help of a bail, I adopt PALAIRET's stance at the wicket. Then the bowler delivers: either to the off, to leg, or straight. If it is to the off, I shoulder my bat and sneer at it. If it is to leg, I swing at it. I have a beautiful swing which is alone worth the money. Probably I miss, but the bowler fully understands that it is because I have not yet got the pace of the wicket. Sooner or later he sends down a straight one, whereupon I proceed to glide it to leg. You will see the stroke in BELDAM's book. Of course I miss the ball, and am given out l.b.w. Then the look of astonishment that passes over my face, the bewildered inquiry of the wicket-keeper, and finally the shrug of good-humoured resignation as I walk from the crease! Nine times out of ten square-leg asks the umpire what county I play for. That is cricket."

"Quite so," I said, when he had finished. "There 's only one flaw in it. That is that quite possibly you may have to go in last to-day. You 'll have to think of some other plan. Also on this wicket the ball always goes well over your head. You couldn't be l.b.w. if you tried."

"Oh, but I do try."

"Yes. Well, you 'll find it difficult."

The Editor sighed.

"Then I shall have to retire hurt," he said.

BOLTON chuckled to himself.

"One never retires hurt at Chess," he said, as he huffed the Editor's king. "Though once," he added proudly, "I sprained my hand, and had to make all my moves with the left one. Check."

The Editor yawned, and looked out of the window.

"Are we nearly there?" he asked.



WHOLESALE.

Doctor. "Well, Matthew, did you take those pills I sent you yesterday?"
Patient. "Yes, Doctor; but couldn't 'e do 'em up in something different? They little boxes be terrible hard to swallow!"

MORE TRAVEL DRIVEL.

Frankage.

Correspondence continues to reach us on the subject of *pension* terms on the Continent, not only in Lovely Lucerne, but also in Alluring Avignon, Disky Dinard, Tollollish Trouville, the Attractive Ardennes, Beautiful Brussels, Darling Dieppe, Luscious Lyons, Cheap Chamounix, and Godly Grindelwald. The perusal of these letters inclines us to the belief that our Travel Expert when he named three francs a day as a fair sum to pay a Continental hotel keeper for board and lodging was slightly under-estimating the case. We doubt if it is wise to try and do it under 3.50 a day. This news, we are aware, will come as a very serious blow to that increasing number of persons who look upon a holiday on the Continent as a means of saving money; but we cannot help that; and even at three francs fifty a day one is in a position to live more cheaply than one would at home, and the beginning and end of holiday making is thus accomplished.

We have testimony here and there to the possibilities of three francs a day, without danger, but it is better to pay the extra fifty centimes and be safe. A. B., just returned from Normandy, mentions that at Squaleur-sur-Boue he was boarded and lodged for three francs daily. The people and straw were clean and the onions and cider good, and though it is true the village was eight miles from the sea yet he is able to talk glibly about his French holiday and the simple Norman peasantry, and what else is needful?

Another correspondent, D. E. F., speaks highly of the low prices that rule at the "Ventre Vide" in the Valley of the Faim in western Brittany, where one may live the delightful life of a Barmecide for three francs a day. None the less we are convinced that one's calculations ought to allow for the higher rate, three fifty.

Correspondence.

Companion Wanted.—Miss K. (West Kensington) is going to Switzerland either this month or next, and would like lady companion, each paying their own expenses. A West Kensingtonian preferred, and reader of *T.P.'s Weekly.*

Switzerland.—Will some mountaineering reader of your paper kindly tell me what outfit is needed for climbing the Rigi? I have the refusal of a second-hand climbing-kit, including ropes and ice-pick. Shall I accept it? K. L.

Paris.—A. B. writes that she wishes to recommend Paris as a place worthy of visit. She has rarely been so struck by any foreign city as by the French capital, with its beautiful buildings and moving crowds of people.

Dover.—Can any one recommend me lodgings at Dover at not more than 12*s.* 6*d.* per week inclusive, giving good view of arrival or departure of Channel swimmers? M. N.



THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 23.—Will back our Reading Clerk to cover the space of six sheets of parchment in less time than any other amateur of equal age and weight. Opportunity for distinction presented itself to-day when four new Peers came up for swearing in. Duty of Clerk is to read with breathless haste a document of many folios. If he performed the task in ordinary fashion, minding his P's and Q's, observing full stops and semi-colons, not to speak of commas, it couldn't be done under fourteen minutes. For four new Peers this means appropriation of an hour of the sitting. Of all places of public assemblage, time is perhaps more precious in House of Lords than anywhere else in the wide world. Conscious of his responsibility, Reading Clerk put on a spurt. Policeman in corridor behind Throne, accustomed to spend week-ends and odd holidays in timing motor-cars driven by Cabinet Ministers and other scorchers, testified by his stop-watch that Reading Clerk did his furlong in 3 minutes 33⅓rd seconds.

This phenomenal success largely due to skilful manipulation of the word "aforesaid." In a patent of peerage it recurs so frequently that due pronunciation of its three syllables would appreciably lengthen performance. After every reference to full name of Peer being sworn-in comes "aforesaid." Reading Clerk early in process docked first syllable, then slurred second. Stumbled only once. JOHN JONES JENKINS, Knight, sometime M.P., has changed familiar patronymic for stately style, Baron GRANTAWE. Reading Clerk, rattling along, once alluded to him as "JOHN JONES AFORESAID." His surname, of course, being JENKINS. But even HOMER will nod.

Quaint ceremony this swearing-in of new Peers. A pictorial page from history going back beyond Stuart times. The Right Hon. PIRRIE has been present at many launches of ocean liners in a far-famed building yard at Belfast. Discovers quite new circumstances attendant on launching of new Peer. The bustling scene, the crowded wharf, the cheering multitude, changed for empty Chamber. Save LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack, Earl NELSON, in obedience to hereditary habit of being in time for everything, was only Peer present.



What Mr. B-rr-ll had begun to feel like by the time the Education Bill left the Commons.

Into this silent land slowly stepped a procession of five. First, Black Rod in sober garb; next, Garter King-at-Arms, the Lion and the Unicorn, embroidered in gold, snarling at each other on the back of his tabard; then, attended by his sponsors, the new Peer in bright scarlet robes of recent peerage. At sight of them LORD CHANCELLOR puts on top of his full-bottomed wig a black three-cornered hat, ready for emergencies. Procession reaching Woolsack, the new Peer on bended knee presents his patent of peerage.

It may be all right; probably is. The LORD CHANCELLOR, brought up amid wiles of Law Courts, will not at present stage commit himself. Procession turning about halts at Table, where Reading Clerk performs the prodigy of inarticulation described, concluding by administering oath to new Peer, who signs Roll of Parliament. Slow march resumed; goal is Barons' Bench to left of Woolsack within the Bar. Ordinary thing would be to go straight for it. Occasion not ordinary; accordingly, whilst Black Rod halts in wait behind Clerk's chair at table, Garter King-at-Arms, staff in right hand, takes a turn behind cross benches, and so round to Barons' Bench. The sponsors and the infant Peer following seat themselves on topmost bench. At signal from Garter King they put on their cocked hats. At another, turning towards the Woolsack, they rise, and uncover and bow. LORD CHANCELLOR, not to be outdone in politeness, removes his three-cornered hat and airily waves it in salute.

Thrice this is done, with never a word spoken. Garter King leads the way out by the door behind the Throne. At funerals, whilst progress to the cemetery is made at walking pace, the *cortège* returning falls into brisk trot, "the relatives of the deceased," as the Paris *Figaro* once wrote, "seated on the hearse smoking short pipes." No analogy in the ceremony of installing new Peers. Slowly they entered; at funeral pace they withdraw.

As they pass the Woolsack on their way out notable change is discovered in bearing of LORD CHANCELLOR. Attitude of



MORE REDUCTION OF THE ARMY!

(Mr. C-the-rt W-s-n sits down on top of Capt. K-nc-d-Sm-th, who had momentarily sought sanctuary behind him.)



The Grand Old Man of the Lords.
(Lord Arm-t-st-d attended by Lord Tw-dm-th and Lord Br-ss-y.)

reserve is changed for one of smiling welcome. Everything being indubitably right and in order, he even shakes hands with the new Peer.

Of the four the first to come was Shaw-Lefevre, long a familiar figure in dead-and-gone House of Commons, now Baron Eversley. The last was George Armitstead, for a generation Member for Dundee. A stately figure the Peer's robes well become.

"The Grand Old Man of the Lords," said Sark, regarding him standing erect at the Table. "He might have been a Peer a dozen years ago. Few know that Mr. G. pressed a coronet on his acceptance. Too modest to accept. C.-B. more successful in overcoming a bashfulness not common to the occasion."

Business done.—In Commons, motion to recommit Education Bill negatived by 279 votes against 116.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—On Wednesday last *Mr. Punch*, in accordance with weekly custom, piercing with seeing eye the shifting clouds that obscured the political situation seven days ahead, discerned the figure of the infant Minister for Welsh Education. He accordingly instructed one of his young men to draw a picture of the presentation of the Little One by its proud father to the pleased population of the Principality. The picture, linking Carnarvon 1284 with Carnarvon 1906, duly appeared. Meanwhile the infant Prince, after manner not unfamiliar in early English history, was no more. Death ensued with tragic suddenness close on the epoch of birth. The little Welsh Minister was and is not.

Called hence by early doom,
Came but to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom.

"An embryonic being," Robert Cecil described the departed Little One. St. Augustine Birrell preferred to allude to it as "an embarrassed phantom." As for Lloyd-George he, dressed decently in black, was not disposed to quarrel about names. Whether embryo or phantom, what did it matter? The child, first-born of ministerial estate, was dead as Imperial Cæsar. The House, kindly at heart even in paroxysm of partisanship, looked with sympathy on the prostrated parent, and thought sadly of all the difference a few days make. A week ago this very day the President of the Board of Trade fondly dandled in his arms an infant, the unexpectedness of its apparition adding to depth of parental affection. A se'nnight has sped, and the drooped arms hang empty.

No flowers, by request.

Business done.—Discussing Report Stage of Education Bill.

Friday.—During his absence on the unpaid service of his country, West Ridgeway has been made the object of reiterated personal attack. Questions have been persistently submitted with unconcealed object of representing him taking advantage of his position as Governor of Ceylon to acquire share of colossal profit in certain pearl fisheries leased by his own Government to a commercial company on terms hugely detrimental to the revenues of the Colony.

It is possible that, had he been on the spot, the ex-Governor of Ceylon would have felt his lips should be closed against an accusation put forward in this form. Being absent from the country, opportunity of taking other course did not present itself to him.

Member for Sark tells me that the matter will be thoroughly dealt with next Tuesday, when Colonial Vote comes on in Committee. Under-Secretary for Colonies, replying to insinuations and allegations, repeatedly described them as being without foundation. On Tuesday he will make definite statement of particulars. Sark, who happens to know all about the business, says West Ridgeway had nothing to do with the transaction in his capacity of Governor of Ceylon. As a matter of fact, the bargain was opened and concluded after the termination of his office, whilst he was resident in England.

The honour of English public men is so precious a possession that it will be just as well to have misrepresentation in this particular case finally confronted and dispelled.

Business done.—Proposed reduction of Navy—*pour encourager les autres.*

REPORTS FROM RESORTS.

(With apologies to the Daily Press).

Burlington-on-Sea.—The maritime Arcadia. Owing to the energetic action of the Corporation in building a new wall, this Ocean Paradise still adheres to the cliffs, the silver sea remaining (as formerly) at bay. Last week a small prawning party (of six nets) had excellent sport, taking enormous baskets. A fast and well-appointed service of machines conveys bathers, to the margin of the brine. The esplanade is still without a pier.

Dover.—Halcyon days continue to supervene. The Channel-swimming season is now in full swing.

N.B.—Steamers also start from here for the Continent.

Lundy Island.—The naval manœuvres are still in progress.

Poplar.—The place for an idle holiday. *Pauperiem patty* is our motto. Alarms and excursions daily.

Mumps-on-Sea.—Continues to maintain its atmosphere of infectious gaiety.

PREMIER'S
Epoch-Making
Speech.

Vive la Duma.

Panic in Russia.

"*Daily Chronicle*" *Poster.*

C.-B. should really be more careful. He underrates himself as a World-force.



OUR HATLESS BRIGADE.

Master Tommy. "I say, Aunty, why are all those Gentlemen so proud of being bald?"

A CRÊPE-DE-CHINE ROSE.

Young Chloe reclined in a Chippendale chair,
The tilt of her hat slanted down to her nose;
From the *cachepeigne* behind, on her radiant hair,
Peeped a *crêpe-de-chine* rose.

The chapeau was *chic*, with diaphanous crown,
And piquant the cut of her *chiffon* coatee,
While even her rivals admitted her gown
Was *le dernier cri.*

Young Strephon approached from behind, and the sight
Of the *crêpe-de-chine* rose pleased his decadent eye
Far more than the kind that is open to blight,
Not to mention green fly.

The maid never moved—one might fancy she slept,
So suiting the deed to the will, with a smile,
On his black patent tip-toes he stealthily stept
O'er the Axminster pile.

A courtly and elegant mode of attack,
As he knew, was to whisper his suit from the rear,
So he stood by her chair, leaning over the back,
Bending down to her ear.

Perhaps she was wakeful and wily—who knows?—
But she started away, with a shy little shriek,
And the hatpin concealed in the heart of the rose
Lacerated his cheek.

The victim retreated, aggrieved and upset,
Rejecting his Chloe's contrition with scorn,
And in future this maxim he'll never forget:
Every rose has a thorn.

"LITTLE-ANGLE" GEOMETRY.

Postulates.

Let it be granted:

1. That, for the purposes of contemporary history, an Englishman may resume his original name of Angle.
2. That an Angle may be diminished to any extent.
3. That an Angle may be described in any terms whatever, at any distance from the truth.

Axioms.

1. All right Angles are Little Angles.
2. No Angles have any rights, in contact with any solid body.
3. Every Little Angle is an acute Angle.
4. All other Angles are obtuse Angles.
5. No right Angles can enclose a space.
6. All right Angles are equal to one another.
7. A Little Angle may cant on one side to any extent.
8. If a right Angle meet two other right Angles canting on the same side of it, these three Angles shall be together greater than all other Angles.

If the above are rigidly observed in the construction of the forthcoming Transvaal and Orange River Colony constitutions, we shall have the interesting spectacle of history repeating itself, with the added difference that Angles will vanish altogether from the plane of South Africa. Zig-Zag.

The Daily Mail has discovered an Irish Bull in Mr. Bryce's remark that "the Local Government Board of Ireland is a kind of malignant fairy which, as it were, has started off its own bat." We fail to trace the Bull. What of *Ariel*, "on the bat's back"? *The Daily Mail's* error must be put down among the extras as a No Bull.



THE DOGS OF WAR.*



By the Author of "A DOG DAY."

I.

Why the Book is Written.

I AM getting an old dog now, and infirm, and, before my powers fail me, I wish to set down all I remember of the Captain, that the World may see what it lost in him.

Never was there such a dog as the Captain, and never again shall we see the like of him. Had he not been cut off in the prime of his life, he might have risen to any position. What an intellect was his!

My Early Life.

Myself, I come of a very old Norfolk family, but one which has never been notable for brains, however much it may have distinguished itself in the world of sport. Of me they could not even make a sportsman. They tried to train me to fetch game, but failed to teach me. My brief life in the country was very unhappy, and the wonder is that I did not have all the spirit beaten out of me, for the gamekeepers were as cruel as they were ignorant. Fortunately they gave me up as a bad job before it was too late, and I was sent to Town.

Town.

To one who has lived in the quiet country, Town at first is overwhelming. My new master and mistress seemed inclined to be kind to me, but, after the treatment to which I had been accustomed, it was long before I could get over my mistrust of humans of any sort. And the first time they took me out for a walk in the crowded streets, I wished myself dead. To me it was merely a new form of torture. The traffic! Never had I seen anything so prodigious and so dangerous. It amuses me, with my present hearty contempt of it all, to think that I should ever have been so simple. For quite a week my brain reeled whenever I was in the streets, and I was as one in a dream, and, if my mistress had not kept a close eye on me, Heaven knows what would have become of me! I dreaded going out, and I had to be dragged the first part of the journey. The motor-cars and the horses filled me with terror. All, for me, had but one object, and that was to run over me. I saw myself being used as a football by the horses, while they kicked me from one to the other with horrible grating laughs. No dog could survive for long, I felt sure, and in my ignorance I thought that the butchers' shops and the fur stores explained what became of us after death, and the sight of them turned me cold. Once, when a fire-engine tore past me, I frankly fainted. A mere look from another dog would throw me into a palsy. And then there were the tradesmen's boys, who, seeing that I was nervous, would shout at me, at which I would run off at full speed with my tail between my legs, and baskets and things would be thrown after me.

As I said, although these terrors were very vivid at the time, it now fills me with amusement to recall them.

I meet the Captain.

It was the Captain who cured me of my traffic-funk.

I remember well my first meeting with him. He belonged to some relatives of my master who lived in the neighbourhood. One day my master took me to see these relatives. On entering the house I was terrified to find another dog there, for at that time I had a wholesome dread of all town dogs, and I even tried to run away. However, my master held me, and called the strange dog, and patted both of our heads, and said, "Now, you two, you're going to be friends. You won't hurt one another, I know." I recollect thinking that the latter part of the statement might be true about me, but I was not so sure about the stranger. My master then left us, and I trembled slightly.

I recollect, also, that my first impression of the Captain was that he was an ugly dog. I cannot understand how I came to be so mistaken, and I have often reproached myself for it. But even at that time, I remember, I was not so stupid as not to be struck by a certain air of distinction about him which I had noticed in no other dog.

As a matter of fact he was a dog who, though of small stature, would attract attention in any assemblage.

His face was the face of a setter, with something of the added dignity of a blood-hound, and all the intelligence of a St. Bernard. His body was a fox-terrier's, and his tail, like his brain, his own.

Further, he was the only illustrated dog I have ever met. On his coat was a most clever design, in black, of a pigeon kissing a puppy, and he would have been remarkable for this, if for nothing else.

I should also mention his beautiful ultramarine eyes, which played havoc with the fair sex.

His sunny smile I shall not attempt to describe.

In two minutes we were friends, in five I was his slave.

The Captain's Parents.

Subsequently I learnt that the Captain's father was an all-sorts dog, of a lively though irresponsible nature. His mother—and I think that this, perhaps, is what unconsciously drew us to one another—was a field-spaniel, like myself. Curiously enough, there was not in the Captain one single feature of either parent. But this was only characteristic of the Captain's originality. His mother, I hear—and I can well believe it—was a very sweet creature, and she died beloved and respected by all who knew her, both dogs and humans. Her end is said to have been caused by the fact that, because she was considered to have married beneath her, she was brutally



They tried to train me to fetch game, but failed to teach me.

cut by her own relations. Being of an exceptionally affectionate disposition, she pined away. The Captain was the child of their old age; and I believe it not infrequently happens that such offspring are preternaturally sharp. As a pup he was known as "The little Nipper," and he was independent of his mother in an exceptionally short time. When a mere stripling, great things were prophesied for him. He was, all recognised, a dog with a future.

The Captain gives me some Advice.

As I have said, almost from the first moment of our meeting the Captain and I were friends; and in a very few minutes I found myself making a confidant of him. We were, we discovered, both orphans, and I think that was a bond between us. I told him all about my unhappiness, and my wretched nervousness, and, instead of chaffing me, as some fellows would have done, he gave me good advice. He told me that I was neurotic (which frightened me), and advised me to eat as much meat as possible (which pleased me). He pointed out how foolish and dangerous it was for me to be panic-stricken in the streets, and that I must learn to keep a cool head. And he took some pains to show me how unnecessary it was to be afraid of horses. "Long noses," he called them, contemptuously.

"Why, the poor devils cannot call their souls their own!" he said. "Note how they are forced to keep to the roadway, and note how they submit to it without a murmur. See, again, in what a servile manner they will stop when a policeman merely holds his hand up. Frequently I come on a whole row of them drawn up like this; and what do I do? I stroll across the road in front of them with what swagger I am capable of, chaffing them as I go; and all that the silly cattle do to show their irritation is to move their ears about in a stupid way. Why, I would rather be a motor-car than a horse, any day! Horses work the hair off their backs, and scarcely ever seem to think of protesting. Last year, ninety-two policemen were bitten by dogs, but only six by horses. In this world, if you want freedom, you must fight for it."


On his coat was a most clever design, in black, of a pigeon kissing a puppy.



A CONGESTED DISTRICT.

Little Jones. "My boy's just leaving school, and I'm wondering what to do with him. Do you think you could find room for him in your office?"

How eloquent, and how true! And he told me how to deal with the tradesmen's boys. "Sniff and snarl at their ankles as though you dined off tradesmen's boy every day. It'll be they who will run then."

And he gave me many other useful hints. For instance, I told him of the difficulty I experienced in running downstairs with humans—how I always got in their way, or they in mine. He showed me a capital method of avoiding this.

"Treat the treads of the stairs next to the wall, as a dog-way. Humans never walk there, and you will be safe from their unintentional clumsiness."

It was a small matter, but the Captain's tip made for comfort. And the Captain asked me what my people fed me on. I told him, "Mainly Puppy Biscuits."

"Nonsense!" said the Captain. "A young fellow of your age—over two, I should say?"

"Fact," said I.

"Well, don't you put up with it," he said. "No wonder you suffer from nerves."

"But how am I to stop it?" I asked.

"Easy enough," answered the Captain; "refuse to eat the P.B.'s."

"But then I shall starve," I said.

"Not a bit of it," said the Captain. "They won't let a valuable dog like you starve."

And, by Jove, he was right. In a couple of days I had Dog Biscuits.

When the time came for my master to leave, he actually had to drag me away from the Captain, so disinclined was I to part with my newly-found friend, and I remember my master was greatly amused at this.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow" (how the "old fellow" pleased me!), said the Captain, and he made arrangements to take me out one day. "Meanwhile, buck up," were his parting words.

The Captain's inspiriting talk made me feel a different dog, and on my way home I barked at a town cat—and I still remember her look of amused surprise.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In respect of bulk *Coniston* (Macmillan) is built on the scale of the United States. Our little island is scarcely big enough wherein to sit down and read its 543 pages of, for a novel, exceptionally small type. Its ideal form of publication would have been in a weekly or monthly magazine, where, after due interval, the pleased reader would regularly have come upon his accustomed whack. There is no reason why the supply should have been stopped as long as the magazine survived. The long prelude to the story is episodical. Each chapter is a sketch of public or social life in New England, with peeps at Washington and New York. If here and there up to page 372 a chapter were left out, it wouldn't make any odds. Accept the circumstantial account Mr. Winston Churchill (no connection with the Colonial Office) gives of public life in his country as only partially true, Congress and the Senate want clearing out as thoroughly as do the canning establishments of Chicago, whose dire secrets have of late been told by another American novelist. They are pictured as hopelessly corrupt, their members purchasable by the highest bidder. Nor is the White House apparently as pure as it is painted. The epoch dealt with is the Presidency of General Grant. A great deal has happened since then, including Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. No doubt they manage things better now. It was pretty bad in the time of *Jethro Bass*, whom Mr. Churchill admits to be drawn from a living model "typical of his era." *Jethro's* simple process was to lend money to needy neighbours, obtain a mortgage on their belongings, and then use them as agents in establishing personal supremacy in his native State. Incidentally we have many sketches of quaint New England characters. When through these extraneous mazes Mr. Churchill at long length reaches his story, it is so finely conceived, so admirably told, that the conscientious reader realises the added pleasure of knowing that virtue is sometimes rewarded. If only he had yielded to the temptation that beset him through nearly two-thirds of the book to "take it as read," he would have missed a rare treat. But why should a fine racer be thus handicapped?

If those who liked Eyre Hussey's book,
Miss Badsworth, M. F. H., should look
To read just such another one,
Or better, in the last he 's done,
I 'm sorry, but I fear that it 'll
Disappoint them not a little.

A Girl, he calls it, *of Resource*,
And so she is; but though, of course,
In fiction girls may rightly shine
As something extra superfine,
This girl beats all—she 's part demureness,
Plus a dozen parts cocksureness.

The worst of these last is, perhaps,
The way she quotes from poet chaps;
To such a length her excerpts go
That Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.
Might almost, and without apology,
Have called the novel an Anthology.

Comparisons are odious, no doubt, but when Circumstance projects two books into one's hands at the same time, and one is called *Wilhelmina in London* (John Long) and the other *Felicity in France* (Heinemann) it is clear that one must disregard proverbial philosophy. Of the twain, *Wilhelmina in London*, by Barry Pain, is the less important: a series of cynical stories of the attempts of a friendless girl to make a living in this city by fair means and questionable. Like so much of Mr. Pain's work the book begins well and tails off, and it certainly carries no conviction with it. The other book is a tenderer and truer thing. *Felicity* has quick eyes and much spirit and taste, and her *mélange* of the humours of travel, descriptions of scenery, legend, wayside gossip, *aperçu* and the kindly comments of *Aunt Anne* is exceedingly palatable. For *Felicity in France*, when it gets into *Tauchnitz*, one may safely predict much popularity, to say nothing of its present form.

The author is Constance Elizabeth Maud,
A perfect companion for travel abroad.

The second paragraph of *Around the Camp Fire* (Harrap), by C. G. D. Roberts, begins thus: "It was towards Lake Temiscouata and the wilds of the Squatooks that we set our eager faces. In shirt sleeves and moccasins we went." That is the way a book ought to start. You know at once that the question whether Mary marries the curate won't arise, and that instead the business will be with bears and panthers and such. Unfortunately all the bears are second-hand, for the book is made up entirely of stories that the moccasined Squatookers tell each other of an evening. It becomes awkward in one case where the author gets himself three-deep in inverted commas. ("'"What is it?"' said I, under my breath.) I give the palm to "An Adventure with a Bull Moose." *Proxime accessit* "Peril among the Pearls." But there are also stories of alligators, tigers, dog-fish, caribou, and more bears and more panthers. It is a capital book, and one that makes the Londoner more discontented than ever with London. Indeed all my pride is gone from me, for I see now that my "Adventure with a Woolly Bear in Hyde Park" of last Tuesday must remain for ever unwritten.

Mr. Punch is confident that Mr. Algernon Ashton would not have broken his habitual silence except under a sense of injustice, and he has sincere pleasure in apologising very heartily for the grave (if he may so say) injury which he has done to Mr. Ashton in the matter that forms the subject of the following note:

Dear Mr. Punch,—In your delightful notice of my book, *Truth, Wit, and Wisdom*, there is a slight inaccuracy which I trust you will kindly permit me to put right. You state that the "majority" of my 525 letters of which the volume consists "deal with monumental masonry." After carefully examining each letter, I find that out of the 525 only 202 deal with monumental masonry, so that, instead of these letters being in the majority, you will perceive that the exact opposite is the case.

Sincerely thanking you for your many kindnesses to me, which you may be sure I duly appreciate.

I am, dear *Mr. Punch*,
Your faithful admirer,
Algernon Ashton.

According to *The Irish Times* the Dublin "Corporators," in addressing to the late Duma the assurance of their distinguished consideration, conclude as follows:—"Le cri de Campbell-Bannerman 'Vive la Duma' est ca (*sic*) d'un Tsar Anglais hypocritical (*sic*)."

These cosmopolitans should take more pains over the language of diplomacy.

A correspondent, writing of the Plaistow "Squatters," asks if they are acting on the square. We understand that they are digging potatoes on the Triangle.

According to *The Daily News* "a collision took place during the fog on Saturday night between Beachy Head and the Sovereign Lightship." The question for the authorities is what the lightship was doing there at all, fog or no fog.



Our French Friend (who has got his sporting terms somewhat mixed). "MON AMI! MON AMI! THIS MAN HAS JUST SHOT A BULL'S-EGG!"

ADIEU TO ARGYLL.

LAND of the purple heather, where, much to my content,
Three weeks of broken weather I recently have spent,
Although in panegyric I don't intend to deal,
Accept this humble lyric penned by a cockney chiel.

I went not to the Trossachs, where, ev'n in times of peace,
Hotel-exploiting Cossacks the simple Saxon fleece;
But dexterously dodging the holidaying host,
I found a modest lodging upon the western coast.

Your climate, Caledonia, the Curate's egg recalls.
At times it breeds pneumonia by dint of gales and squalls;
But when the misty blanket disperses, at such times
I confidently rank it among the best of climes.

Your diet is most grateful, though why do people frown
When I devour my plateful of porridge sitting down?
Your music is soul-shaking, with skirls and yelps and snaps,
And I adore your baking of girdle-cakes and baps.

I like your bare-legged caddies who, destitute of ruth,
(Unlike their brother Paddies) tell me the bitter truth –
That, till I mend my errors in grip and stance and swing,
Golf's enervating terrors will never lose their sting.

Susceptible to beauty in ev'ry form and shade
I hail it as a duty to praise the Hieland maid,
Whose charms throughout a broader expanse are lately blown
Since breathed by HARRY LAUDER into the gramophone.

Fair smiles the face of nature on Scotia's genial strand,
But Scotia's nomenclature is hard to understand;
Joppa and Portobello a mild surprise promote,
While Grogport strikes a mellow but dissipated note.

Land of the sturdy thistle, land of the eagle's nest,
Why do you wet your whistle with such appalling zest?
And why endure the orgies enacted year by year
When Glasgow Fair disgorges its wreckage on each pier?

(A partial explanation one may perchance descry
In that well-worn quotation *corruptio optimi*;
Besides, the canny Scottish, or Scot, to be more terse,
If he were never sottish, would swamp the universe.)

Yet why recount these stories of superficial flaws
When past and present glories combine to plead your cause?
When ev'ry glen is ringing with tales of old renown,
And ev'ry burn is singing how CHARLIE lost his crown?

I've roamed and climbed and wondered among the Western Isles,
And gazed on Erin sundered by twenty foam-flecked miles;
Behind the hills of Jura I've seen the sun go down,
Unseated *atra cura*, forgot the dusty town.

Bowed down by such a burden of undeserved delight,
A boon no earthly guerdon could fittingly requite,
From all unworthy carping I'll willingly forbear,
And quite abstain from harping upon the Glasgow Fair.

So, as I cross the border where, frowning o'er the deep,
Like to an ancient warder stands Berwick's rugged keep,
Reluctantly retreating to London by the mail,
I wave regretful greeting unto the Western Gael.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

V.

"You naturally ask me," said I—and the statement was rhetorical, for PRENDERBY had not touched upon the topic—"you naturally ask me how it is that I have absented me awhile from the felicity of communion with you? To tell truth, this BIRRELL Session has somewhat bored me, and I assumed that you shared my apathy."

"You were justified in that conjecture," replied PRENDERBY. "The more I hear of Nonconformist arguments, the stouter becomes my loyalty to the Church; and the more I read of Church views, the deeper grow my suspicions that the Nonconformists are really in the right. If either side had had the courage to be silent, it might have enjoyed the benefit of my support. As it is, I sympathise greatly with the attitude of Sir CARNE RASCH, who seems to have made it a principle to vote against every Education Bill that he comes across. Like *Ogniben* in *A Soul's Tragedy*, he has known (and disapproved of) 'four-and-twenty leaders of revolt.' Indeed I should be inconsolable but for my faith in the Child's intuitive indifference to what is regarded by each new authority as best for his immortal soul—an intuition amounting almost to an intellectual gift."

"This indifference of the Child," I said, with my usual tact in arranging conversational transitions for PRENDERBY, "no doubt extends to the proposed reduction in the Navy. But do you imagine the adult public is equally unconcerned about this momentous feat of economy?"

"I cannot say," replied PRENDERBY. "You might suppose that a people of which the vast mass, as we are told, declines to lift a finger in defence of its country, would be prepared to pay a reasonable sum for professional protection. And yet I understand that the reduction of the Services was one of some five or six dozen mandates which it conferred upon the present Government. If the Government honestly believe this and if they are further convinced that no greater intelligence is demanded of them, as the nation's trustees, than is demanded of the irresponsible elector, then I cannot blame them. And only see how cleverly they have managed their retrenchment. They reduce the Army on the ground that England's only defence is in her Navy, and then they reduce the Navy on the ground that, having reduced one Service, they must, to be consistent, reduce the other.

"That, of course, is not the reason they give. They prefer to contend that a nation, when it is represented in a padded pew at a Peace Conference, looks a bit less of a hypocrite if it is only armed to the teeth, *and not to the back teeth*; and so it comes to this—that instead of going to the Haguites and saying: 'Look here, our Navy is so powerful that, as far as we are concerned, you might as well shut up your dockyards at once,' they prefer to say: 'Please note that we are now arranging a reduction in our Navy; so that, if two or three of you others only go on building ships for all you're worth, you may presently, between you, make a very pretty match of it with ours.'"

"I doubt," said I, "whether the Hague has very much to do with the reduction. The Government are probably economising, for their own ends, on the strength of the friendly relationships established (by their predecessors) with other leading naval Powers."

"I should greatly like to hear what our allies of the Far East think about that," said PRENDERBY; "for, when they don't talk, they have the parrot's habit of thinking the more.

"But really the Government's best argument (though not put forward as such) lies in their New Transvaal Constitution. If we are going to reduce our Imperial responsibilities—if, for instance, we are going to hand back South Africa to the Boers—we can no doubt afford to make a proportionate reduction in the Navy."

"You have been reading KIPLING's latest poem," I hazarded.

"And what if I have?" asked PRENDERBY.

"Didn't you find it rather strident?" I asked.

"Strident?" said he; "of course it was strident. How else do you suppose he could hope to get a hearing? Every idea has to be exaggerated, underlined, rubbed in, if you want to penetrate this pachyderm of a public. KIPLING was talking at the top of his voice because he saw that we were sleepy and had forgotten things."

"But did you notice how *The Westminster Gazette* rebuked him?"

"If," said PRENDERBY very gravely, "you refer to a *Westminster* Cartoon in which KIPLING was represented waving a Union Jack while JOHN BULL looked on and said: 'Well, I suppose KIPLING can't help it, but I thought that sort of thing had been forgotten'—I *did* notice it. And it struck me as being about the soundest smack (dealt of course unintentionally) that the Government have yet received from their own side. Never was a truer word said, in jest or earnest. They *have* 'forgotten that sort of thing.' One would suppose that the war with the Boers had never been fought; that we had been members of the same family for a brace or two of generations. Yes, they have learned nothing and they have 'forgotten' everything."

* * * * *

It was at this point that I felt I had to go away. I can stand a good deal from a man like PRENDERBY, who prides himself on his freedom from prejudice and takes advantage of his detachment to throw off these dreadful home truths. But if he was going to try and shake my faith in my *Westminster*——! O. S.

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER——"

WE have received the following circular, which explains itself.

THE RECOLLECTIONS STORES, LTD.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,—It is a duty laid upon every person nowadays, who has frequented good society, to issue towards the latter end of his life a VOLUME OF RECOLLECTIONS of eminent personages whom he has met, and of interesting events of which he was a witness.

But the marshalling of recollections involves serious brain fag, while in many cases one's opportunities of meeting persons of distinction have been limited. We have accordingly made arrangements by which WE UNDERTAKE TO PROVIDE, FOR ANY PERSON PAYING OUR SMALL FEE, A VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES, which, from our wide experience and the numerous sources of information at our disposal, we are able to guarantee as likely to pass through a number of editions and to have all its best stories republished by *T. P.'s Weekly*.

Do not be deterred from writing to us merely because you are of no importance in the social or intellectual scale.

By our methods ANY Person can publish his recollections.

ANY REASONABLE SERIES OF EVENTS may be selected by clients as being within their experience.

Also clients may select any distinguished personage for recollection purposes—providing that the personage, if not now alive, has been alive during some period of client's life.

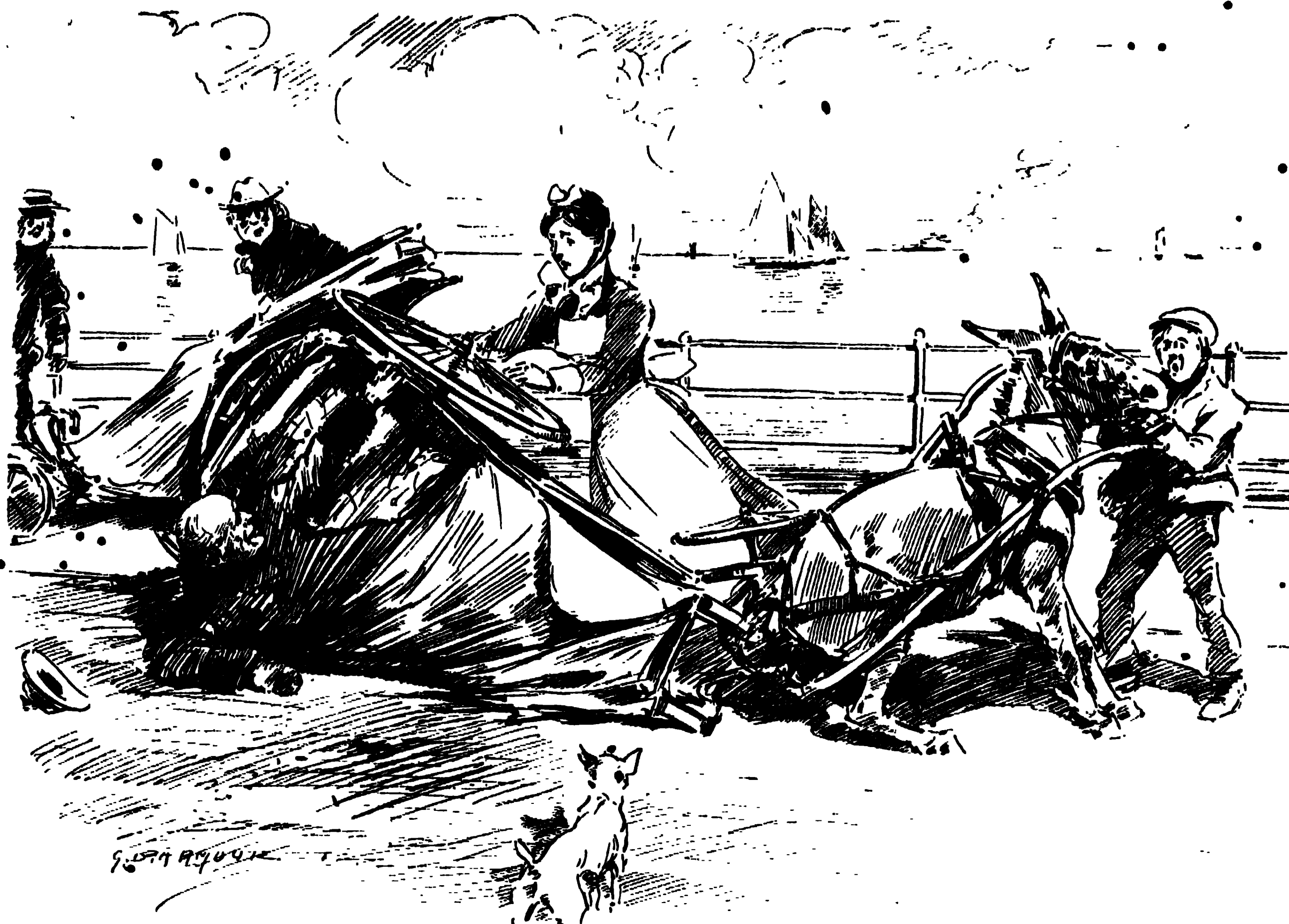
OUR PRICES ARE REGULATED BY THE DEGREE OF INTIMACY which you wish to have represented as existing between yourself and the personage, and by the standing of such personage.

Thus you may be shown as having been on nodding terms with CARLYLE for one guinea per recollection; you may have dined with him, together with necessary table-talk, for from two guineas to fifty shillings, while for a five-pound note you may have been in the habit of dropping in informally of an evening. On the other hand, you may have been the life-long friend of MARTIN TUPPER for one and ninepence, while only eleven-pence halfpenny would be charged for a calling acquaintance.



PULLING TOGETHER.

Baby Boer
Baby Briton } "HERE, I SAY, DRINK FAIR!"



THE RULING PASSION.

Nurse. "Are you hurt, Sir?"

Old Sportsman (late M.F.H., whose bath chair has been in collision with another). "Not in the least, my dear! But would you mind asking that confounded son of a Cockney hair-dresser what he means by crossing me like that?"

Our "Special" Volume of Recollections—a class of goods particularly recommended is divided into Three Sections.

Section I. Childhood.

This period can be made particularly interesting, as a client may claim to have known many personages who would be dead by the time he had grown to manhood. Moreover client's early life, obscured as it is likely to be by the mists of time, cannot easily be quoted as being inconsistent with the details mentioned in the recollections. Clients born five or more years before 1850 may meet Wordsworth near Grasmere for twenty-five and six, and for an additional half-sovereign he may spend an hour in their company "listening to their boyish prattle" or "their childish confidences"—as clients prefer.

For thirty-one and sixpence clients may recollect being taken by their father to see a stern and lonely old man in a high rambling house, and being told that the old man was J. M. W. Turner; while for two guineas a recollection may be included of receiving an Eccles cake from Matthew Arnold. Other lines are:—

	s.	d.
Recollection of receiving smile from Lord Palmerston	17	6
Recollection of being patted on the head by Bulwer Lytton	9	4
Recollection of being teased about wearing knickerbockers for first time by John Bright	7	6
Recollection of being teased about wearing knickerbockers for first time by Mr. Gladstone	5	0
Recollection of receiving bright new penny and word of advice from Mrs. Hemans or Eliza Cook	0	6

Section II. Young Manhood.

In this section clients are "influenced by Political Movements," and "come under the sway of Magnetic Individualities." Preference for any particular individuality should be stated.

Special Offer.

For a small extra charge we provide clients not only with a recollection of Dickens, but with a proof that they are actually the original of any favourite character in the novelist's works.

Section III.—Middle age and After.

This section is of somewhat different character from the others. The serious difficulty has to be encountered, that if recollections are written concerning living personages these may take occasion to deny acquaintance with our clients. Recollections in Section III. therefore avoid the mention of names for "reasons that will be obvious" or "in the interests of diplomacy" as clients may elect.

Clients in this section may dine with "a Cabinet Minister whose recent utterances have commanded wide attention," or motor with "an ex-Irish Viceroy who was very communicative," etc., etc.

Finally we have to state that, though the above is our standard pattern volume of recollections, we are prepared to supply a volume on any lines according to clients' requirements.

We are, dear Sir or Madam,

The Recollections Stores Limited.

MY TEAM.

IV.—In the Field.

It is, I consider, the duty of a captain to consult the wishes of his team now and then, particularly when he is in command of such a heterogeneous collection of the professions as I was. I was watching a match at the Oval the other day, and at the end of an over Lees went up to Dalmeny and had a few words with him. Probably, I thought, he is telling him a good story that he heard at lunch; or, may be, he is asking for the latest gossip from the Lobby. My neighbour, however, held other views.

"There," he said, "there's ole Walter Lees asking to be took off."

"Surely not," I answered. "Dalmeny had a telegram just now, and Lees is asking if it's the 3.30 winner."

Lees then began to bowl again.

"There you are," I said triumphantly; but my neighbour wouldn't hear of it.

"Old Lees asked to be took off, and ole Dalmeny" (I forget how he pronounced it, but I know it was one of the wrong ways) "ole Dalmeny told him he'd have to stick on a bit."

Now that made a great impression on me, and I agreed with my friend that Dalmeny was in the wrong.

"When I am captaining a team," I said, "and one of the bowlers wants to come off, I am always ready to meet him half-way, more than half-way. Better than that, if I have resolved upon any course of action, I always let my team know beforehand; and I listen to their objections in a fair-minded spirit."

It was in accordance with this rule of mine that I said casually, as we were changing, "If we win the toss I shall put them in."

There was a chorus of protest.

"That's right, go it," I said. "Henry objects because, as a first-class cricketer, he is afraid of what *The Daily Chronicle* will say if we lose. The Editor naturally objects—it ruins his chance of being mistaken for a county player if he has to field first. Bolton objects because heavy exercise on a hot day spoils his lunch. Thompson objects because that's the way he earns his living at the Bar. His objection is merely technical, and is reserved as a point of law for the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. Markham is a Socialist, and objects to Authority. Also he knows he's got to field long-leg both ends. Gerald——"

"But why?" said Henry.

"Because I want you all to see the wicket first. Then you can't say you weren't warned." Whereupon I went out and lost the toss.

As we walked into the field the Editor told me a very funny story. I cannot repeat it here for various reasons. First, it has nothing to do with cricket; and secondly, it is, I understand, coming out in his next number, and I should probably get into trouble. Also it is highly technical, and depends largely for its success upon adequate facial expression. But it amused me a good deal. Just as he got to the exciting part, Thompson came up.

"Do you mind if I go cover?" he asked.

"Do," I said abstractedly. "And what did the Vicar say?"

The Editor chuckled. "Well, you see, the Vicar, knowing of course that——"

"Cover, I suppose," said Gerald, as he caught us up.

"What? Oh yes, please. The Vicar did know, did he?"

"Oh, the Vicar *knew*. That's really the whole point."

I shouted with laughter.

"Good, isn't it?" said the Editor. "Well, then——"

"Have you got a cover?" came Markham's voice from behind us.

I turned round.

"Oh, Markham," I said, "I shall want you cover, if you don't mind. Sorry I must tell these men where to go well, then, you were saying —"

The Editor continued the story. We were interrupted once or twice, but he finished it just as their first two men came out. I particularly liked that bit about the——

"Jove," I said suddenly, "we haven't got a wicket-keeper. That's always the way. Can you keep?" I asked the Editor.

"Isn't there anyone else?"

"I'm afraid they're all fielding cover," I said, remembering suddenly. "But, look here, it's the chance of a lifetime for you. You can tell 'em all that——"

But he was trotting off to the pavilion.

"Can anybody lend me some gloves?" he asked. "They want me to keep wicket. Thing I've never done in my life. Of course I always field cover in the ordinary way. Thanks awfully. Sure you don't mind? Don't suppose I shall stop a ball though."

"Henry," I called, "you're starting that end. Arrange the field, will you? I'll go cover. You're sure to want one."

Their first batsman was an old weather-beaten villager called George. We knew his name was George, because the second ball struck him in the stomach, and his partner said, "Stay there, George," which seemed to be George's idea too. We learnt at lunch that once (in the eighties or so) he had gone in first with Lord Hawke (which put him on a level with that player), and that he had taken first ball (which put him just above the Yorkshireman). There the story ended, so far as George was concerned; and, indeed, it was enough. Why seek to inquire if George took any other balls besides the first?

In our match, however, he took the second in the place that I mentioned, the third on the back of the neck, the fourth on the elbow, and the fifth in the original place; while the sixth, being off the wicket, was left there. Nearly every batsman has some pet stroke, and we soon saw that George's stroke was the leg-bye. His bat was the second line of defence, and was kept well in the block. If the ball escaped the earthwork in front, there was always a chance that it would be brought up by the bat. Once, indeed, a splendid ball of Henry's, which came with his arm and missed George's legs, snicked the bat, and went straight into the wicket-keeper's hands. The Editor, however, presented his compliments, and regretted that he was unable to accept the enclosed, which he accordingly returned with many thanks.

There was an unwritten law that George could not be l.b.w. I cannot say how it arose—possibly from a natural coyness on George's part at the exact significance of the "l." Henry, after appealing for the best part of three overs, gave it up, and bowled what he called "googlies" at him. This looked more hopeful, because a googly seems to be in no way restricted as to the number of its bounces, and at each bounce it had a chance of doing something. Unfortunately it never did George. Lunch came and the score was 37—George having compiled in two hours a masterly 19; 18 off the person, but none the less directly due to him.

"We must think of a plan of campaign at lunch," said Henry. "It's hopeless to go on like this."

"Does George drink?" I asked anxiously. It seemed the only chance.

But George didn't. And the score was 37 for five—which is a good score for the wicket.

A RIVERSIDE REGRET.

When Phyllis punts, she wields the pole
With tiny hands in dainty style,
Inconsequently chatting while
We slowly move towards our goal.

When Phyllis punts, I long to lie
And idly watch her laughing face,
For seldom does such lissom grace
As hers delight a lover's eye.

But what with thrusting skiffs aside,
Entreating pardons by the score,
And pushing off from either shore—
I'm far too fully occupied
When Phyllis punts!

GARDEN PARTY AMUSEMENTS.

(A little in the helpful Carmelite manner.)

"It is one thing," said, the other day, a well-known hostess, famous for her witty *mots*, "to get your guests to a garden party, but to keep them glad they came is quite another pair of shoes." And how true this is, many another and less gifted hostess can tell, whose unhappy lot it has been to see her friends disappear after merely shaking her hand and eating the strawberries. "I don't believe," said one of these ladies whose observation was not less keen than that of her sister entertainers, but who lacked her gift of epigram, "I don't believe they (her guests) care about me at all: all they want is to be fed and amused." It therefore behoves hostesses who would be popular to multiply diversions as much as possible, and we are happy to be able to offer some useful suggestions.

Our first rule would be: Forget that it is a garden party at all. Think of it as an ordinary party in your drawing-room and behave accordingly. That is to say, have the same games that you would have there. If you would have "Hunt the Slipper" indoors, have it out too. Put Bridge tables under the trees. Have the Billiard table carried out to the rosery. Let there be Draughts by the cedar and Chess in the arbour. Give up the summer-houses to Backgammon. Spread the illustrated papers about the pergola. Hang engravings on the rose bushes. Let there be pianos under the deodar.

Above all be sure to have plenty of paper and pencils, for writing games are invaluable at garden parties, and let the prizes be valuable. You cannot spend too much money on prizes. Here is a typical garden-party game:—Bags of different scents are strung upon a rope at a little distance apart and hoisted between two posts. The bags should be filled with perfumes, herbs, and condiments of various kinds, such as violet powder, rose, cloves, musk, ginger, pepper, camphor, naphthaline, and odours more difficult to recognise, such as oranges and lemons, nutmeg, &c. Great care must be taken not to use flowers or anything that really has to do with a garden; your guests would not like this. They want exotic artificial scents. Each little bag is numbered, and pieces of paper and pencils are dealt out to the competitors, who, after smelling at the respective bags, write down the names of the scents opposite the numbers shown on the bags. Though many enter this contest with a very light heart certain of a prize, it is amazing how few are able to fill in the list correctly. Still, for fear of unpopularity, it is well to have prizes for all, the booby prizes being not of the best kind but still valuable—not diamonds perhaps, but at least pearls.

For the few persons who dislike indoor games, even indoors, and loathe them in the open air, there are plenty of things to do, provided the hostess is willing (as of course she should be) to sacrifice everything to her guests' amusements. Pergola chopping, for example. This is a splendid game. All that is wanted is a number of axes—as many as there are posts in the pergola. These are distributed among the guests, and at a given signal they begin to chop. A prize—a diamond tiara or gold cigar-case—should be awarded to the chopper who cuts through quickest. Of course the pergola will be ruined and probably the roses on it too; but what of that? The country-side has to be pleased at any price.

"Tarquin" is not a bad game. Each guest is provided with a military cane and told to run down the beds, swishing at the heads of the flowers on his way. The fallen heads are then counted, and the pearl necklace or silver tantalus goes to the greatest of the decapitators.

Another excellent pastime is catching the gold fish, and another throwing tennis balls at the conservatory—each guest being given six balls and told to break if possible six separate panes with them. Few games are entered into with more spirit by the young. The only drawback to these games is the subsequent interview with the gardener; but if you have a motor-car and a London house this can be avoided, while a mere ordinary headache will postpone it with certainty for a season.



Nurse (to fond mother of celebrated musical prodigy). "Please, Mum, is Master Willy to 'ave 'is morning sleep, or go on wiv 'is Sixteenth Symphervy?"

CHARIVARIA.

Herr Ballin, the managing director of the Hamburg-American Line, is mentioned as the possible successor of Prince Bülow as Imperial Chancellor. Our C.-B. on the other hand has not even had any experience with the L.C.C. steamers.

It is rumoured that after the Vacation a much needed legal reform will be inaugurated. The Courts are to sit half-an-hour earlier to enable the judges to crack jokes and to reply to adverse criticisms without trenching on the time which belongs to the Public.

With reference to the proposed abolition of the office of public executioner in France, it is denied that, if the Senate sanctions the proposal, M. Deibler intends to continue to carry on the business privately.

In the mixed swimming race down the Seine the Englishman Jarvis was an easy winner. His victory, we hear, was to some extent due to the fact that with true British stolidity, he refused to flirt during the race.

Our policemen are such an exceptionally handsome body of men that it is only right that they should be protected from a form of annoyance to which they are peculiarly liable. We were therefore pleased to see that at the Tower Bridge Police Court a fine of 2*s.* 6*d.* was imposed on somebody for kissing a constable during the recent dry and hot weather.

"If you are a commercial traveller or a salesman," writes Mr. Peter Keary in *Pearson's Weekly*, "it is a good thing not only to cultivate a cheerful spirit, but to be a good and ready story-teller." Hard things have been said about commercial morality before this, but we have never yet heard the thing put quite so bluntly.

A proposal to introduce ozone, electrically produced, into the sewers with a view to purifying the atmosphere, is being considered by the Greenwich Borough Council. If the experiment be successful, it is possible that the City and South London Tube may adopt the idea.

Undertaking to live for twenty-one days on tinned meat, a man residing at Harrow has offered himself to Messrs. Armour for exhibition in London. The sting is in the shortness of the period.

A Swedish scientist has succeeded in producing a soluble dry milk. If sufficient water be added to the powder it is impossible to distinguish the result from the ordinary London variety.

We had hoped that pin-curls for men were doomed, but we read that the silk hat for the autumn will have a brim with a fair, although not excessive, amount of curl.

The mention of fashions reminds us that some new fancy ducks are now to be seen at the Zoo.

Our Dumb Friends' League, we hear, has more ladies than men among its supporters. This is not remarkable. The terrible affliction of dumbness is, of course, one especially calculated to appeal to feminine sympathy.

The hundredth performance of *The Girl Behind the Counter* was received with cheers. Curiously enough there were no counter cheers.

The advent of a gearless motor-omnibus is announced. But what is needed, we fancy, is a jeerless one. "'Union Jack,' are yer?" growled a cabby the other day as one of a well-known brand passed him, "Yer smells more like a Onion Jack!"

It is rumoured that Professor Ray Lankester will shortly be retired from his position at the Natural History Museum on the score of age. This is absurd, seeing that the Diplodocus is allowed to remain on in the same building.

A pupil of Oundle School has climbed to the top of the local church spire, and tied his handkerchief to the weather vane. It is astonishing the aversion some boys have to handkerchiefs.

The caterpillar nuisance is spreading. According to *The Express* a boa-constrictor three-and-a-half feet long glided into a compartment of a Great Western corridor express last week.

The Boers have won the South African war after all. The concluding volume of the Official History can now appear.

Miss Marie Corelli has written to the Press to explain that the scene of her new story is not laid in Devonshire but in Somersetshire. A rumour states that the news has thrown a pall of gloom over one of England's fairest counties, but does not specify which county.

Notice at a Bridlington chemist's:—

"Teeth extracted while you wait."

We prefer the absent treatment.

OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

IV.—The Messenger Boy.

From my seat I have an excellent view of him.

He is a cherubic little person; one of the type that might have sat to a latter-day Praxiteles for a new statue of Eros. As a matter of fact, he is in the service of the District Messenger Company; and notwithstanding his fourteen years and the rakish angle at which his "pork-pie" cap is set, a look of innocent blitheness dwells in his eyes.

It is accordingly with a mild shock of disillusionment that I watch him produce from the inner regions of his tunic a much-folded *brochure* entitled—if I discern aright—*Dare-Devil Dick, or, The Bandits of the Bone-Strewn Cañon.* He has become absorbed in this romance when, shortly after leaving Chancery Lane, the conductor comes to collect new fares. The conductor's manner suggests *Weltschmerz;* his conversation inclines to the vitriolic; and when he fixes the messenger boy with a sombre glare, I thrill with a sense of impending conflict.

"'Ere, he remarks, "you oughter 'ave got orf at Chancery Lane!"

"No fear," protests the cherub; "I took a ticket to Charing Cross."

The conductor gives a withering glance, and reviews their transaction with a kind of weary succinctness. "You gave me a penny fare," he retorts, "and a penny fare from Liverpool Street takes yer to Chancery Lane. You know that well enough, so come orf of it."

"But I took a tuppenny ticket," rejoins the cherub.

"Let's see it, then!" exclaims the conductor, with an incredulity which he makes no attempt to conceal.

"You can't 'ave it: it's no good now," replies the cherub, flushing with embarrassment.

"Lost it, of course?"

"No, I ain't!" replies the cherub.

"Well, let's see it, I tell yer; an' not so much lip about it!"

Reluctantly the cherub withdraws from his mouth a pellet of pulp, which he exhibits on his finger. The conductor eyes it with grim contempt. At this juncture, my neighbour—a ponderous man in charge of a motor-tyre—leans forward and touches the conductor's arm.

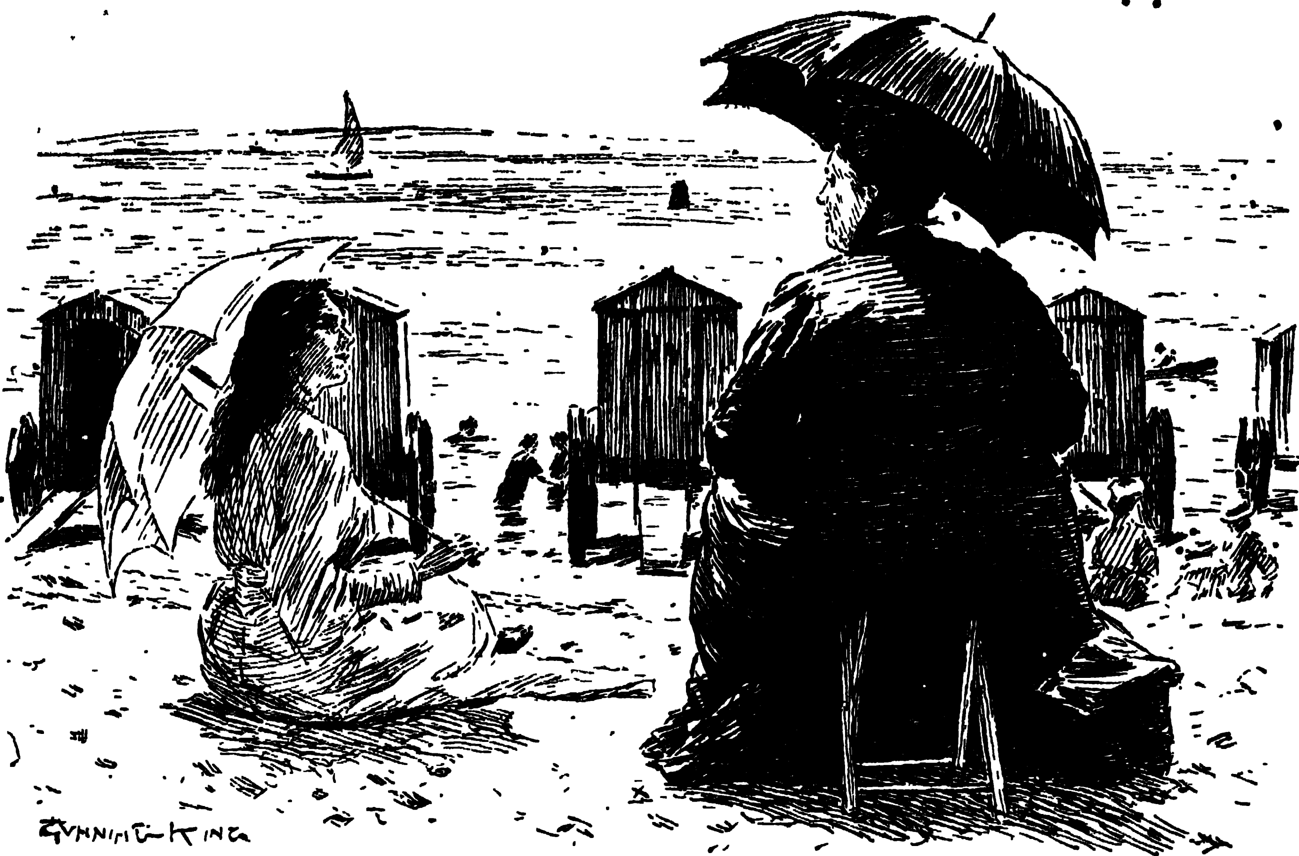
"The boy's orl right, guv'nor," he generously explains: "tell yer why. Them tuppenny tickets is blue, ain't they?"

"An' what if they are?" demands the conductor.

"An' the pennyuns is white?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Well," concludes my neighbour, "allowin' that some o' the colour's come out in the wash, that bit o' stuff's *blue*. I'll *prove* it if yer don't like ter take



CAUSE AND EFFECT?

Mrs Brown. "I had such a lovely bathe last Thursday, dear."
Niece. "That was the day of the Tidal Wave, wasn't it, Auntie?"

my word fer it," he adds triumphantly. "Gimme a tuppenny ticket, and I 'll chew it for yer, an' you can see fer yerself."

The conductor, I believe, is satisfied as to the boy's veracity; but this hardly justifies the almost offensive scorn with which he rejects my neighbour's offer.

"If either of yer want a square meal," he announces tartly, "I 've got to-day's *Telegraph* in my box. I don't want ter be hard on starvin' folks." With which parting shot he retreats down the steps.

I glance at the cherub. He has disposed of the little pellet; and, with heightened colour, has turned again to the exploits of *Dare-Devil Dick*.

More Historic Pageants.

"On Saturday, July 28, 1096, a special excursion will run to Llandudno.",
L. & N. W. R. notice.

Mr. Bryan is reported in the *Telegraph* as saying: "I cannot say yet whether I shall be a candidate for the American Presidency at the next election. I could stand only upon a platform to which I could give my whole support." We should much like to see Mr. Bryan do this trick. It sounds difficult.

ANNOTATIONS.

"Sweet, my love, your frowns and grumbling
Neither scare nor sadden me.
* * * * *
Sweet, my love, chide, chide, I pray."
Westminster Gazette.

Write again when you 've married the girl.

"Siege-train Companies R.G.A. will in future be designated 'Siege Companies R.G.A.'"—*Army Orders*, July.

And wiping the sweat of labour off its martial brow, the War Office strode forth to lunch, proud in the knowledge of a good day's work well and truly done.

"'No,' she said, 'I am going to marry another man.'
'Beata!' His voice thundered in her ears. His face was transformed; he looked as if the dam of his strong masculine passion had burst. He looked as if he would tear that other man in pieces with his hands."—*Daily Mirror feuilleton.*

It was a happy thought on the part of your parents to give you the name Beata in baptism; but beware of "transformations," Beata!

"My opinion is that in three years' time there will not be employment for more than three hundred veterinary surgeons. The remainder of the profession will have to follow the horses."—*An ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.*

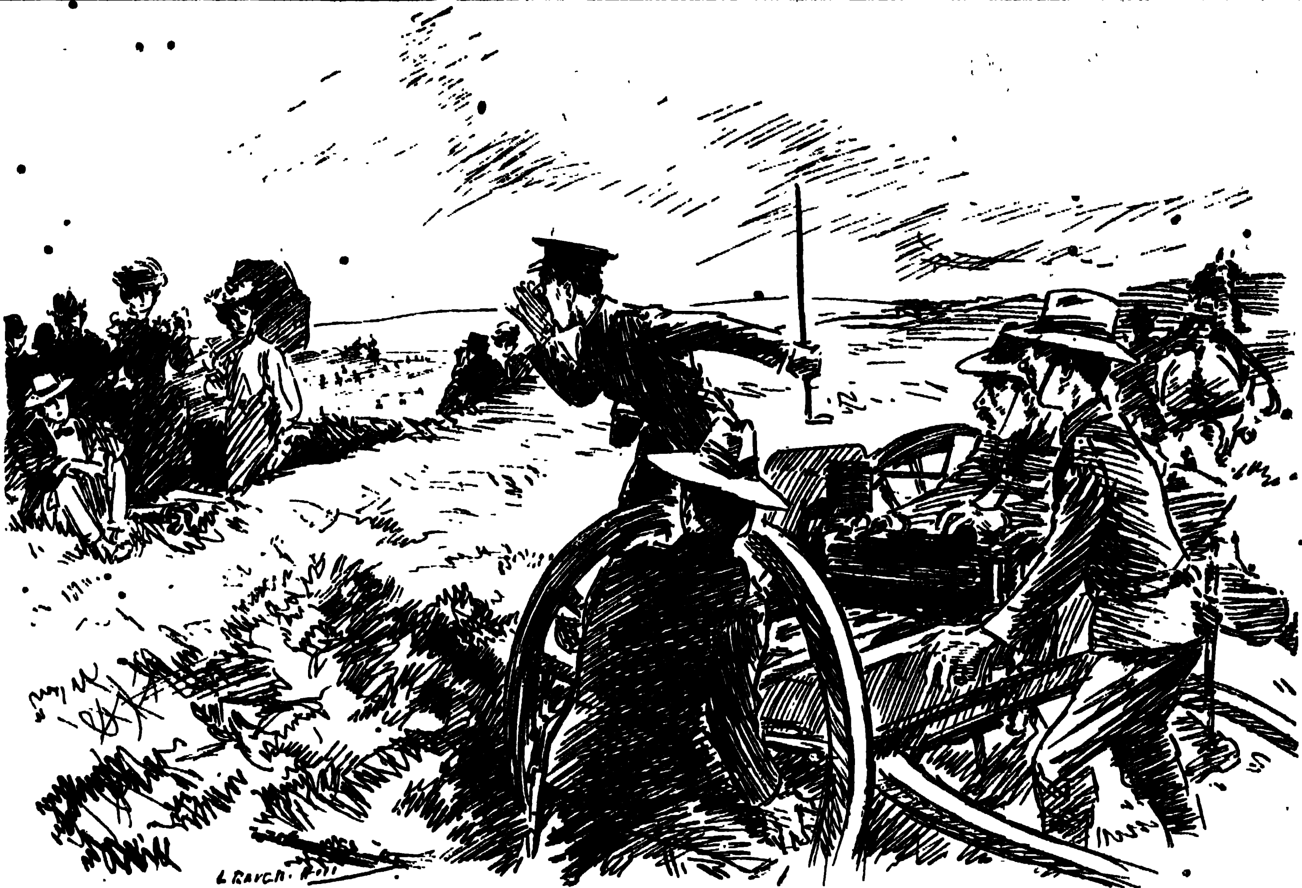
This is wilful encouragement of the grosser side of the meat-packing scandals. If you find a lancet in your sausage in 1909, you 'll know what it means.

"Is it unhealthy to recognise that the very good man and the very bad man are near of kin? Is it unhealthy to admire great gifts used in the wrong way?"—*The Lady.*

No; not unhealthy, but unnatural. Let us hear from you again when you 've had a bad fiver worked off on you.

The Alien Euphuist.

From the German master's report: "Thomas Smith is decidedly progressing, but backward."



OUR ONLY SUBALTERN, FINDING HIS GUN MASKED AND REALISING THAT NO MILITARY COMMAND WILL FIT THE SITUATION, RISES TO THE OCCASION AND SHOUTS, "FORE!"

WEIRD COINCIDENCES AND UNIQUITIES.

(*With acknowledgments to the London Letterwriter of the "Westminster."*)

THE Marquess of BROADSTAIRS is reported to be slowly recovering from the effects of his motor accident. Barely five hundred yards from the precise spot at which the car capsized stood in all probability—such is the irony of fate!—the residence of his maternal grandfather, once an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Lady BLENKINSOP, *née* ALICE BRITCHIN, daughter of Sir ROBERT BRITCHIN, coachbuilder to the fourth GEORGE.

The newly-appointed Bishop of DUNSTABLE, whose weakness for cockatoos is well known, succeeds, oddly enough, a prelate who had a similar *penchant* for Japanese rats.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Mr. HUMMUNHAR, who succeeds Mr. PLODD at the South Central Police Court, was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton; his predecessor was for many years a struggling solicitor at Ilfracombe, in the same county. But the cream of the jest is to come. Mr. HUMMUNHAR is an old Peterhouse man. From Peterhouse no great strength would be required to lodge a biscuit within the walls of Pembroke. Will it be believed that the outgoing magistrate was once a Pembroke don?

The regrettable absence of Canon X. from the meeting held two days since by the S.P.C.Z. was due, we are credibly informed, to his missing the 2.15 from Clapham to Victoria. We scarcely hope to gain credence when we state that this identical train was successfully caught by another Church dignitary of almost equal eminence.

The election of Dr. HASLUCK to the Mastership of Boniface has its whimsical side. Not only is he the youngest head of a college, with but two exceptions, but the name of one of his rivals in this respect begins, like that of Dr. HASLUCK, with the letter H; while there are at Boniface no fewer than two other dons whose names commence with the same initial!

Mr. LONGOUGH, the famous cricketer, had yesterday the unique experience of lunching with an ex-Secretary of State whose niece lately became the wife of an ex-champion of golf, while the lady herself (if report lies not) has frequently taken part in ping-pong matches.

How many rising authors can boast, with Mr. KITTS, the happiness of leading to the altar, just seven years and thirteen days after the publication of her former husband's posthumous poems, the relict (herself no contemptible *littératrice*, and second cousin to perhaps the ablest controversial theologian of the past century) of one of the few modern poets to whom we are able to accord this title without the prefix "minor?" Perhaps not one.

THE DEVOUT LOVER.

(*After Mr. Walter H. Pollock.*)

IT is not mine to sing with stately grace
A second, when my lady wants a bass;
Not mine with rippling harmonies to win
Her favour when she plays the violin;
But when her mother
But when her mother helps her through her song,
I turn the pages
I turn the pages, trembling lest I'm wrong.
I cannot play, nor strum out tum-ti-tum
On the banjo, or the harmonium;
But when her mother
But when her mother helps her through her song,
I turn the pages
I turn the pages, trembling lest I'm wrong.



THE OPTIMIST.

C.-B. "COME ALONG, JACK, WE'LL HAVE THE CHEAP ONE. THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANY BAD WEATHER FOR EVER SO LONG."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 30.—As REDMOND *aîné* said just now, prefatory to making a long speech on third reading of Education Bill, the debate was a waste of time, akin to beating the air. Whatever had to be said had been reiterated through long dreary nights since the Bill came in with other flowers of the spring. WALTER LONG, put up to move rejection of measure at this final stage, gallantly did his best. Next to him lounged PRINCE ARTHUR, grown grey in the fight. Sisyphus of the Opposition, he has nightly been engaged in assisting to roll up amendments to top of hill formed by Ministerial majority; ever they have rolled down.

On t'other side of PRINCE ARTHUR sat GEORGE WYNDHAM, an attractive arrangement in black and white. Waistcoat white, emblem of hope; coat and trousers black, suggestive of the prospect the present Parliament opens to the gaze of true believers. The wearied brain, looking back over dreary wastes, remembers how WYNDHAM led off attack on Bill at its earliest stage. There was at least in that far-off day some dream of comfort in anticipation of disunion developing itself in Liberal ranks. Peradventure, the rift in ST. AUGUSTINE'S lute slowly widening, soon its music might be mute.

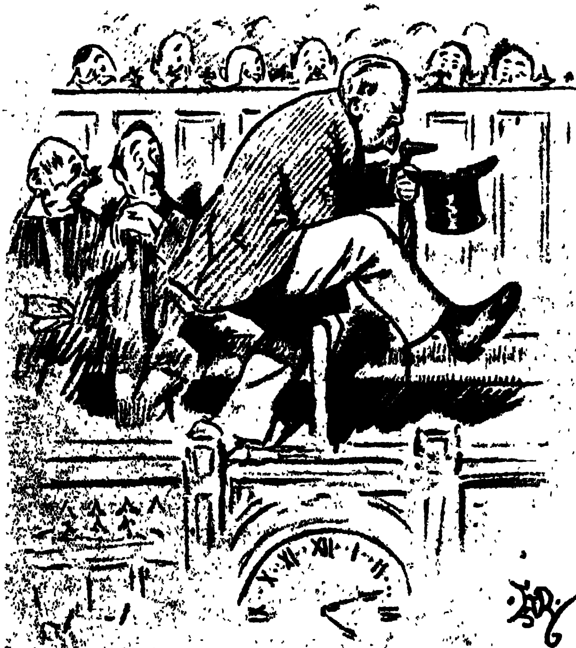
Anticipation not altogether falsified. On one division majority ran down to 16; at various turns the Nonconformist conscience stirred uneasily. More than once IMPERIAL PERKS has uprisen and uttered weighty remonstrance on behalf of the community that is a Church, not "a body," as ST. AUGUSTINE, innocent of offence, lightly called it. Also MASTERMAN has been Ready with denunciation of approach to concession.

They were up in succession to-night, MASTERMAN snapping at that most amiable of men, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, whom he accused of "rousing every controversial fibre he (MASTERMAN READY) possessed." Whilst ROBSON was turning over in a mind ever eager for information this new phenomenon of roused fibres, up gat IMPERIAL PERKS, and, waving his sceptre over the Treasury Bench in dangerous proximity to the halo round head of ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, cast doubts on certainty of Bill becoming law.



MASTERMAN READY AND HIS FIBRES.

"The Solicitor-General roused every controversial fibre he possessed."
(Mr. M-st-rm-n and Sir W-ll-m R-bs-n.)



THE UNKNOWN INVADER.

A stranger suddenly makes a horrifying incursion into the Peers' Gallery.

"It will not break my heart if it does not," he sourly said, ominously fingering his signet ring.

The Opposition, thankful for small mercies, cheered these evidences of insubordination. But MASTERMAN and IMPERATOR, having displayed their independence in speech, followed their pastors and masters into the Division lobby, just as if they had been Unionists. That is the bitterness in the Opposition cup. Through the long-drawn-out discussion Ministerial majority has been fairly maintained. To-night, with the Irish Nationalists joining full muster of their forces with Unionists, the third reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 192. That is in excess of the state of things established at General Election, when majority of Liberal and Labour Members over Unionists and Nationalists worked out at 190.

Though WALTER LONG'S fervid speech did not affect Division List it had personal effect in another quarter which testifies to its power. When he rose, a burly figure sat in corner of back bench over clock in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. None so attentive as he through delivery of passionate denunciation. Benches on floor scantily occupied by bored Members. Heard all this before. Stayed on in town to vote; were there prepared to do their duty; why not have Division straightway and so off to catch train that would lead to gateway of their holiday tour?

Sharply contrasted with this disheartening indifference were the attitude and countenance of the Unknown over the clock. Regardless of temperature he drank in every sentence of WALTER LONG'S burning eloquence. Every fibre of his body, as MASTERMAN READY would say, quivered in response to the orator's thumping of unoffending Table.

When speech came to end a strange thing happened. Unable longer to control



THE "PAS D'ÉDUCATION" AT THE BIRRELL-ESE VILLAGE.
(Mr. B-rr-ll has a final brilliant fling on the Third Reading.)

his emotion, yearning for silent communion with himself, the visitor rose to leave. To his right was the crowd filling the specially reserved section of the Gallery; to his left the Peers' benches occupied by a solitary Baron; between him and it stood a wooden partition some four feet high. Striding across this the burly Commoner entered the sacred pen of the Peers, making for the door at the other end.

For a moment the messenger on guard was paralysed. CROMWELL entering the House with his men-at-arms was in the matter of sacrilege nothing to this. Happily recovering from his fright the messenger was able to rise to his feet, and with both arms outstretched barred the way. The stranger showed disposition to argue the matter. Reinforcements coming up he turned and sauntered back again. Cocking his leg over the barrier he re-entered common ground and disappeared by the Strangers' exit, leaving behind him no name and a mystery.

Business done. Education Bill read a third time by 369 votes against 177.

Tuesday.—Interesting to note how, occasionally, the great families that are good enough to govern us are divided on critical issues of state policy. The unity that should have made the strength of the Hotel Cecil was fractured by diversity of opinion between PRINCE ARTHUR and Cousin HUGH on the Tariff question. Now Blenheim is riven to the roof by dissension between the head of the House and its most brilliant scion in matter of Transvaal Constitution. In the Commons WINSTON, by masterly speech, described and recommended the new scheme. In the Lords *Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre*, the object of attack being the masterpiece of statecraft of which his cherished cousin is the Ministerial advocate.

On the whole, regarded from literary standpoint as a bit of effective debating, the cadet exceeded in merit the head of the House. The DUKE takes himself far too seriously. Addresses High Court of Parliament as if he were standing to be photographed with Blenheim in the background. The Lords are less susceptible than the Commons to adventitious advantage inherited by birth. Still, even the lowliest Baron amongst them isn't overawed by a Duke. MALBROOK, a boy of parts, will get over that in time.

He might forthwith dispense with habit, marked to-night by ludicrous iteration, of bringing his open hand down on blue book with resounding bang. It happened to come just where he thought he was making a point, and as the noise of the collision drowned his voice at the critical moment there was no variety in a generally pointless harangue.

Business done. New Transvaal Constitution simultaneously introduced to Lords and Commons.

Thursday.—In Smoke Room and elsewhere Members reading with keen interest White Paper circulated to-day purporting to be "Report by High Commissioner of South Africa on his visit to Basutoland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate." There is, truly, a brief introductory note by LORD SELBORNE. Chief contents of Paper are copies of addresses from native tribes to the High Commissioner, supplemented by picturesque description of his journeying culled from local journals.

Here is a snapshot taken at the Great Bamangwato Gathering in KHAMA's country.

"Lord SELBORNE, who wore a flannel suit, a soft shirt, and a Panama hat, had KHAMA on his left hand, the chief being attired in correct European costume and carrying a beautifully carved ivory stick."

What is even more interesting is an incident arising out of Lord SELBORNE's visit to Basutoland. As a newspaper extract quoted in the White Paper records: "The High Commissioner was received by LETSIE, the paramount chief, wearing a grey suit, double collar, black tie, and Panama hat . . . In the course of the speechmaking LETSIE observed he felt frightened to take up the blanket of his father. He did not know how he would carry it, for he was a child and a stripling."

According to SARK this chance remark caused a flood of emotion to overpower Lord SELBORNE, to the marked surprise of chiefs and natives. In a far-off land, exiled from his country, brilliantly serving its interests, there flashed upon him a familiar scene in the House of Commons with his old friend and chief, still Premier, addressing a thronged assembly.

"I am a child in these matters," said PRINCE ARTHUR on historical occasion, throwing out slim hands with deprecatory movement.

"I am a child and a stripling," said the Paramount Chief of Basutoland, conscious of the fetching attraction of a grey suit, double collar and black tie.

The incident shows how small the world is, and how one touch of nature makes great chiefs kin.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

Saturday. Parliament adjourned for autumn holiday. Meet again October 23, when business of Education Bill will actually begin.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Telegraph* Mr. PERKS, M.P. has said that "the Channel Tunnel was not so much a thing in the air as it was a few years ago." Mr. PERKS does not seem to distinguish clearly between a tunnel and a bird.

"A FRENCHMAN, disengaged this week, wishes a situation as Butler or otherwise; willing to give French lessons in return."
Morning Post.

In return for what? The spoons?



Tommy. "I SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHO'S WINNING?"
Ethel. "I THINK UNCLE MUST BE. I HEARD HIM OFFER TO CARRY AUNTIE'S CLUBS."

MR. PUNCH'S CURIO COLUMN.

[Free advice through this column will be given to all connoisseurs. It is particularly requested that collectors sending furniture, grandfathers' clocks, and mummies for expert examination should not omit to prepay the carriage.]

PUZZLED (BALHAM).—I should scarcely recommend you to purchase the violin which the dealer describes to you as a genuine piece of old Chippendale. Perhaps "Chippendale" was a slip of the tongue for "Stradivarius." If so my advice is unaltered.

ANXIOUS (BIRMINGHAM).—It is difficult to place a value on collections of political speeches. The only way is to submit them to the ordeal of the auction-room. Roughly speaking, I should judge your collection of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches on Old Age Pensions to be worth about 2d.

SKILLY (WHITECHAPEL).—From your crude sketch and description I should esteem the diamond tiara to be worth about £15,000. I should certainly refuse the dealer's offer of 3s. 6d. and a pair of boots unless you are quite sure that otherwise he will carry out his threat of informing the police.

PROFESSOR (DURHAM).—The copper coin you submit was not, as you imagine, struck in the reign of CALIGULA. After investigation with a strong magnifying glass it appears to be a late Victorian penny—date 1887 or 1889, though there is a doubt about the last figure. Its approximate value is about one twelfth of a shilling. I cannot say whether the British Museum possesses an example.

CONFIDENT (SHEPHERD'S BUSH).—If, as you say, you possess an early copy of *The Daily Mail* which contains an apology for a misstatement in a previous issue, you have undoubtedly a curio of immense value. But I am inclined to think that you have been hoaxed by some audacious forger.

CURIOUS (SHEFFIELD).—You are certainly to be congratulated on your collection. If your elastic side-boot, the traditional property of King HENRY THE EIGHTH, and your portrait of Dr. JOHNSON with VANDYKE'S signature were put up for sale at CHRISTIE'S they might fetch from 9d. to £40. Much depends on the state of wear of the elastic side-boot, and the condition of the picture's frame. Personally I incline towards the first-mentioned figure.

ACCORDING to *The Scotsman*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN "has a special pet of his own in a parrot which he bought when a young bird in the streets of London shortly after he entered Parliament." "A young bird" is surely rather a familiar way of referring to the PREMIER.

Later on *The Scotsman* says: "She talks a little, but Sir HENRY has a great opinion of her discretion." We hope it is reciprocated.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

II.

THE CAPTAIN MAKES A DOG OF ME.

The seeds were now sown of a friendship which was only ended by the grave. My meeting with the Captain was the beginning of a new era in my life or rather, I should say, the beginning of my life. Almost from the first, when I was in the Captain's company, the streets ceased to have any terrors for me, and the day came ultimately when not only did I not fear any man, dog, or thing in the world, but when most men and all dogs and things feared me. Of course this came gradually. At first, not even cats ran away from me. Then, to my delight—which seems childish to me now one windy day a number of leaves in the road took to flight when they saw me. Then birds, then cats. And at length a dog!

I have even barked defiantly at a whole troop of mounted soldiery, any one of whom could have run me through or shot me, had he possessed the necessary pluck.

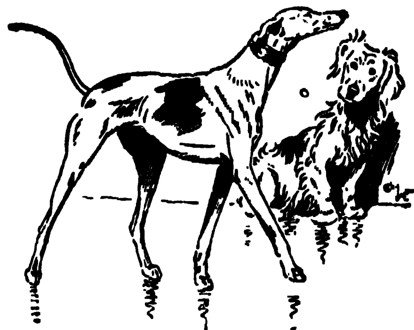
I was now constantly in the Captain's company, and, when I think of it, how good and noble of him it was for a dog in his position to consort with one who, after all, at that time was a mere ignorant yokel a bumpkin! Never, I realised, could I repay what I owed him, though I should try to do so by a life-long devotion. He put me on my legs. He showed me about town. But for him, I, a simple countryman, would have been victimised one hundred times, for the Cockneys are a sharp race.

When I thanked him, he merely said, "I have taken a fancy to you, Ears" for that was the nickname he gave me.

I soon discovered that the Captain was a dog of immense influence, and the effect of his friendship was instantaneous. When I first came to town, the natives cold-shouldered me. As soon as it was noticed how much I was with the Captain, a marked change took place. Innumerable little dogs now paid me court kow-towed to me as being a favourite of the Captain. It was all most pleasant.

Every morning before breakfast I would run round to the Captain's, and have a romp with him in the big garden at the back of his house, where dogs were forbidden. And nearly every day, in addition to this, we would go for a long walk together, for the Captain impressed on me the importance of taking plenty of exercise to keep oneself in condition. Sometimes I would call for him, and sometimes he for me. It was characteristic of the Captain that, although I lived in a smaller house than he, he was superior to all silly social restrictions—so different from a conceited beast of a greyhound whom, in my early days, I once invited to call, and who answered, "Thanks, old fellow, but I do not slum."

I shall never forget how excited I was



"Thanks, old fellow, but I do not slum."

the first time the Captain came to my place and ate some of my biscuits. I think that if my people had tried to turn him out I would have strewn the house with their corpses.

Some days, when it was raining, my people would keep me in, and then I would sit looking out of the window, and as likely as not the Captain would trot down for me, and then, on catching sight of him, I would set up such a barking and a frisking that for the sake of peace thank Heaven, my master used to suffer from neuralgia! - I would soon be let out. And frequently at nighttime the Captain and I would go cat-scaring together.

The Captain was the most entertaining of companions, for he was so wonderfully well informed. He knew all about everything. His astonishing accumulation of knowledge was mainly due, he told me, to a habit his mistress had of reading out the most interesting items from the newspaper at breakfast to the rest of the family. The Captain would always listen attentively—in which respect, by the way, he was more polite than the others. Thus it came about that there was nothing you could ask the Captain which he could not answer. He knew all the big words, and I still remember my delight when he told me I was a "Quadruped," for I had had no idea that I was anything so important. Half-an-hour's conversation with the Captain was a liberal education in itself, and whatever I have of polish and choice of diction, I owe to the Captain.

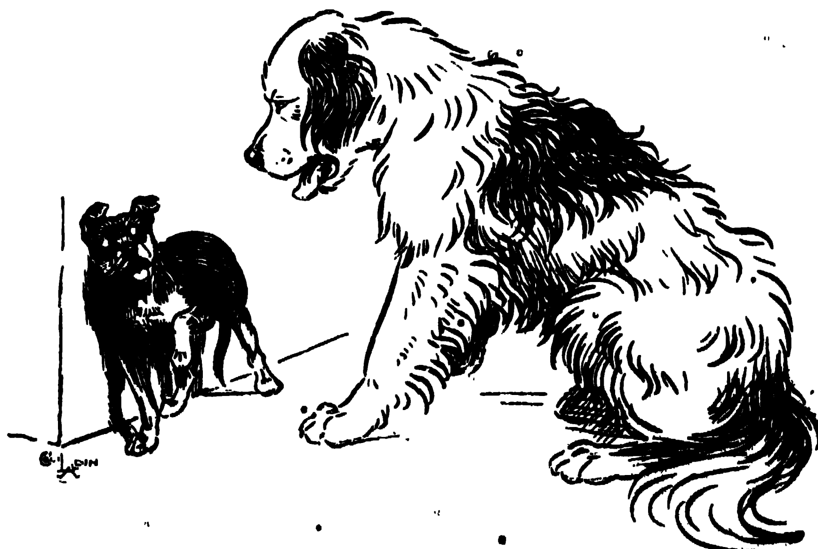
The effect on me was most remarkable. In a very short time you would not have recognised in me the timid creature of yesterday. Once my master dared to raise his hand against the Captain because he scratched the front-door—rightly enough, by-the-by, as the servant had kept him waiting for upwards of five minutes. When I saw my master catch hold of the Captain, at first I could hardly believe my eyes. To say the least, it was a disgraceful breach of hospitality. Then my anger knew no bounds, and I growled furiously; and it was only a restraining look from the Captain which prevented me biting my master all over. To the Captain's generous views as regards humans I shall refer later. After this incident the Captain, who was always dignified, kept away from the house for a month; and serve my master jolly well right!

THE CAPTAIN CONFERS ON ME A COVETED DISTINCTION.

The Captain was not slow to mark the change in me, and, eight weeks after my first meeting him, he made me a member of his Club.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

This was the greatest distinction that



He found him so big that he decided that the insult was not intentional.

could be conferred upon a dog. My gratitude knew no bounds; but all that the Captain said in reply to my protestations was, "I like you, Ears."

It was the most famous Dogs' Club in the world. I need scarcely say that I refer to "*The Dogs of War*"—known to our rivals as "The Mongrelians," "The Hooligans," "The Gargoyles," and other *sobriquets* as insulting as they are stupid. This Club, as is well known, was founded by the Captain as a monument to his mother. The Captain's mother, it will be remembered, made a love-match. She was considered, however, to have married out of the pale, was cut by all thorough-breeds, and fretted herself to death.

To avenge this heartless piece of snobbery, *The Dogs of War* was formed. Its motto was "Defiance not Defence," and all thorough-breeds giving themselves airs were to be attacked on sight.

The rules and regulations of the Club were many, and I do not propose to set them out at length. In all of them the master-mind of the Captain was apparent.

Females and children were ineligible for membership. A proposal to form a junior branch was rightly rejected by the Captain. As he pointed out, the youngsters, with their constant infantile ailments, would be more bother than they were worth. And, unless a special dispensation—the word is the Captain's—were obtained, the members must remain bachelors. And no black dogs were admitted; the line was drawn at coloured gentlemen.

The Captain alone chose the members. If a likely young fellow applied to him, or were introduced by a member, the Captain would place the candidate on probation for a month. During those four weeks the Captain would receive reports on its habits and customs, and would personally test it in many ways. For instance, he would meet one of the little novices out with its mistress. The Captain would beckon to it. The novice would advance towards the Captain. The mistress would call it back. The Captain would beckon again. The novice would once more run to the Captain. The Captain would detain it for five minutes, and say, "Now you may go back." It would get a beating from its mistress. The Captain would meet the same dog in similar circumstances the next day, and, if then it did not come at the first summons, the Captain would let it know he had no use for it.

Nor did we have the rule of "Once a member, always a member." The Captain reserved to himself the right of expulsion. It was the only way, he explained, to keep us up to the mark. One member was expelled, soon after I joined, for cowardice. It was a very painful affair. He was a personal friend of the Captain, but the Captain felt he must make an example of him. He was a small dog, known as "The Barrel" from his shape. One day a Newfoundlander, who came up suddenly behind him, cried out, "Hello, here's one of the dirty Mongrelians." The Barrel turned round and looked at the Newfoundlander, and found him so big that he decided that the insult was not intentional. The incident, however, was reported, and The Barrel had to leave. The Captain took an especially serious view of the matter, as the insult was to the Club and not to the member personally. I used to see the outcast occasionally afterwards, but, if he caught sight of one of us, he would always slink away; and I used to pity him, he looked so miserable.

Expulsion, too, used to take place occasionally for slackness and disobedience. Without obedience, the Captain held, nothing was possible. We were never to question his commands. He was a stern disciplinarian, and the message "The Captain wants to speak to you" has made many a dog tremble in his day. And with it all the Captain was scrupulously just; and this, I think, was appreciated by the members, and was perhaps the secret of his marvellous influence over us. We have seen how he would not spare even his personal friend. His impartiality was wonderful. I have even known him decide against me in a dispute with another member. And once he threatened to expel me because I growled when he asked me to give him my bone, greedy brute that I was!

He was a splendid Dictator. No wonder he so often led us to victory.



Visitor. "ARE THERE ANY FISH IN THIS RIVER?"
Native. "FISH! I SHOULD RATHER THINK THERE WAS. WHY, THE WATER'S SIMPLY SATURATED WITH 'EM!"

IN MEMORIAM.

John Lawrence Toole.

BORN, 1832. DIED, JULY 30, 1906.

WHILE Summer's laughter thrills the golden air,
Come, gently lay within the lap of earth
This heart that loved to let us share its mirth
But bore alone the sorrow none might share.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I DO not stretch probabilities too far when I suggest that Mr. GEORGE MOORE, who has lately published *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (HEINEMANN), became during that dead life familiar with the memoirs of a certain notorious Venetian adventurer. When this distinguished ornament of the eighteenth century had passed the age of three score years and ten, he sat down to relieve his mind and mitigate the wretchedness of his condition by committing to paper the adventures, the intrigues, the scandals, the successes and the failures of which his life had been full. Old and decrepit, he dwelt with a peculiar gusto on those scenes of his variegated existence in which women had played a part, and did not hesitate for his own satisfaction to embroider and enlarge infamous adventures that fate had thrown in his way. So Mr. MOORE, when he recalls his life, does not fail to show how gallant and determined and unconquerable he was whenever a petticoat crossed his path. No doubt the recollections gave Mr. MOORE pleasure, but it is doubtful whether anyone else will care much for them. There is plenty of pretty writing in the book; there is a fine mixed haze of artistic sensibility and semi-decadent enthusiasm for incidents and persons not in themselves specially admirable. Mr. MOORE wishes us to realise that he is an Irishman with a French soul and a knack for æsthetic jargon. We have managed to realise this, but we cannot say that the effort has given us any particular satisfaction.



Warder. "VISITOR WAITING FOR YOU, NINETY-NINE, IN THE RECEPTION ROOM."

Ninety-nine (ex-Company Promoter, suspiciously). "VISITOR? TELL HIM I'M NOT AT HOME."

If you're a young author, and anxious to shine
In the crude, ungrammatical, hair-raising line,
You can't have a model more apt for the job
Than *The Woman at Kensington* (CASSELL, six bob).

The author is WILLIAM LE QUEUX, and his plan
Is to take for his hero some eminent man
(Fictitious, of course), who's obsessed with a fear
That his past will come out and upset his career.

In regard to this past, you will make it your game
To avoid, till the end, giving facts of the same—
An ingenious feat of diplomacy which
Should alone work your readers to pinnacle pitch.

To make sure, you should keep the machinery oiled
With phials of poison, and plots that are foiled,
And secret societies—things of a kind
That betoken gargantuan efforts of mind.

Provided that thus you sustain the suspense,
And are lax as to details, and syntax, and sense,
There's really no possible reason why you
Shouldn't do quite as well as this WILLIAM LE Q.

In the Shadow (HEINEMANN) was evidently prepared for the American market, where presumably its first appearance was made. It is chiefly a study of the negro character, its possibilities and limitations. Mr. ROWLAND selects as his type the Haytian negro, perhaps the most favourably circumstanced of the race. *Dessalines*, son of a wealthy father, was educated at Oxford, where, in spite of his colour, he made many friends, a circumstance incomprehensible to the Americans who figure in the story. He conceived the idea of making himself Emperor of his native island. Descending upon Hayti with every prospect of success, he developed the latent imperfections of the negro, "a creature of impulse, shuttlecock of his emotions, lazy, improvident, lacking in imagination, irrepressible, incomplete." There is brisk movement in the story. But I fancy it will be found more interesting on the other side of the Atlantic, where, as Mr. ROWLAND grimly observes, "the negro has a vote." Which seems very inconsiderate on his part.

It is probable that if IBSEN had not written plays *The Bar Sinister* (BLACKWOOD) would never have come before the British public. Mr. MORGAN-DE-GROOT has much of the Master's simplicity of style, his occasional triviality of comment and illustration. Nor does he shrink from what, in less decorous language than the original Dutch, might be described as coarseness of situation. This is illustrated in the wooing on the river, where the wicked brother *Rudolf* insists upon the betrothed of the good brother *Paul* marrying him. The story is specially interesting as admitting the foreigner to the intimacy of fresh sidelights on Flemish interiors.

Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON is as pleasant a writer as one can wish to meet. He can make even the dry bones of golf live, and can chat delightfully about fishing, shooting, and the *vie en plein air*. His *Amelia and the Doctor* (SMITH, ELDER) is a most agreeable story, excellently well conceived and capitally constructed. But Mr. HUTCHINSON ought not even in an off moment to palter with grammar. When he says "neither of these two . . . . were the kind of men whom you could press with questions" he defies LINDLEY MURRAY and must take the consequences.

The Field, in a report of a recent county match, says: "At 96 HUBBLE brought the 100 on the board." No wonder the public is said to be losing its passion for county cricket if the umpires allow this sort of thing to go on.

SILLY SEASONINGS.

[The usual correspondence relating to the holidays is now due in the daily papers. The following may be expected :]

I.—The Holidays.—A Warning.

Sir,—Now that the holiday-season is in full swing, may I most solemnly warn against sea-bathing all those of your readers who are spending their vacation on the coast? It has at last been discovered that the enormous mortality which annually occurs amongst those recently returned from a holiday by the sea is due to the fact that, while bathing, minute particles of salt enter the pores of these unfortunate persons, causing clogging of the functions of the skin and subsequent death. It is calculated that at every immersion four ounces of solid rock-salt are absorbed by the epidermis. *Verbum*, Sir, *satis sapienti*.

Yours solemnly, Harley Street.

Startled readers are at once plunged into "Should we Bathe?" Sir Oliver Lodge proves that the salt-water pastime promotes Mormonism; Mr. Eustace Miles attributes seven-twenty-fifths of his fitness to a daily mud-bath one barrow-load garden soil, eight gallons water, and a pinch of salt ; mix well.

II.—Superfluous Luggage.

Dear Sir,—Why lumber ourselves with bags and boxes when on our holidays? I always take a brown paper parcel and a mouse-trap for odds and ends. Yours, etc. Free and Happy.

Mr. Eustace Miles explains how a complete outfit for two persons can be packed in the pockets of a Norfolk jacket, and a bright controversy is well started.

III.—Peek-a-Boo Bathing Dresses.

Sir,—As I, my dear wife, three daughters, two sons and cat (tom) start to-morrow for the seaside, may I express the hope that you, Sir, will raise your voice in protest against what, with a touch of bitter irony, I may term the *common objects* of the seashore? I refer, Sir, to the young women (ladies they cannot be) who at all hours of the morning may be seen romping in the surf, clad in bathing-dresses which are in the highest degree indelicate and offensive. These garments are gaudy in colour, thin in texture, quite unnecessary frills adorn their terminations at the arms and lower extremities, and, when wet, they cling to the form in a manner eminently abhorrent. Last summer my boys and I were quite unable to scan the passing ships with our field-glasses, as whenever we did so one of these *common objects* would almost certainly bob into view,

Yours, etc., Shocked.

"Shocked's" views are cordially supported and attacked. Mrs. Ormiston Chant describes a *chic* little bathing-costume of thick black serge confined at neck, wrists, and ankles, and including a riding habit, shoes, gloves, motor-glasses and skull-cap. Mr. Eustace Miles describes the best hygienic bathing wear for both sexes.

IV.—Novel Holidays.

Sir,—Why does not the average Englishman infuse more originality into his annual holiday? Last summer a friend and I spent a most delightful fortnight down a drain. My friend is now dead ; otherwise, he would, I know, have accompanied me to-morrow, when I start for a month in a temporarily disused pig-stye in Essex.

Yours, etc., Free and Wild.

Suggestions pour in. Sir James Crichton-Browne describes a healthy holiday in a dovecot; Mr. Eustace Miles enlarges on a fortnight (at 1·03*d*. a day) spent in a clothes basket swung over a stream from the branch of a tree.



A NEW DISEASE—THE GOLF TWIST.

We doubt if the Cambridge crew understand fully what they are in for. According to *The Evening News* the Harvard eight launch their boat as follows :

"In launching the boat the crew all raise it above their heads. Then Stroke, No. 6, No. 4 and No. 2 take their places."

As the Ouida hero said when asked if he could stroke the 'Varsity eight, "'Feel that,' pointing proudly to his biceps."

In reply to a correspondent who asks his opinion as to whether the photograph of Miss Corelli in her new book was in any way "touched up," *Mr. Punch* begs to say that the answer is in the negative. It may be seen on application at the photographer's.

A Moated Farm.

"Dairy, with milk round."

Daily Mail.

WHO KILLED THE SACRED CAT?

The creators of *Amasis* have flown very bravely in the face of convention. For, firstly, there are only two of them instead of the usual half dozen, with their "additional lyrics," superfluous numbers, &c. Secondly, the word "girl" does not appear in the title, nor has the alternative of a Japanese setting been adopted. Thirdly—a very daring innovation—their comic opera contains something distinctly resembling a plot, with a fairly logical sequence of ideas. All this may explain why their work appears at a theatre not usually associated with comic opera, and at the very nadir of the dull season. However, the counter attraction of Cowes did not seem to affect its success, and the Country Cousin, on whose "vile body" the experiment was made, applauded rapturously all that she could understand.

Mr. Frederick Fenn, the librettist, has gone to Ancient Egypt for his novelty. *Prince Anhotep* was about to marry *Amasis*, daughter of the Pharaoh of the day; but on the very eve of the wedding, just as he was composing a sonnet to his lady, the music of one of the Sacred Cats had disturbed his train of thought, and in a moment of rash anger he had dropped a brick upon the beast and killed it. The penalty for this offence—immediate death, with or without torture, according to the executioner's taste—threatened to dislocate the wedding arrangements; when forth from his machine steps a god in the person of one *Cheiro*—not a palmist, but a poor scribe who spends his spare time chipping hieroglyphs out of a canvas obelisk. In his modest and unassertive way he harbours a secret passion for the Princess, and is prepared to assume responsibility for the assassination of the Sacred Cat, and die with lovely perjury on his lips and the joy of sacrifice in his heart.

> Who killed the Cat?
> "I," said the Scribe,
> "It was my little gibe;
> I killed the Cat."

The law, not being fastidious about executing the actual criminal, so long as somebody is put to death, gives *Cheiro* the benefit of the doubt and condemns him to die.

But *Anhotep* and *Amasis* are too well-bred to take advantage of his gallantry, and the lady in the nick of time recalls an ancient local tradition by which a criminal is reprieved if on his way to execution he meets a pure and kindly girl. She (*Amasis*) will undertake to be that girl. The curious thing is that this happy thought never occurred to her at the time when the Prince's life was at stake. However, it is just as well that the inspiration was postponed; otherwise the last half of the play would have been rendered nugatory.

I have pleasure in adding that the law about somebody having to die when



Pharaoh . . . . Mr. Rutland Barrington.

a Sacred Cat is killed was duly honoured by the death of the offensive *Ptolemy*, who inadvertently perished by his own chemical processes while in the act of embalming the defunct Pussy.

There are merry moments in the play, but I think that full advantage has not been taken of the chances of harmless profanity offered by the animal worship of Ancient Egypt. I cannot help feeling that a human Crocodile or a human Cat might well have been introduced on the stage. As it was, the only two actors who got the full fun out of words or by-play were Mr. Lauri de Frece (in the manner of Mr. Edmund Payne) and Mr. Rutland Barrington (in the manner of Mr. Rutland Barrington). The latter, who did not make his appearance as *Pharaoh* till well on in the second half, was a most delectable object in his



Nebenchari . . . . Mr. Norman Salmond.

flaming corkscrew curls. He sang and chatted very pleasantly and naturally, showing no sort of pedantry in his treatment of the text, of which a copy was kindly presented to me, with other first-nighters, by the author.

Mr. Roland Cunningham as *Anhotep* contributed a fine virile figure—and little else; and Mr. Norman Salmond, who was as tall as ever, seems to have let his singing voice grow thinner. Certainly he spoke much more sonorously than he sang.

The vocal triumphs of the evening fell to charming Miss Ruth Vincent in the title *rôle*, and Mr. Whitworth Mitton as *Cheiro*. Miss Vincent's technique was very far above the average of comic opera; and Mr. Mitton has a voice made for tender sentiment. Each of them should be heard some day in more ambitious work.

Mr. Faraday's music served its modest purpose admirably in the interpretation of Mr. Fenn's lyrics. These were not up to the standard of Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Adrian Ross, but they were better than pantomime doggrel. Like all but the very best of his kind Mr. Fenn is a chartered licentiate in rhymes, but I cannot just now recall a worse conjunction than his "cruelly" rhymed with "demurely." Samples of the ordinary cockney rhyme—"Duma," "humour"—occur, of course, on almost every page. Why these things should be tolerated in an opera libretto I cannot say. The eye, it is true, is not offended (unless you happen to be following in the book), but the ear suffers an enhanced torture from the singer's rolling of his r's. However, a comic opera audience has a toughish tympanum; and I saw nobody wince.

Altogether, I think the author and composer have given us an entertainment that should last well over the provincial season and possibly survive the return of Society and the Higher Criticism.

O. S.

Journalistic Candour.

On a placard between Boulogne and Paris:

DAILY MAIL.
Continental Edition.
All news a day in advance.

"—— Patent Corset.—Closed for Holidays from 21st July till 6th August."
Dundee Advertiser.

We are glad to think that purchasers are again breathing freely.

"The throwing of rice at weddings is probably the oldest custom at present in common use."—*Harwich Express.*

Probably the custom of having weddings is almost as old.



AN UNDER-RATED MONSTER.

Britannia. "That's a nasty-looking object, Mr. Boatman."

Lord Tw-dm-th. "Bless your 'eart, mum, 'e won't 'urt you. I've been 'ere, man an' boy, for the last six months; an' we don't take no account o' them things."



Miss Tabitha Spriggins, after many years of search, at last meets the man she has looked for.

UP-RIVER DEFINITIONS.

Regatta—An occasion upon which you are annoyed if someone obstructs your view of races in which you take no sort of interest.

Houseboat—A floating domicile with all the discomforts of home.

Launch (if you are a passenger)—A smart, speedy vessel. (If not) A nuisance which should certainly be suppressed; a temporary resort for vulgar trippers.

Backwater—A halting-place for the semi-public display of sentiment.

Bow and Stern—Those parts of your own conveyance with which you scrape the paint from other craft.

Amidships—Where your boat is struck when run down.

Island—A body of land completely surrounded by picnic parties.

"*Private Property*"—An inscription on a notice-board, marking a convenient spot at which to land for tea, and deposit all rubbish, valueless impedimenta, &c.

Rain—A meteorological condition caused by the payment of a boat's hire in advance.

Chaperon—An elderly female left at home, or eluded on the way from town; almost extinct.

Boat-owner—A pessimist of an extreme type, who, nevertheless, lives on the fat of the water.

Last train—An absurdly early and punctual conveyance which you miss.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

[Mr. Justice Grantham's recent series of unparalleled adventures on his way to the Leeds Law Courts seems to have set a fashion in judicial excuses, if we may take the evidence of the following reports.]

Mr. Justice Littleham, who did not appear until two hours after he should have done, and was then unrecognisable in bandages, said he was sorry to be late. If he might employ a venerable *cliché* he would say it was through no fault of his own, but a series of misadventures on the way thither. Entering a four-wheeler at his hotel, he had almost immediately been run into by the leading elephant of a passing circus procession, both cab and beast sustaining severe damage. His Lordship, unhurt, had extricated himself from the *débris* and borrowed a bicycle in the King's name, but chancing almost at once to run over a hedgehog he incurred so many punctures that further progress was impossible. In default of other artificial means of locomotion, in which, it is true, he was beginning to lose faith, he walked, and would have been only an hour or so late had it not been for a bad banana-fall that necessitated a visit to a surgeon. (*Applause in Court.*)

Mr. Justice Dallymore, who did not reach the courts until three days had elapsed from the proper time of opening, explained his absence by saying that he had been spending the week-end at Cowes, and on Monday morning stepped, as he thought, on board the steamer for Southampton. As it happened, however, it was a gun-boat bound for the Mediterranean, a mistake which he did not discover until they were off Grisnez. Immediately the commanding officer was made aware of the error he transferred his Lordship to a passing homeward-bound vessel; and here he was, &c., prepared to do his duty without fear or favour! (*Sensation.*)

Mr. Justice Heavilids, who kept his court waiting for more than five hours last Wednesday, said that no doubt he should have been there in time had he not overslept himself. But he had dreamed so vividly about an imaginary murder case that the united efforts of his valet, the butler, two footmen and a chauffeur had failed to wake him. (*Gallery cleared.*)

MARINE MARVELS.

Thanks to the courtesy of the proprietors of our valued contemporary *The Dictator*, we are enabled to print in advance a selection from the letters which will appear in next Saturday's issue on the subject of the Strange Sea Monster recently observed by Dr. A. J. Butler.

Sir,—Dr. Butler's strange experience reminds me forcibly of an incident of my salad days, unless indeed I should call them "sallet days" in deference to the orthography of *The Times*. It was when I was still an undergraduate at Balliol, and the incident occurred on one of the rare occasions on which I induced the late Master to take part in a game of water-polo then recently introduced by my cousin Lord Altrincham—on Port Meadow. The Master, who rode a highly-trained Mexican porpoise, had just executed a masterly wing shot when a large freshwater crayfish, leaping out of the water, swooped down on the eminent Grecian and stung him severely in the triceps. We were all paralysed by the sight, all except my dear friend and kinsman Alaric Timperley—endeared to many generations of Harrovians by the grace of his manners and his finely chiselled profile—who rushed to the rescue and beat off the infuriated crustacean with his Schenectady putter. The Master, as I have recorded in my volume *Jaws with Geniuses*, showed great presence of mind, his only remark being, "I have always disliked crayfish, and now I know the reason." Alaric Timperley, who received the Royal Humane Society's medal for his gallant rescue, subsequently married my stepmother's niece, and while mountaineering in the Lebanon was kidnapped by Druses and immured in a Mingrelian phalanstery. He was, as Mr. Gladstone once remarked to me, too rare a soul for the mundane cockpit. Curiously enough Mr. Gladstone never saw a game of water-polo, though he was much interested in the Basque game of pelota on the occasion of his visit to Biarritz.

I am, Sir, &c.,
Lemuel Longmire.

[We are delighted to print Mr. Longmire's apt and interesting reminiscence. Water-polo, especially in this weather, is a splendid and refreshing exercise, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Haldane will see his way to include it in the physical curriculum of the Auxiliary Forces.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

Sir,—Dr. Butler's experience, though remarkable, is not unparalleled. When walking the other day on the Goodwin Sands I saw a cormorant dart down and remain glued to the spot. On coming up to the bird I found that it had been attracted by an open oyster, which had closed with such rapidity and force upon its beak that the bird was unable to fly away. I took them both home with me, and their skeletons now repose in my private museum. I may add that I have heard of a similar incident in which a curlew was captured by a cockle. I am, Sir, &c.,

Lyulph Phibbs.

[We are delighted to print the impressive narrative of so veracious a correspondent as Mr. Phibbs, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the truth of his story. Personally we have always had the greatest respect for the "native worth" of oysters, and believe that if they were included in the diet of the Militia, they would be able to go anywhere and do anything.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

Sir,—I am encouraged by the example of Dr. A. J. Butler to forward you a brief account of a strange animal friendship that has come within my personal knowledge. My eldest son recently brought back from Eton a tortoise which he had swapped for a camera. On the day after his arrival he missed his pet, and on instituting a search discovered it in the pinetum in company with a fine Bombay Duck which lives in a neighbouring pond. Since then the strangely assorted pair have been quite inseparable. They go out for long walks together, and more than once the duck has taken the tortoise on its back for a swim in the pond. I enclose a coloured photograph of the pair, a copy of which I have forwarded to Professor Ray Lankester, and remain,

Yours faithfully, A. Legge Pullar.

[It is a sincere pleasure to us to publish Mr. Pullar's intensely interesting and convincing story. We hope that all Volunteers will profit by its lesson and learn not merely to swim, but to swim carrying something or somebody on their backs. As we have always insisted, the value of Auxiliary Forces is doubled if and when they are amphibious.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

Sir,—Could not the strange sea monster seen by Dr. A. J. Butler have been a dwarf kraken, or possibly an undersized clumbungus?

Yours faithfully, Anxious Inquirer.

[We are only too pleased to give all publicity to our correspondent's ingenious and plausible conjecture. Personally we have never seen a kraken, but, if we mistake not, Mr. Frank T. Bullen has actually witnessed a kraken jamboree. Be that as it may, it is clear that the possibilities of invasion and therefore the value of our Home Defence Army are greatly enhanced by the apparition of these sea-raiders. It would, we think, be most interesting to test the nerve of our Volunteers by suddenly confronting them, during manœuvres, with some unfamiliar and appalling monster—such as the okapi or diplodocus. Surely Mr. Haldane could induce the Treasury to provide funds for such an experiment.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

MORE JUDICIAL TYRANNY!

(A Bitter Cry from the Suburbs.)

[Sir Gorell Barnes has announced that no sketching will be allowed next term in the Divorce Court.]

Oh, Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes,
Likewise your "Brother" Deane,
Unless the law-reporter yarns,
We think you 're very mean.
We take a painful interest
In all Divorce Court doings,
It gives suburban life a zest
To read of wrongful wooings.

Our Sunday literature's confined
To studying each romance
In penny weekly prints enshrined,
With sketches that entrance.
They lighten up with thumb-nail skill
The various spicy cases;
They 're all alike, but yet they thrill—
Those co-respondent faces!

We love to mark the goings-on
Behind Belgravian scenes,
And, as the glowing lines we con,
To learn what High Life means,
And see what hat each Countess wore
When posing as a witness;
But if the artist draws no more,
How can we test its fitness?

It yields an all-absorbing joy
To scan the picture-page
That shows the features sweetly coy
Of ladies on the stage;
We must inspect the lineaments
Of heroine and houri—
And now a cruel judge prevents
Our acting as the jury!

The pencil 's mightier than the pen
In advertising days;
The Kodak brings within our ken
The leading divorcées.
We like to know the very worst,
Being so highly moral,
So do not balk our greedy thirst,
Illiberal Sir Gorell!

Zig-Zag.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Delayed in publication.)

Dear Mr. Punch,—My Governess has just shown me a picture which you made of two little girls doing lessons, and one saying "I count on my toes—then she can't see me doing it." Miss Smithson says it 's an excellent picture of *me* and my sister. But, dear *Mr. Punch*, you have made some mistakes. My name is May, not Ethel, and I *don't* count on my toes. Can you guess how I do it?

Thank you for the likeness, which is very good. Yours lovingly,

May Trueman.

P.S.—You made my governess rather old and scraggy. She is *really* young and pretty, and such a dear.

Sir,—I have just seen your number of the 18th *ult.*, in which appears a drawing of two girls engaged upon their lessons, with their governess. One of the girls (Ethel) is made to say "I count on my toes then she (the governess) can't see me doing it."

The features depicted of the speaker are clearly those of my daughter, and I am sorry to say that the article is untrue in three particulars—(1) My daughter's name is May, not Ethel; (2) My daughter does not count on her toes, but being a slender girl she counts on her *ribs*; and (3) Her governess *can* see her doing this, and does *not* object.

I regret that *Punch* should stoop to insert so libellous a statement concerning a young lady unable to defend herself, and I must ask you to insert this communication on her behalf.

Yours, &c. Adolphus Trueman.

"THE BANANA FALL."

(*A note on Pavement Etiquette.*)

When, after a short but rapid journey along the pavement executed by the aid of a banana skin, you obey the immutable law of gravity and come to a sudden sitstill by the kerb, you must restrain, at no matter what sacrifice, any desire which you may feel to smile blandly back upon the crowd, whether it is a sympathetic crowd or not.

The correct attitude is as follows: Having ascertained that the full extent of your injuries is no more than will occasion some slight discomfort when cycling, &c., draw up one knee into a graceful and unconstrained position, flick the dust carelessly from your elbow, and remark casually to any intelligent bystander that you do not think the Education Bill has the ghost of a chance.

Do not appear in the least self-conscious, but on the other hand neither must you scowl, unless (in exceptional cases) very slightly, or mutter discontentedly to yourself. The most suitable expression to wear is one of quiet, good-natured boredom, but if anybody addresses a question to you answer him politely and kindly, as you would a pretty girl who asked you the way to Oxford Street.

Do not aim a kick—which is sure to miss—at the dog which appears in order to sniff you critically all over, but be careful to treat him as though you were passionately fond of animals; pull his ears gently, and pat him caressingly on the head. This will lead all new arrivals to suppose that you are sitting on the ground solely in order to fondle him, and always creates a good impression. Office boys in particular will admire this trait in your character.

You have now remained seated on the ground long enough to be able to rise without appearing in any way flurried or nervous. The best way of rising is to crook one leg until the foot is well underneath, so that you may straighten out to a standing posture with a single elegant and easy motion.

Do this.

If the youth who now steps forward and presents you with your hat is of a sweet and tractable disposition, he will indicate the fact by gently touching his forehead, and a copper or two is well bestowed. If, however, he approaches with a grin on his face, and loudly assures you that the damage to the hat is slight, you may be sure that he will regard such an offering as tribute rather than a present therefore seize him by the collar, and accuse him, quietly but firmly, of attempting to steal the hat, and of having caused the damage to it himself. In extreme cases he may also be accused of having dropped the banana skin. Having regained your property, dismiss him with a slight cuff on the ear. As the sight of a fellow creature in pain is always agreeable, this is sure to put the crowd in a good humour.

Now dust your hat and replace it on your head, and walk off nonchalantly, having first picked up your stick and anything else you may have dropped, except your cigar. Leave this as largesse for the crowd to wrangle over.



Belle of Balham (to Professor, who has just played Chopin's Funeral March). "That's awfully jolly! Now play one of Lohengrin's things!"

"Fear not, till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane."

"They then went on a short visit to Edinburg where they saw Windsor Castle and Stoke Pogis."—*Pittsbury Chronicle.*

MY TEAM.

V.—At the Wickets.

At lunch I said: "I have just had a wire from the Derbyshire Committee to say that I may put myself on to bowl."

"That is good hearing," said Henry.

"Did they hear?" asked Gerald anxiously, looking over at the Chartleigh team.

"You may think you're very funny, but I'll bet you a—a— anything you like that I get George out."

"All right," said Gerald. "I'll play you for second wicket down, the loser to go in last."

"Done," I said; "and what about passing the salad now?"

After lunch the Editor took me on one side and said, "I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

"Then why did you have so much?" I asked.

"I mean the wicket. It's dangerous. I am not thinking of myself so much, as of —."

"As of the reading public?"

"Quite so."

"You think you — you would be missed in Fleet Street — just at first?"

"You are not putting the facts too strongly. I was about to suggest that I should be a 'did not bat.'"

"Oh! I see. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I was talking just now to the sister of their captain."

The Editor looked interested.

"About the pen of the gardener?" he said.

"About you. She said — I give you her own words—'Who is the tall handsome man keeping wicket in an M.C.C. cap?' So I said you were a well-known county player, as she would see when you went in to bat."

The Editor shook my hand impressively.

"Thank you very much," he said. "I shall not fail her. What county did you say?"

"Part of Flint. You know the little bit that's got into the wrong county by mistake? That part. She had never heard of it; but I assured her it had a little bit of yellow all to itself on the map. Have you a pretty good eleven?"

The Editor swore twice—once for me and once for Flint. Then we went out into the field.

My first ball did for George. I followed the tactics of William the First at the Battle of Hastings, 1066. You remember how he ordered his archers to shoot into the air, and how one arrow fell and pierced the eye of Harold, whereupon confusion and disaster arose. So with George. I hurled one perpendicularly into the sky, and it dropped (after a long time) straight upon the batsman. George followed it with a slightly contemptuous eye . . . all the way.

All the way. Of course I was sorry. We were all much distressed. They told us afterwards he had never been hit in the eye before . . . one gets new experiences.

George retired hurt. Not so much hurt as piqued, I fancy. He told the umpire it wasn't bowling. Possibly. Neither was it batting. It was just superior tactics.

The innings soon closed, and we had 61 to win, and, what seemed more likely, 59 and various other numbers to lose. Sixty-one is a very unlucky number with me—oddly enough I have never yet made 61; like W. G. Grace, who has never made 93. My average this season is 5, which is a respectable number. As Bolton pointed out — if we each got 5 to-day, and there were 6 extras, we should win. I suppose if one plays chess a good deal one thinks of these things.

Harold, I mean George, refused to field, so I nobly put myself in last and substituted for him. This was owing to an argument as to the exact wording of my bet with Gerald.

"You said you'd get him out," said Gerald.

"I meant 'out of the way,' 'out of the field,' 'out of — —'"

"I meant 'out' according to the Laws of Cricket. There are nine ways. Which was yours, I should like to know?"

"Obstructing the ball."

"There you are."

I shifted my ground.

"I didn't say I'd get him out," I explained. "I said I'd get him. Those were my very words. 'I will get George.' Can you deny that I got him?"

"Even if you said that, which you didn't, the common construction that one puts upon the phrase is — "

"If you are going to use long words like that," I said, "I must refer you to my solicitor Bolton."

Whereupon Bolton took counsel's opinion, and reported that he could not advise me to proceed with the matter. So Gerald took second wicket, and I fielded.

However, one advantage of fielding was that I saw the Editor's innings from start to finish at the closest quarters. He came in at the end of the first over, and took guard for "left hand round the wicket."

"Would you give it me?" he said to Bolton. "These country umpires . . . Thanks. And what's that over the wicket? Thanks."

He marked two places with the bail.

"How about having it from here?" I suggested at mid-on. "It's quite a good place, and we're in a straight line with the church."

The Editor returned the bail, and held up his bat again.

"That 'two leg,' all right? Thanks."

He was proceeding to look round the field when a gentle voice from behind him said: "If you wouldn't mind moving a bit, Sir, I could bowl."

"Oh, is it over?" said the Editor airily, to hide his confusion. "I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon."

Still he had certainly impressed the sister of their captain, and it was dreadful to think of the disillusionment that might follow at any moment. However, as it happened, he had still another trick up his sleeve. Bolton hit a ball to cover, and the Editor, in the words of the local paper, "most sportingly sacrificed his wicket when he saw that his partner had not time to get back. It was a question, however, whether there was ever a run possible."

Which shows that the reporter did not know of the existence of their captain's sister.

When I came in the score was 51 for nine, and Henry was still in. I had only one ball to play, so I feel that I should describe it in full. I have four good scoring strokes — the cut, the drive, the hook, and the glance. As the bowler ran up to the crease I decided to cut the ball to the ropes. Directly, however, it left his hand I saw that it was a ball to hook, and accordingly I changed my attitude to the one usually adopted for that stroke. But the ball came up further than I expected, so at the last moment I drove it hard past the bowler. That at least was the idea. Actually it turned out to be a beautiful glance shot to the leg boundary. Seldom, if ever, has Beldam had such an opportunity for four action photographs on one plate.

Henry took a sixer next ball, and so we won. And the rest of the story of my team is it not written in the journals of *The Sportsman* and *The Chartleigh Watchman*, and in the hearts of all who were privileged to compose it? But how the Editor took two jokes I told him in the train, and put them in his paper (as his own), and how Carey challenged the engine-driver to an 18-hole solitaire match, and how . . . . . those things indeed shall never be divulged.

"The first stone bridge was mostly built by Peter, the Curate of St. Mary's, the foundation stone being laid in 1176. The pious architect did not live to complete the work, as he died in 1902."—*The Friend.*

We do hope Peter was paid piece-work.



The grown-up Brownes consent to join in a game on the sands, "just to please the youngsters." So far, the youngsters have failed to appreciate the altruism of this conduct.

A THREE-FIGURE DIET.

["Mr. Joseph Zeitian, of Brooklyn, New York, who has just celebrated his 101st birthday, advises all who wish to become centenarians to drink plenty of good wine, beer and whisky, to eat what they like, and smoke all they want to." *Daily Express.*]

For many and many a year have I tied myself
Down to a diet supremely severe;
Anything nice have I always denied myself,
Though my soul hankered for Sybarite cheer.
Thoughts of a ruined digestion affrighted me;
Visions of premature funerals blighted me,
So that I shrank from whatever delighted me,
Natural longing o'ermastered by fear.

Through all the four seasons I studied prodigiously
Chemical values of all kinds of fare;
I fed by a formula, followed religiously,
Weighing each dram with a scrupulous care.
Though appetite tortured me, little I heeded it,
Eating when Science declared that I needed it,
Just the right quantity never exceeded it—
When had Hygeia a pupil so rare?

But somehow it happened, the more and more rigorous
Grew my adhesion to health-giving laws,
I found I was steadily growing less vigorous,
Daily grew nearer, I thought, to Death's jaws.
Gone was my youth with its pristine agility,
Nerves were a bundle of irritability,
Driving me fast into sheer imbecility,
Fingers and toes were as skinny as claws.

But hark to the voice of the hale centenarian
Preaching a gospel of sugar and spice!
No longer I'll linger, a pale vegetarian,
Over milk puddings of sago and rice.
In future I'll dare to detest what's detestable,
Eating voraciously any comestible,
Never enquiring if it is digestible—
Only considering whether it's nice.

Salmon—I used to suppose it would poison me—
Luscious young lobster, just fresh from the sea,
And mayonnaise, shedding its creamiest joys on me,
Sources of infinite pleasure shall be.
Bacchus and baccy—no more I'll beware of them;
Careless and happy I'll worship the pair of them.
Once they have taught me to take proper care of them,
Life will be merry and long too for me.

The following form of Notice to Motorists has been recommended for use by local authorities:—

Borough of ——.

The Borough Oubliette, situated in the main thoroughfare, opens automatically to admit all motor-cars travelling at a dangerous speed.

Dear Mr. Punch,—With reference to your Breakfast Scoring Board, permit me to point out an error in Peter's score. After 5 spills, in the last column, for "*out*" you should read "*retired hurt.*" We do in *my* house.—Yours, Paterfamilias.



'Arriet (to her prostrate cavalier). "DON'T YOU TOUCH 'IM, 'ARRY. 'E'S BENEATH YER!"

MR. PUNCH TO THE HARVARD CREW.

GENTLEMEN, It was a great and joyous thought that inspired you to provoke our Cambridge men to a contest of eight-oared ships and flashing oar-blades on Father Thames's historic flood. You are confided to our loyalty and friendship, and, having greeted you as brothers in sport and generous emulation, we shall make it our pride to cherish and guard you until you iterate the mighty surface of the Atlantic and fare away on your homeward course to the banks of the River Charles.

For more years than *Mr. Punch* cares to number has he seen the dark blue flag of Oxford flying in rivalry to Cambridge's light blue at Putney at a season when the wind bites shrewdly and it is very cold. Now, when the sun is hot and the breezes blow mildly, we are to behold the crimson flag of Harvard waving its gallant challenge to the men of the Cam, and on that broad tide which has suffered for so many years the strokes of our native oarsmen we shall behold you feathering and swinging and smiting the beginning.

Mr. Punch is the friend of all manly and modest youngsters, and the encourager of their generous exercises in vigour and skill. Permit him then to greet you with hand and heart and to assure you of his respect and admiration. You have travelled far to match yourselves against the sons of your Mother-University. They too are a sturdy and an active band, worthy foemen, we may believe, for your young giants. For you as for them victory in the race will mean much, but the contest with its chivalry and its effort and its endurance, with its frank and open intercourse and the friendships it must engender will mean much more. It is in this spirit that *Mr. Punch*, speaking on behalf of his countrymen, bids you welcome to our shores, to our river and to our hearts. If you should win he will be among the first to give you a cheer; should you lose he will cheer you no less loudly, for he knows that you will in any case have striven honourably and with undaunted courage. And when the turmoil has ceased and the shouting has died down and we all resume the normal tenor of our lives, may it be yours to feel that your visit to the old country has been in fact as pleasant as every Englishman wishes to make it.

Gentlemen, here's your very good health!

(*Signed*) PUNCH.

Putting it Kindly.

"RELF alone maintained a uniform excellence, and he was unlucky during the lunch interval."—*Daily Chronicle.*

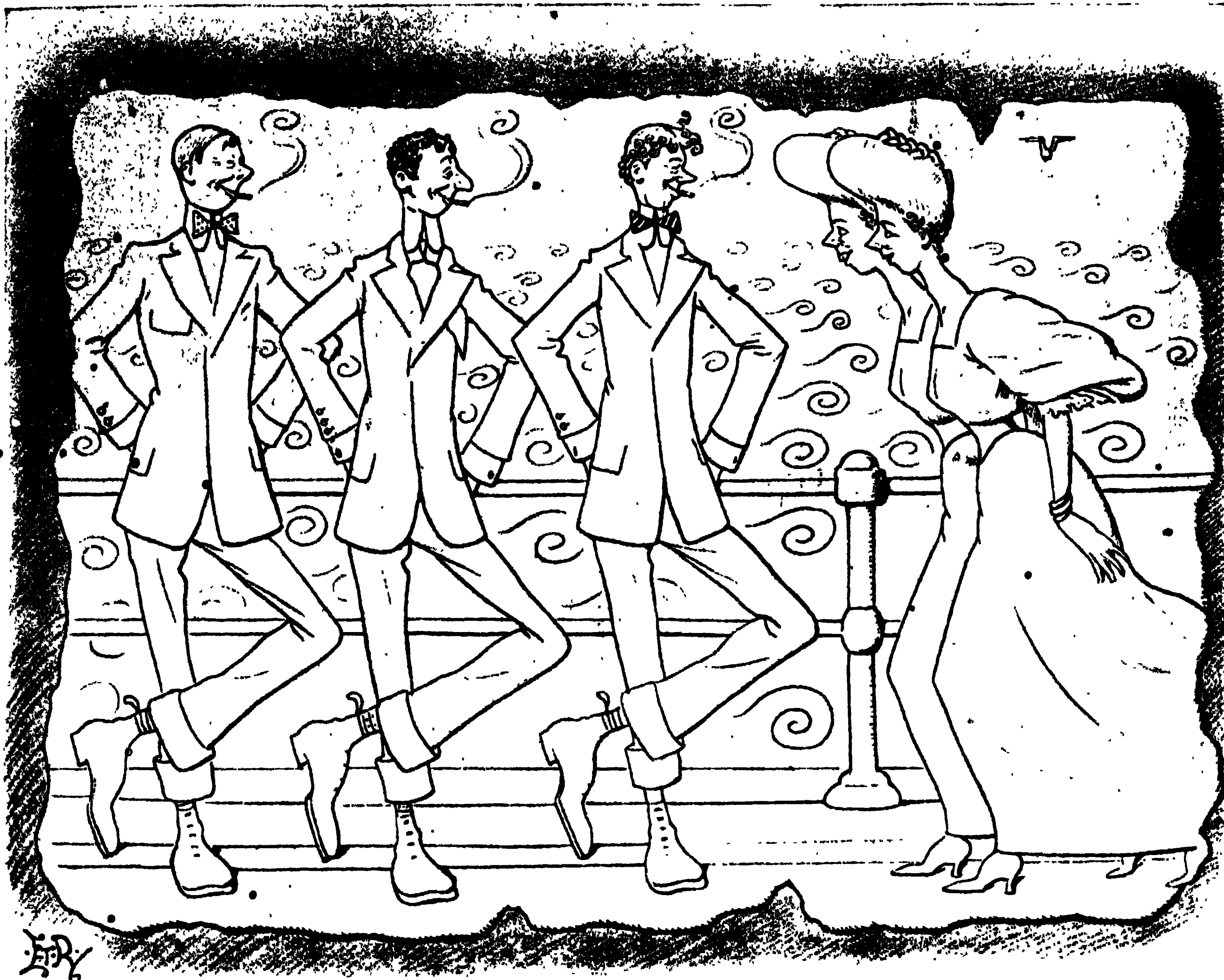


NOT CRICKET.

Captain C.-B. (*to* Keir Hardie). "Look here, my friend, I've always backed up when you've had the bowling; and now you're taking to running me out! Just try and play the game, will you?"

[The attitude of the Labour Party in regard to by-elections is looked upon by the Government as a poor return for their concessions in the Trades Disputes Bill.]

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-SECOND FRAGMENT.

1. In the *dogdéz*, in Orguzd, the days of the heat-wave,

2. did the people of Britan, the lords of the Ōshan, who live in the dust of the *motorin-klassiz*,

3. the smellers of *petrol*, the *jédid-rétpéyaz*, the *swčltrazin-suburbs*, the *travlazin-bussiz*,

4. the *droppaz-oréchiz*, the fathers of *fambliz*,

5. their wives, and their offspring, feel a craving for *ozōn*, for niggers

6. and *sandshus*, for shrimps, *sharri-bangz*, and *kornets* and *pierroz*.

7. They packed their belongings, pulled down the *venīshanz*, sent word to

8. the paper-shop, milkman and baker, . . . ("*maik-perfekli-sertin* the

9. *skularih-uindoh isfarsend-al-raitdhir*") . . . and poured, in

10. their millions, to various *stéshanz*, already a welt'ring *conjestid*

11. *infernoh* of *bhaisikuls*, *bébiz*, *prâms*, *perunts*, and *baggidj*,

12. seized hold of poor purple perspiring officials, and

13. pouring out breathless, *kéyotik-en-quairiz*,

14. "Which way d'yer go for Margit, and Kläktun, Dhīl,

15. 'Astinz, and Yarmath?" . . .

16. ("Ain't there *no* thirds non-smokin'?" . . . "Du moind where yere gowin!" . . . "*Begyer-*

17. *pardun!*" "It's grornted!" . . . "Come on, Billy, now, carn't yer?" . . . "I can't 'elp it, Farver,

18. the beg's gone an' busted!" . . . "Naow, Florry, du 'urry!" . . . "There's

19. *anumbrelarandul* got ketched in my collur!" . . . "There goes Arnt,

20. 'ead first over them things by the bookstall!" . . . "There! what did I tell

21. yer! yer've squashed the bananas all over the biby!" *et-settrah, et-settrah.*)

22. . . . . . . They gradually sorted them out into trainloads,

23. (in, humanly speaking, well furnished compartments)

24. and dragged them down draggled and slightly short-tempered

25. through tunnels and places, delivered them over to

26. Sunburnt, *strorhattid*, vociferous flymen

27. who whisked them off flushed and excited and fretful,

28. in the feverish simmer of mid-summer twilight,

29. to lodgings which no stretch of fancy could

30. Well call "inclusive." . . . . Why, as for the children, they bulged through the windows.

31. Landladies in ringlets, of *furtivd-iminar*

32. (whose fav'rite pursuit, in the dismal *hayĉtuz* when "lets" were not

33. frequent, was watching like spiders,—just inside the lace curtains,—for

34. *flies* from the station bringing victims with luggage who couldn't
35. Get "suited") endeavoured to give, just for one evening
36. only, a delusive appearance of general comfort . . . .
37. propelling their *sloppih-anĭmik-domestikh*
38. up staircases reeking with cooking and varnish,
39. compelling that *torpid-lethargik* young person
40. to exceed the speed limit . . . . . .
. . . . . .
41. With the daylight came sundry annoying
42. disclosures (some flies in the ointment.)
43. "*Omar-ayam* sick of this mattress and pillow,
44. it really is *'oribli-lumpiyan-humpi!*" . . . .
45. "Pā, you *must* come *at once!* We've turned on the
46. 'ot-water, and tryin' to stop it, the tap 'as fell
47. off, an' it's all *overflowin'!* An' the bath's *nulip-aintid*
48. and George Alexander (a family tribute!) 'as blue'd 'imself
49. over — '*Izaulin-izedoph*" . . . . "An' Mar! my room 's
50. *orful!*" — (this came from the daughter, the youngest, I fancy, — 'Enrietta Maria),
51. "I'm over the kitchen!!, an' the text on the wall 'ere
52. says ''Eat an' be thankful' !!!"
53. As the morning proceeded, the family made their initial appearance
54. to sample the simple delights of the district.
55. A couple of daughters went forth to the slaughter in
56. elbow-sleeved *blousiz* of *phlimsi-matĕryal*
57. (*mercer-aizd-laun* I think somebody called it),
58. no visible hats, but their hair neatly rolled as a sort of a shelter
59. protruding in front, supported, I take it, on some weird *mechanik-al*
60. *struktcha* or *yirda*, at the back as a finish a celluloid comb
61. (or some other explosive),
62. with elbows held pendulous, hands that were gloveless
63. but swinging with brazen and conscious suggestion
64. of swagger.—Before they return to their interesting suburb
65. their necks and their arms will be nice terra-cotta (the colour
66. affected by boiling crustaceans),
67. relieved by a charming and stencilised photo of open-work pattern.
68. Their effect on the bareheaded striplings in flannels,
69. the sitters on railings, the jumpers of counters, the shewers of socks
70. particoloured (suggestive of nothing so much as a *spektrum-analisis*
71. wholly demented) with collars as soft as their—hearts (I'm the soul of
72. politeness!) the Bit-lanki, the Bit-gorki, the Bit-lofi, the *Traîfor-theármih*,
73. the *Gothrū-themilĭshar*, the male Hatless Brigade (or shall we say
74. *Head*less), with butterfly-ties and their hair nicely wavy to flutter
75. the fair promenaders aforesaid (any mental deterioration
76. arising from over-exposure in the case of such persons
77. would never be noticed, the male and the female
78. are equal in cerebral power each to each
79. as our dear old friend Yūklid
80. would put it -
81. ah! you thought I'd forgotten the verb, but I hadn't!) . . . was all
82. that their fancy so fondly had painted.
83. It really does make one's pulse beat a
84. bit faster to see these dear *Jŏnniz*
85. the future of Britan. I can hear them remarking
86. "How awfully jolly it must be for those *chappiz*,
87. the Pahlivu-frongsehz and quaint little Jappiz to share an Alliance
88. with men who at all events haven't a rival
89. at shooting — their linen."

E. T. R.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

(Extract from Preface.)

I felt that nature had intended me for an anthologist; but alas! it seemed that I had been born too late; all the anthologies were already made; I could only repeat the design of another.

Dark is the night that knows nor moon nor star:
Darker the breast abandoned to despa'r.

Then a sudden ray of inspiration illumined my mournful mind. The "hundred best" examples of everything had been offered to the public times innumerable; but what of the hundred worst? Ah! I lived again: I would straightway gather together the Hundred Worst Poems in the English language.

I threw myself into my task with an ardour capable of overcoming the most obstinate difficulties; and indeed difficulties were not wanting: had it been the *million* worst poems I designed to bring together, I would have done it easily; but the selection of so small a number as a hundred is a matter requiring much and delicate discrimination.

Conscious as I am of the shortcomings of my work, it yet affords me no little satisfaction to reflect that in this wide field I have drawn the first furrow; that whatever changes may come I must still be regarded as one of the world's pioneers; for though many have tried to *compose* the hundred worst poems none before myself has ever thought of *selecting* them from the great storehouse of English Poetry and binding them into a single garland.

"THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR——."

(From our half-over-seas correspondent.)

5 a.m.—The Channel close in shore is at present dotted with masks and faces, and at least forty per cent. of the swimmers are confident of reaching the French coast. Mew has got a fine swinging tide under him and is purring with pleasure. The weather conditions are, as usual at the start, practically perfect, but at the same time there is no use blinking the fact that the sea is very wet.

7.45 a.m.—What looked at one time like being a nasty accident was only narrowly averted; a turbine steamer, carrying some of those old fogies who either cannot or will not swim, collided with one of the lesser-known aspirants for the Blue Riband of the Surf. Luckily he happened to be a particularly hard-headed Scotsman, who, explaining that he was in low water, agreed to take £5 as ascertained and liquidated damages.

8.25 a.m.—The number of swimmers has now increased to such an alarming extent, and the displacement of water is so great that the French coast is slowly but surely disappearing.

9.10 a.m. Holbein, who is well within eighteen miles of the place where Calais used to be, is complaining bitterly that there is no room to swim, and alleges that he has been twice kicked in the face by a lady who passed him on the wrong side.

Later.—Twenty-three of the competitors have been taken on board their respective tugs; seven on account of the water being too warm, twelve because the water is too cold, and the remainder (who are in offices in the City) because their leave has expired.

2 p.m.—A dense crowd of French swimmers has been sighted, and it is hoped that a large proportion of them will reach Dover before nightfall and take part in the banquet which is being inaugurated in their honour by the Mayor.

3.15 p.m.—The man who was playing the bag-pipes is very sea-sick; the swimmers are striking out with renewed hope.

4 p.m.—It is now looking very like rain.

STOP PRESS NEWS.
Channel Swim
Abandoned, raining.



INADEQUATE DESCRIPTION.

Dougal (to shooting tenant, who has brought out a dog recently purchased at auction, and is now trying to whistle it back from the hill opposite). "Hoo wasn't they describit him in the catalogue, did ye say?"

Tenant. "It only said, 'From Stranraer.'" *Dougal.* "They micht ha' said, '*To* and from Stranraer'!"

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF CADDIES.

To judge from a report in a recent issue of *The Manchester Courier* the ignorance of the Southport caddies is seriously exercising the attention of the local education authorities. Mrs. Foard, one of the members of the Birkdale Area Education Committee, stated that as the result of "some little amateur examinations she had conducted on the golf links" she wondered how the caddies succeeded in maintaining their position in the higher standards. "Some of them could not tell the capital of England," while others seemed to have no idea that it was necessary to get out of England by water in order to go on the Continent. Mr. Cockshott, the Chairman, suggested that, if the golf club committee conducted an examination and only admitted those boys who passed it, it would be a very great help.

We all know that, generally speaking, Lancashire leads the way in progress, but there are exceptions to prove the rule, and in the education of caddies there can be no doubt that they manage things better in Scotland.

Thus it may not be generally known that the system of University Extension adopted at the University of St. Andrews embraces a Caddie Department, presided over by Professor Thomas Morris. Thanks to the courtesy of the Principal of St. Andrews we are enabled to reprint the General Paper set at the last terminal examination of his class by Professor Andrew Kirkaldy, Litt. D., who occupies the chair of *Belles Lettres* in this department with the utmost urbanity:

1. What are the capitals of Manchuria, Bessarabia, the Balearic Isles? Who are the amateur champions of Seistan, Podolia, Nova Zembla, Pitcairn Island and Bolivia?

2. What Greek philosopher was responsible for the dictum that "the half is greater than the hole"? Reconcile the apparent antinomy of this paradox.

3. Who is the only leading professional golfer who habitually plays in knickerbockers?

4. Write brief biographies of Dolly Vardon, Miss May Hezlet, the Earl of Arlington, and Fuseli.

5. According to some histories John Ball was a priest who took part in the rebellion of Wat Tyler. Examine the evidences for this view and state how many strokes Ben Sayers would give the Benicia Boy if the latter were still alive.

6. Mr. Horace Hutchinson recommends champagne before match play. State Sir Victor Horsley's view on the subject and discuss the relative merits of Talisker, phenacetin, and lemon squash as a corrective to slicing.

7. On what occasion did a famous professional golfer describe his partner (a distinguished minister of the Free Church) as "a sanctified eediot?" Did the provocation justify such intemperate language?

8. State the best routes to Le Touquet, La Boulie, and Biarritz, and give your candid opinion as to the bearing of the employment of girl caddies on the Woman Suffrage Question.

9. Give the context of the following Shakspearean quotations. (1) "I know a Hawk from a Haskell." (2) "This apish and unmannerly approach."

10. What odds could Lord Dudley and Mrs. Asquith give Lord Halsbury and the Countess Torby? Is it true that the Grand Duke Michael drives a longer ball than the Duke of Devonshire?

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

III.

My Fellow-Clubmen.

We numbered, on the average, forty members. Indeed, we have been called "The Fighting Forty." Each of us was known by a nickname—with one exception. It was significant of the respect in which our leader was held that there was no nickname for him. He was always just simply The Captain. I was Ears. Other prominent members were The Hog, The Hippopotamus, The Snipe, The Silly Sheep, The Wolf, The Turnip, The Carrot, The Pipe-Cleaner, The



The Pipe-Cleaner.

Berlin-Wool Shop, The International Fur Stores, The Map, The Torpedo, The Mummer (an interesting fellow, this: he was on the stage for many years, and had performed at all the principal hippodromes in Europe), The Dook (who claimed to be the second cousin of a pedigree dog, and was the only one of us who was careful of his toilet; it was even rumoured that he used coat-gloss), The Dyspeptic (who was absurdly touchy), King Leer (who was always ogling the women), Nobody's Darling, Bulgy, The Man-Hater, The Looney, The Braggart (he boasted, among other things, that he was the Derby Dog in 1901), The Cat, The Spotted Dog, The Ghost, The Parricide (he slew his father in a fight), and Adam (who refused to wear even a collar, and was frequently taken up by the police for being insufficiently clothed). Of some of these I propose to speak at greater length later on. We were not, perhaps, a pretty lot to look at, but we were businesslike and always ready for action. We would not shun a fight for fear that our hair might get disarranged. By-the-by, I should mention that it was at one time proposed by The Hippopotamus that the members, instead of having *sobriquets*, which were apt to cause unnecessary pain, should be called that species of dog which they most resembled. The Captain, however, declared that he would never have sufficient time at his disposal to decide such knotty questions as would then arise.

Poor old Hippo!

The Map.

But The Hippopotamus was by no means our most unfortunate-looking member. The Map was this. I challenge any other club to produce a member like The Map. We were proud of The Map.

He was a dog who was divided up all over by means of black lines—he was completely criss-crossed in this way—and on each piece of territory so marked off there was writing; and it was all done in the most untidy manner. You never saw such a sight as The Map—he was the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood—and, had I been he, I should only have walked abroad at night.

His tale was a sad one. The Map had suffered much.

He started life, he told me one day, as a smooth-coated all-white like The Ghost. His youth was not unhappy. Then, one day, he was presented to a family of six children, and his martyrdom began.

It would have been all right if he had been given to one of them, but he was given to all of them, and they were exceptionally quarrelsome children. On the very day of his arrival there was a big row, because the eldest boy claimed him by right of primogeniture. This privilege of the first-born, it seems, had never been disputed till then. It extended to all things, including the right of being served first at meals, so that the next eldest longed for the heir's death, for he did not relish the idea of having to wait till, perhaps, he was seventy before he was entitled to the first slice of pudding. But as regards their new present the younger sons would have none of this, and there was bloodshed threatened, until the Nurse said angrily, "It's all of your dogs, of course, and, what's more, if you don't stop quarrelling, it shan't be any of your dogs!" This threat sobered the children a bit, but by the end of the day the poor Map was tired to death, for they all tried to stroke him at the same time, and there was not room on him for this, and he was pushed and buffeted until he felt inclined to drop. As time went on things did not improve, and there was not a day on which The Map was not the cause of some dispute—to his great inconvenience. Sometimes, as a punishment to the children, he would be locked in a dark cellar for the entire day, so that none of them could have him.

Then one afternoon the outrage took place.

The idea was that of a school-friend who had come to tea, and who had been reading about the partition of Africa.

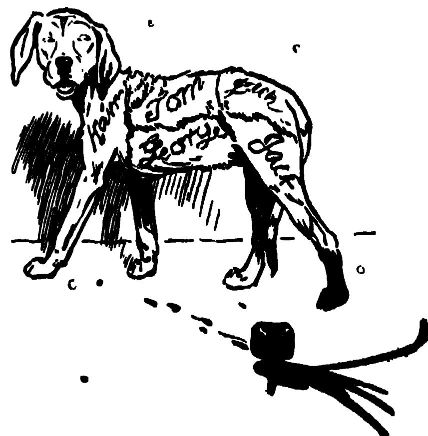
This young savage noticed what a source of contention The Map was, especially when he asked to whom the dog belonged and received the answers, "Me!" "Me!!" "Me!!!" "Me!!!!" "Me!!!!!" and "Me!!!!!!"

"Why don't you partition him?" asked the guest. At this The Map, who thought he was actually to be cut up, made for the door; but it was shut before he could escape.

"How?" asked the children.

The savage then explained. They were to decide on a scheme of allotment, and then with a paint brush and some marking ink he would stake the dog out. The proposal was received with acclamation, and, after a great deal of squabbling, it was decided that the eldest boy should have the head (with the sole right to feed—a nice thing for The Map, who had hitherto received food from all of them), the others were each to have a stretch of the body, while the tail—which for some reason or other was much coveted—was divided into six. The Map, all trembling, was then seized, and the suggested demarcations were made in indelible ink, and the children's names written on the appropriate parts. At the last moment the school-friend said he thought he ought to have a piece as originator of the idea, and this was agreed to. This necessitated some of the lines being deleted, and The Map suffered agonies under an abortive attempt to alter him with ink-eraser. Finally the lines which were to be shifted had to be scratched out in ink, and when this was done, and, in the excitement, several blots made on the poor beast, one may imagine how he looked. You never saw such a mess!

And even this vile plan did not mean



The Map.
The demarcations were made in indelible ink.

peace for my unfortunate friend. There was soon trouble about his tail. The owner of one section commanded him to wag it, and the owner of another section forbade him to wag *his* part. And before the party broke up one boy had swopped a piece of his territory, halfway down the back, for a collection of postage stamps, and further alterations were made.

No wonder some dogs get soured!

That night The Map ran away. He

did not stop running until the next morning. Then the Captain met him, and The Map became one of our most valued members. For he was now an Enemy of Society, and therefore a good fighter, and the Captain liked to surround himself with such.

The Map, I should mention, was always most sensitive about his appearance, and it was a bold dog who dared to joke about it in his presence.

CHARIVARIA.

Dr. Clifford has begged to differ from Father Vaughan. The Smart Set at Westbourne Park is all that can be desired.

The Gaekwar of Baroda has said he does not think much of the complexion of American girls, and there is talk of establishing a Rouge Trust.

It is reported that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have volunteered to intervene with a view to bringing about a settlement of the unfortunate differences which have arisen between the Government and the Labour Party.

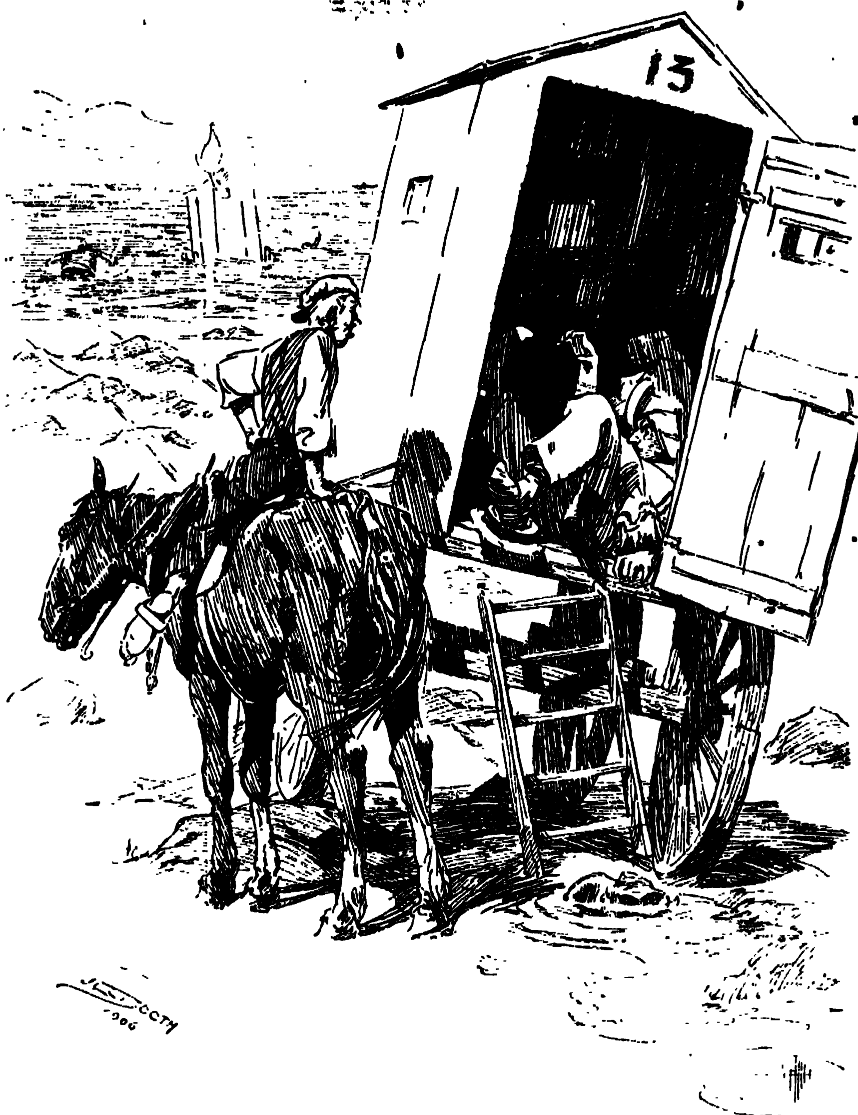
The Daily Chronicle published, the other day, a portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill over the title, "The Hope of His Side." But surely this is a vain hope. Mr. Churchill can hardly be expected to put on any more side.

The heat during the Townshend Inquiry was, we can imagine, almost unbearable, but we were none the less surprised to read the following statement in a usually reliable contemporary:— "Mr. Sutherst tendered himself as the next witness, and disrobed before going into the box."

A serious decline in the popularity of the British Museum is indicated by an official return of attendances. It is thought, however, that if a few Pierrots be introduced all may yet be well.

According to *The Hospital* one effect of the San Francisco earthquake was to cure a number of persons of indigestion. As a consequence of this statement house-agents are now hopeful of letting to dyspeptics quite a quantity of empty houses on motor-omnibus routes.

The suggestion made by the Committee of Inquiry that cab-drivers should wear coloured badges to distinguish their length of experience in years is, we should have thought, somewhat superfluous. In the case of four-wheelers, at any rate, the older the driver the ruddier his nose, is already a rule.



THE SANDS OF PLEASURE.

Boy. "Please remember the driver."

Passenger (after rough and rocky journey). "You fiend! I shall never forget you!"

Meanwhile we hear that it has almost been decided that the number of motor-omnibuses in the Metropolis must be reduced, and that, with a view to bringing about the necessary reduction, racing is to be allowed while nearly everyone is out of town.

A Shrewsbury chemist has been fined ten pounds for poisoning a number of dogs. The opinion in canine circles is that the fellow ought to have received the cat.

To the great delight of the Directors of the South Eastern Railway a recent accident to a child on another line proved the danger of having handles inside railway carriages. The South Eastern Railway has always set itself against this and many other new-fangled ideas.

The London County Council has decided to allow duly qualified persons to give instruction in swimming at several of the Metropolitan Parks and Commons, and soon there will be no excuse for a Londoner being unable to cross the Strand on a rainy day.

The Daily Mail has discovered that the "Motor-Cough" is "caused by the minute particles of dust raised by motor-cars which lodge themselves in the laryngeal passage." If people *will* use their gullets as garages, what can they expect?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A Motor Car Divorce (DUCKWORTH), by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, will disappoint many who may be attracted by the promise of its title. There is plenty of motor-car in it, but nothing resembling a divorce. Never have the Apennines or the Alps been moted over by a couple so virtuous, so devoted to one another, so congenial in temperament. But it was necessary that some sort of piquancy should be instilled into the diary of a tour along the fairly familiar roads between Naples and Paris. So the author represents herself as a member of an Advanced Women's Club in New York, where they approve the Meredithian scheme of marriage-contracts terminable every ten years, a scheme of which she undertakes to be the first active apostle. She will emancipate herself from her husband on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Like a good fellow he enters heartily into this proposition, only stipulating that it shall not be carried through on vulgar lines, that would bring their happy home into contempt through servants' evidence.

Accordingly they arrange a motor-car tour as likely to furnish occasion for bickerings of which she can take full notes in a diary to be used in Court against him. But in the event we are told that no entry, except of the cost of gasoline, ever gets into the diary, which makes it difficult to understand how the book ever came to be written, unless the fleshy tablets of the lady's mind were unusually retentive of impressions. Her narrative, written in American, and with scarce a pretence to literary style, is delightfully fresh and fluent. It avoids tedious descriptions, and often hits off the characteristics of a scene in a single sentence quotable under the pleasant fluffy little sketches (by WALTER HALE) that permit one to realise the text. The plot of the small comedy in which the Other Woman figures as a cause of groundless jealousy is rather thin and artificial, but the motor-car itself is a very convincing object, and grows quite human as one gets to understand its idiosyncrasies. The book abounds in the liveliest humour, some of it a little forced, much of it merely American, but with a charming residue that has the right quality.

I must suppose that the author really saw most of the things that she describes, however faulty her spelling of foreign names (*Tedesci* for *Tedeschi*, *bersilieri* for *bersaglieri*) may be; yet one becomes suspicious when she talks of the "Petits Chevaux" at Aix as an "affair" in which "a ball bobs round." Might not Messrs. DUCKWORTH & Co., with their superior knowledge, have put her right on this point? Then there is a picture of an English Peer which scarcely corresponds to anything outside the traditions of ignorance. But these defects are of small consequence; and many worse faults might easily be forgiven to a writer that has so gay a humour, so buoyant a charm.

The Ring of Day is framed to melt
The hearts of pathriot sons of Erin,
Who dream of Ireland for the Celt,
Unharassed by the realm that we 're in—

A land with tyrants overthrown
(As sung of old by minstrel rhymers),
That has a language all its own,
And speaks it (with the help of primers).

The heroine, whose life-long work
Is aiming at this consummation,
Is "bored and boring *Beatrice Burke*"—
I quote her own apt appellation.

HUTCHINSON is the publisher,
And MARY BUTLER author of it,
And I expect, for him and her
(And Erin), mighty little profit.

The Mystery of Magdalen (JOHN LONG) is murder, a circumstance whose gruesomeness is lightened to the sensitive mind by the alliterative charm of the title. Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN lays on her colour thick and slab. Villains, chiefly Russian, come and go red-handed. *Magdalen* herself cherishes filial resolve to slay the largest of them, one *Rachmanenhoff*, who had betrayed her father to the servant of the CZAR. To that end she deliberately marries a good-looking reputedly rich Englishman. Why without that preliminary she could not have shot at sight the villain whom, in view of limited space, it is convenient to refer to as *R.*, is one of the minor mysteries of the drama. At one point Mrs. KERNAHAN brings on the scene a veiled woman, for whom *Magdalen's fiancé* provides meat and lodging. There's nothing in the incident. She is merely his twin sister, temporarily parted from her husband. But what with her veil, her baby and her twin's secretiveness the experienced reader suspects mischief. It all comes right in the end. But before reaching it one rushes breathless through a series of blood-curdling scenes.

HOLIDAY VIGNETTES.

NOT to those sands whose adolescent diggers
Foster a lively trade in Chelsea buns;
Whose airs are balmy with the noise of niggers,
Where lounge the flower of Neptune's fishy sons;
Not to some haunt go I whose gilded palaces
Cater with bands and oyster bars for him
Whose purse is light; where pleasure's ready chalice is
Filled for a modest shilling to the brim.

Not to hotels where jaded table-d'hôters
Are gorged with dubious and dyspeptic fare,
Where rich men flaunt their millions and their motors,
And rich men's wives the newest shades of hair;
Not to some spa where invalids are carried off
Daily to bathe in evil-smelling ooze,
Where coy young things of thirty-five get married off
To nervous widowers that daren't refuse.

Mine be to bask in some secluded village,
Some murmurous haunt of not too hungry flies,
Far from the shamelessly persistent pillage
Of fashionable caravanserais;
Some moorland homestead girt with purple distances,
Or Kentish farm deep bowered in orchard rows;
Some fishing town the means of whose subsistence is
Plain, but not too apparent, to the nose.

There let me live a life of peace and quiet,
Screened from the turmoil that my spirit loathes,
Taking a large but inexpensive diet,
And wearing out my oldest set of clothes;
There let me gaze enraptured on the scenery,
Breathe the fine air and sniff the loud ozone,
Or roam through lanes high walled with tender greenery,
Soaked in divine contentment to the bone.

Fresh air, fresh scenes, fresh solitude to banish
Black cares that irk the town-distracted soul;
With warbling birds, and timid beasts that vanish,
Long ere you see them, down a neighbouring hole.
These would I seek. But man's a poor dull camel, he
Still bears a load he cannot put away,
And so I 've got to take my wife and family
To spend a pleasant fortnight at Herne Bay. ALGOL.

The Decadence of Scotch Humour.

"PARTIES wanted, with capital, to join practical man in the making of low yarns in the South of Scotland."—*Scotsman.*



BUBBLES.

"I say, Girls, look at Cissy! Isn't she getting on splendidly?"

GOLF À LA RUSSE.

The first Russian golf club was opened on August 15, the links being situated on the Kolomyagi race-course about three miles north of St. Petersburg. We understand that natural and political exigencies have necessitated a slight revision of the rules of the Royal and Ancient game, as embodied in the following addenda:—

1. Membership shall be confined to the Order of St. Andrew the First-called, who is by Imperial ukase appointed Patron of the Club.

2. The Constitutional Democratic Party (alias the "K.D.'s"), headed by Professor Miliukoff, being now relieved of their labours in the Duma, shall serve as "caddies." [Their Russian nickname approximates almost exactly to the Scottish term, and was bestowed upon them in anticipation of their sole useful function in the future.]

3. "Colonel Bogie," on the score of being a Terrorist, shall be debarred from all play on the links, and, if discovered, shall be given his passports and deported back to England by the club Ispravnik.

4. Should a grand-ducal match be in progress, a state of "extraordinary protection" of the course shall be declared, every bunker being personally searched for *nyeblagonadyozhniye* (or politically untrustworthy) persons by General Trepoff and M. Stolypin.

5. Every hole shall be guarded by a Cossack, and a sotnia held in readiness at Pargalovo, three versts away, in case of a pogrom among the players or K.D.'s.

6. A bomb between a ball and the hole shall count as a stimie, and, if at the bottom of the hole, shall entail the loss of the same to the player whose ball first comes in contact with it.

7. Not more than three players with their K.D.'s shall assemble at any one hole, "foursomes" being prohibited. The course shall be covered on the *étape* system, by signal from the Cossack at the next hole in front.

8. K.D.'s shall not presume to give advice to the players, thus overstepping the limits of the Imperial Manifesto of October, 1905.

9. If, during the winter season, a K.D. be lost in the snow, another may be taken up by the scruff of the neck and dropped behind the player's back, life being cheap in Russia.

10. A list of expletives shall be authorised and issued by the Censor. Any infringement by a player other than an Actual Privy Councillor or M. Pobedonostseff (late Procurator of the Holy Synod) shall be punished by administrative exile to Siberia.

11. For the word "Fore!" shall be substituted the Russian term "Seitchas!" (directly!) meaning that in an hour or so, according to the national connotation, a ball will be coming along.

12. Any disputes between the players shall be referred to the Hague Conference, in order that the latter body may justify its existence.

Zig-Zag.

THE READING OF THE POEM.

(*From the Peasqueak Papers.*)

I am not likely soon to forget that night.

The room was one of the most charming in England, looking out on the geranium beds with their borders of blue lobelias and bright and vivid calceolarias; at the beautiful rustic seats and the closely-shaven lawn, and the white croquet hoops and gaily-coloured posts which testified to our host's occasional descents from the realms of poesy in which he normally dwelt to such mundane trivialities as games of ball.

The room within was in perfect keeping with this garden paradise. It was long and large, with wide mahogany seats in the four deep windows, ancient mahogany chairs and great bookcases filled with the best books; dark pier tables, a centre table and a mirror over the ample fireplace all of good English make and solidity. There were geraniums in the window boxes, other and choicer books on the table; while an air of quiet refinement and the very essence of cultured homeness, if I may coin a word, pervaded all. This is the meagre outline of a room which, having once sat within, you would wish never to see changed, in which many pure and noble men and women have loved to commune with high thoughts.

I have not said where it was; but it was in the retired London suburb of Anerley that Erasmus Bome had chosen to dwell, rejecting with that wise deliberateness that was always one of his characteristics more fashionable or secluded spots. His house was in the Fairmead Road, No. 8, but like all houses in those parts it had its own name as well as number, and was known as Farringford, out of honour to the great poet of "In Memoriam," which my friend could never mention without tears.

The night to which I refer was many years ago, and I had been asked to make one of a privileged little group of Bome's friends who were to listen to the poet's reading of his new work just completed in MS. "The World at once so Great and Small," as he had called it, in the rotund way which was characteristic of him. I will not name all who were there, but among them was one whose youthful fame and genius were the pride of all Harriet Pickard (now Mrs. Candy), the author of numberless stories for the young, and also Dr. Crimleigh, the historian of Surbiton, whose work is considered by good judges to be an unsurpassed contribution to topography. I can see him now with his mild old face and gold spectacles as he checked off the rhymes with his lifted forefinger. Pretty Bella Blenches, afterwards a pupil of Madame Schumann, was there too, and I remember how beautifully she rendered a *morceau* now and then during the evening. She is now Mrs. Lidbetter, and is still charming.

I wish I could remember exactly what was said by that critical circle; for there were some quick and brilliant minds and some pungent powers of appreciation there. The younger ones, many of them young ladies of Anerley, had all felt the moulding force of some very original and potential educators; and all had read not only Longfellow but Emerson and Ruskin. Of living teachers, probably no one, after the poet himself, had come more intimately and effectually into formative relations with them than Dr. Wilson Campbell, the great antagonist of Huxley.

I wish I could remember what they said; but all that has passed away. I think somebody objected to the length of the title, which the poet admitted to be a fault, but said something of wishing to get the idea of the unity of the world into it as the main idea of the work. I only recall the enthusiastic delight with which canto after canto was received, and Bome's raising himself to his full height at the conclusion and standing over us, as it were, with his hand slipped into his coat, a characteristic attitude, and with a commanding toss of his head as he said, with a break in his voice, "Well, friends all, it can't be so good as you say. There must be *some* faults in it." But we assured him again that there were none. I have seen something of human pomp and happiness (as any man must who has been three times a Mayor), but I never saw any to equal Bome's.

For some reason or other the poem was never published; and of the friends who met there who is left to-day? Mrs. Candy, Mrs. Lidbetter and myself are all I know for certain to be alive. Poor Bome died of pneumonia two years ago at Ilkley; Dr. Crimleigh was knocked down by a pantechnicon van in Oxford Street; and dear Mrs. Bome had to be put under restraint in 1902.

TO A SEAGULL.

O Seagull, you are harsh of song:—
Your voice is very striking, very clear,
But it is not the thing a cultured ear
Could listen to for long.

I cannot call you mild, or meek:
These corpses, cast like seaweed on the shore,
Bear grisly evidence of civil war,
And fratricidal beak.

You do but mock us in the dish:
Even the heartiest gorge must needs recoil
At fibres redolent of brine and oil:
Besides, you smell of fish.

Dear is the soft caressing dove;
And passing dear the long, uxorious wail
In woodlands of the mellow nightingale;
Yet, dearly tho' I love

These, and the palatable snipe,
I hold your matchless plumage dearer still,
In its equipment of the perfect quill
For cleaning out one's pipe.

Dum-Dum.

Leaving Nothing to Chance.

A correspondent forwards us a railway ticket available, on the day of issue only, between West Kensington and St. John's Wood Road (change at Gloucester Road and Baker Street). The following notice is printed on the back:—

"This through Ticket is issued subject to the conditions and regulations . . . of the respective Companies and Proprietors on whose Railways, Coaches, or Steamboats it is available, and the holder, by accepting it, agrees that the respective Companies and Proprietors are not to be liable for any loss, damage, injury, delay, or detention, caused or arising off their respective Railways, Coaches or Steamboats."

The Declining Birth Rate.

Two consecutive paragraphs in *The Lichfield Mercury* run as follows:

"The Bishop of Lichfield will conduct the baptismal service at St. Chad's Church next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

"To Readers.—You will assist *The Mercury* and the district generally by patronising our advertisers whenever possible."

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

"Will clergyman for £1 monthly receive Backward Boy into his house to couch?"—*Church Times.*

"A lady wishes to place her House Dog in family as paying guest; 8*s.* the week."—*Ibid.*



HELPING THE YOUNG IDEA.

Shah. "I WAS THINKING OF GETTING ONE OF THOSE THINGS FOR *MY* PEOPLE."

Czar. "MY DEAR FELLOW, TAKE *THIS* ONE. (*Aside*) I'M GETTING ANOTHER SORT, THAT ONLY GOES BACKWARD."

[It is announced that the Shah threatens to give Persia a constitution.]

THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

["Two German professors have solved the mystery of how to live on nothing a year. They are at present leading an exceedingly simple existence in Kabakon, a small island in the South Seas, where their food consists only of cocoanuts, their clothes of loin cloths of cocoa-nut fibre, and their amusement of sitting in the sea reading."—*Daily Express.*]

I hated the strenuous town,
I shied at the sight of blue forms,
I longed to escape
From the land of red tape
And a chief who is given to storms;
I wished to grow ruddy and brown,
I sighed to become picturesque;
I'd visions in plenty
Of sweet *far niente*,
Far, far from the tyrannous desk.

Yet visions like these were in vain:
Dame Fortune proved ever severe,
And she bade me quill-drive
From eleven to five
For a pitiful pittance a year.
It seemed to me painfully plain
That Poverty made it my fate
To sit like the Peri,
Heart-broken and weary,
Outside the delectable gate.

For Dives alone (fancied I)
Could afford—lucky beggar!—to slack,
And list to the breeze
Sighing soft through the trees
As he lay at full length on his back.
For Dives alone was the sky
Mirrored blue in the blue summer sea—
Alas! the rare pleasure
Of infinite leisure
Could never be tasted by me.

But when the dark cloud of despair
Had plunged all my soul in black night,
On a sudden came news
That disposed of my blues,
As the sun puts the darkness to flight.
I heard of a spot passing fair
Whose nature wears ever a smile,
Where palms wave above you,
And money—Lord love you!—
There's none in this Fortunate Isle.

Till you're hot you may lie i' the sun,
You may sit in the sea till you're cool,
And you promptly forget
That you ever have met
Such a thing as a desk or a stool.
Official reports there are none;
Dull minutes no longer exist
To worry and bore you,
Though years stretch before you
In which you may do as you list.

The prospect of hunger or thirst
Need never occasion a qualm:
Are you anxious to feed,
You will find all you need
In a neighbouring cocoa-nut palm.
Fruit, luscious and ready to burst,
Falls temptingly into your mouth,
While a few minutes' plaiting
Of cocoa-nut matting
Suffices for dress in the South.

Suppose you are tempted to wed,
You size up your feminine chums,
And you simply decide
Which you want as a bride,
And you say to her, "Come!" and she comes.
Of settlements nothing is said;
No relatives make a to-do
And ask whence the tin comes,
For there are no incomes
Where no one possesses a sou.

So, strenuous London, good-bye!
No more will I fill up blue forms
Or cringe at the nod
Of a little tin god
Who is prone (as I mentioned) to storms.
The hour of salvation is nigh,
The days of my slavery gone.
Farewell, toil and sorrow!
I'm starting to-morrow
For freedom and fair Kabakon!



VESTED INTERESTS.

Mrs. Goldstein. "Isn't that a customer of ours, Isaac? He doesn't take any notice of us."

Mr. Goldstein (outfitter). "Yes, he's a customer all right, but he never pays. Still, he might have raised his hat to me."

CHARIVARIA.

We have not had long to wait for an object lesson showing the danger of Parliamentary recesses. Scarcely had the House risen when an Ethiopian was sent to prison at Durban merely for preaching sedition. Mr. Byles, M.P., would have had something to say about that.

We are in a position to deny the silly rumour that Mr. Haldane, if he attends the German manœuvres, will wear the coquettish uniform of a Lancer.

The War Stores Report is still being discussed, and the War Office is blamed for not having made preparations for the "winding up" of the War. To this the War Office retorts by asking how was it to know that the War would ever be ended.

According to *Reuter*, one of the Sultan's palace doctors, who has relieved His Majesty of much pain, has been promoted to the rank of General by the grateful monarch, and now there is scarce a dentist in Constantinople who does not hope one day to be an Admiral.

A letter, which bore the vague inscription: "Corner house—two stone dogs in front—Clacton," has been delivered by the postal authorities at a house with two stone dogs in front at Clacton. Talk about *Sherlock Holmes!*

So many people are of the opinion that solicitors are grasping that we think it unfortunate that Sir George Lewis, in reply to a query from *The Daily Mail* on the subject of sleep, should have said that he thought eight hours sufficient, but that he took nine.

Commercial morality does not seem to improve. What are we to think of a firm which is boldly advertising "Boned" chicken for sale?

Apparently *The Jungle* is not to be the only novel on the subject of the Potted Meat Scandals. We notice that a firm of publishers have just brought out a book entitled *The Poison of Tongues*.

Tenby has decided to look after its bathers. "The Town Council," we read, "has agreed that in future all male bathers shall be attired in a University costume." Anything, we suppose, is better than dulness, and the spectacle of bathers in cap and gown should certainly prove an additional attraction.

We would draw the attention of those persons who hold that otter-hunting is not cruel to the fact that last week an M.O.H. received a nasty bite from one of these beasts.

The Dogs' Home at Battersea is to be enlarged. When rebuilt it will be able to house dachshunds of any reasonable length.

Meanwhile we have nothing in London to rival the magnificent *Curhaus* which is a feature of so many continental towns.

"There is no doubt," says *The Industrial Motor Review*, "that there is a large field open in Persia for motor vehicles." The idea is an admirable one, and it seems strange that in England we should hitherto have confined motor vehicles to the roads (and ditches) when there must be quite a number of "large fields" available.

A gentleman writes to a contemporary to complain of the harsh treatment meted out to "luggage in advance" by the average porter. It is only fair to one firm of carriers to state that it puts the public on its guard. The poster issued by them as an advertisement of the new system depicts a devil carrying a portmanteau.

Mr. Hall Caine, we hear, has been greatly interested in the discussion which has been raging in the columns of *The Express*: "Are we becoming less religious?" Mr. Caine's experience is that we are. He fancies he does not meet with the same amount of reverence that used to be shown him.

We try to believe everything we read in the newspapers, but sometimes we find it difficult. For instance *The Cardiff Evening Express*, in describing a policeman's encounter with a prisoner the other day, said, "His trousers gave way, and after struggling half-an-hour they became exhausted."

THE PARTING GUEST.

How to speed the parting guest is, and has long been, one of the most puzzling problems to those who live in the country; and it recurs in its acutest form every Monday morning. The genius who would hit on the perfect way, ensuring a rapid and successful departure without any loss of affection for the host and hostess, or even suspicion that they were interested in this acceleration or had any wish in the world but that the guest should stay on for ever—that genius would deserve a monument of gold. In default, however, of the ideal solution, certain suggestions have from time to time been made, some crude enough may be, but all well-intended; as, for example, that on the Sunday night the bedroom should be filled with *Bradshaws*, one even being slipped negligently into the bed itself; or that on saying good-night the visitor should be reminded that he would be called early to make sure of his train. These are good ways, but an even better is the Railway Hint Card, invented by Messrs. De Spatch, the stationers, copies of which have been sent to us, and one of which we reproduce:

Trains Leave for London.

A.M.	P.M.
6.35	2.01
*8.40	3.36
†10.24	5.14
‡11.55	7.30

* Highly recommended.
† Recommended.
‡ Good sound train.

These cards, if plentifully hung about the house on Sundays, or placed in the visitors' plates and on their looking-glasses and so forth, are guaranteed tactfully and quietly to have the desired effect.

A CONVERSATIONAL QUESTION

Dear Mr. Punch,—Knowing that you are always ready to help those in trouble I am venturing to write for your advice in a matter of some importance to myself. The facts briefly are these.

About a year ago I had dinner at my Club with a man whom I will call Smith. In the smoking-room afterwards Smith introduced me to a friend of his, and we all had a few words together. I shall speak of the friend as Jones, but I would have you know, *Mr. Punch*, that this name conceals the identity of a man of some eminence, and a man old enough to be—at any rate my uncle. Indeed I gather from *Who's Who* that with ordinary luck he might well have been my father.

After the introduction Smith went back to the country, and, but for an occasional visit to town, there he remains. Jones and I, however, are stuck in London—fellow-members of a Club which we use daily. I need hardly say that at least once a day we come across each other. It is because of this, *Mr. Punch*, that I am writing to you.

Jones, as I have said, is a man of years, position and dignity; I am young, and unknown to anybody save the third waiter on the left as you go into the dining-room. Jones' particular subject is Schopenhauer; mine is Cricket (and in passing, I may say that it is a certainty for Kent).

Politeness demands that we should



Cyclist. "Why can't you look where you're going?"
Motorist. "How the dickens could I when I didn't know!"

say something when we meet, and of course I am quite ready to suit my conversation to his. If he really wants to talk about Schopenhauer, I am willing; but somehow I feel that the inquiry, "How's Schop?" coming from a man so much younger than himself, would not be altogether satisfactory. My own subject, County Cricket, would be of little interest to him; so that there remains only the weather and——

Yes, *Mr. Punch*, you have guessed it. Our mutual friend Smith.

Reasoning, doubtless, on different lines we have arrived at the same conclusion. Let me give you what used to be our daily dialogue.

Scene—*Any of the Club rooms.*

Jones } *(meeting suddenly).* Hallo!
Myself }

A pause, while we think hard of what to say next. Then

Jones } *(in unison).* Seen Smith lately?
Myself }

Jones } *(together but in harmony).* { Not lately.
Myself } { Not for ages.

Another long pause. Then

Jones (on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays). Well, I must be getting on.

(On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays the remark is mine.)

Scene closes.

Now that, *Mr. Punch*, is what has been going on for weeks, and I ask you, is it worthy of either of us? Personally, I am sick of it, and about a month ago I determined to try something else. Accordingly, after the preliminary "Hallos," I said:

Myself. How lucky! I particularly wanted to see you.

He (striking an attitude of resigned attention). Yes?

Myself. Yes. I wanted to ask you—now, let's see, what was it?

He (confound him!). Anything about Smith?

Myself (weakly giving in). Er—yes. Er—how *is* he?

He. I haven't seen him lately.

Myself. Oh, thanks. Good bye.

Since then I have tried to avoid him, and he, I am sure, has tried to avoid me. But it is all useless. Every day the same thing happens. Now, dear *Mr. Punch*, can you help me? I don't think I am naturally a fool. I can talk to men of my own age, and to children, and to ladies (if they are nice to me) with more or less success; but in the presence of Jones, who is old enough to be my uncle, and who knows Schopenhauer intimately, I am tongue-tied.

Good-bye. Kent is absolutely—oh, but I told you that before.

Ever, *Mr. Punch*, your devoted friend,

Richard.

P.S.—Of course, next time, I might pretend to be dumb, and tap my mouth significantly; only he would probably turn out to know the deaf-and-dumb language quite well. Still it would be a change.

OPERATIC PROJECTS.

No more striking evidence of the advance of musical culture in our midst is to be found than in the prodigious activity now observed in operatic circles. Formerly, opera was an appanage of the aristocracy. It is already within the reach of the middle classes, and bids fair ere long to become the special pastime of the million. To descend, however, from generalities to the test of the concrete instance, we may note, first of all, the remarkable scheme in connection with which Commodore GILLOWSON, the famous *impresario*, is now on a visit to London. Commodore GILLOWSON, as we need hardly remind our readers, is the son of the equally famous *impresario*, Admiral GILLOWSON, who, beginning as a humble performer on the *tromba marina* in the orchestra at Covent Garden, achieved a celebrity which gained for him the rank of Honorary Admiral in the Chilian Navy.

* * * *

Commodore GILLOWSON, with whom we recently had the pleasure of an interview on board his turbine yacht *Desdemona*, at present anchored off Gravesend, informs us that, backed by a Chilian Syndicate, he has come over for the express purpose of acquiring the Stolliseum, Olympia, the Hippodrome and the Crystal Palace, with a view of converting them into grand national opera houses, to be open night and day all the year round. Should his offer, which is on the most liberal scale, be accepted, it is his intention to run opera on lines of unexampled and sultanic splendour, and to present, in addition to the standard works, several new lyric masterpieces never yet performed in London. Thus at the Stolliseum, which has a revolving stage, he proposes to lead off with a new Chilian revolutionary opera in which quick-firing guns, howitzers, bombs, and other specimens of modern ordnance will be freely employed. It is part of Commodore GILLOWSON'S scheme to convert the roof of the Stolliseum into an open-air amphitheatre where the audience could repair between the acts and witness games of football, lacrosse, baseball, pelota, and (in the winter) water polo.

* * * *

The Hippodrome, according to the scheme, would be devoted chiefly to equestrian and aquatic opera, the repertory including such pieces as the *Postillon de Longjumeau*, the *Cheval de Bronze*, the *Flying Dutchman*, *Rheingold*, &c. MARCELINE, we are glad to hear, has provisionally undertaken to play the *rôle* of his namesake in BEETHOVEN'S *Fidelio*, and Mr. OTHO TWIGG will, of course, conduct the performances of the Ring. Realism being the essence of Commodore GILLOWSON'S system, he guarantees that every Rhine daughter shall be a first-rate *diva*, and that every tenor must at least have held a commission in the *Cavalleria Rusticana* or yeomanry. It is also his intention to convert the roof of the Hippodrome into a kitchen garden, where the audience would be able to repair between the acts, and vegetarian suppers would be served after the opera.

* * * *

The contemplated performances at the Crystal Palace will be on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of that imposing edifice, while at the same time they will be adapted to the æsthetic equipment of a suburban audience. In fair weather they will be given out of doors, and as the artists will all be furnished with megaphones it is expected that audiences of from 20,000 to 50,000 will be able to enjoy the representations. Commissions have already been given to several eminent composers to write operas in which there will be special opportunities for those pyrotechnic displays for which the Sydenham glass-house has always been famous. Thus Signor LEONCAVALLO is hard at work on a monumental trilogy entitled "*The Eruption of Vesuvius*," for which the libretto has been supplied by Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, with lyrics by Mr. ADRIAN ROSS. Another work which arouses the liveliest expectation is "*The Light of Other Days*," words and music by KENSAL VERDI, a transparent pseudonym which veils without concealing the engaging personality of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON. We may add that it is part of Commodore GILLOWSON'S scheme to lend a rotary motion to both the North and the South Towers by turbine engines in order to promote the comfort of spectators, and to associate Mr. W. G. GRACE with Madame WAGNER in the training of the principal singers.

* * * *

Finally there remains Olympia. Here Commodore GILLOWSON hopes, by securing the services of General SHOOLBREDSON and Colonel WARINGSON as joint and alternate conductors, to achieve results in the way of operatic realism which will, in his picturesque phrase, "electrify Addison Road and petrify West Kensington." The Commodore has recently been elected President of the Patagonian Philharmonic Society, and in that capacity is enabled to secure an unlimited supply of indentured Patagonian vocalists. The Patagonians are notorious for the extraordinary strength and beauty of their voices as well as their prodigious stature and luxuriant chevelure. They sing only in their native tongue, which greatly adds to the attractiveness of their performance. The orchestra will be composed exclusively of Russians, with the exception of Lord DYSART, who will occasionally assist on the pianola. It is part of Commodore GILLOWSON'S scheme to convert the roof of Olympia into an artificial lake (by draining the Round Pond and pumping the water obtained therefrom through celluloid pipettes), where the audience could repair in summer between the Acts and disport themselves in University bathing costume to the accompaniment of ocarinas, mangostines, and mirlitons.

* * * *

This colossal enterprise, into which the Commodore has thrown himself with hereditary and volcanic energy, has naturally aroused great excitement in musical circles. Mr. CHARLES MANNERS, who has been interviewed on the subject, sums up the situation in a few pithy and luminous sentences. "If," he remarks, "Commodore GILLOWSON'S syndicate is really in earnest about buying Olympia, the Crystal Palace, the Hippodrome, the Stolliseum, and the Round Pond, it seems to me that precautionary measures should be taken to ascertain what public support would be likely to be forthcoming. At any rate I should advise the utmost caution before embarking upon a project which, as experience has shown, is dreadfully dangerous in England. If it is hard to secure patronage for opera in the vernacular, *à fortiori* will it be an arduous task to inculcate a taste for Patagonian in the cultured purlieus of Addison Road. Be that as it may be, I wish the syndicate every success, only adding the needful warning— Look out for *squalls!*"

HINTS TO BATHERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that the bathing season is at its height, perhaps a few practical hints will not be unwelcome to your readers.

Never bathe between meals. Never take fright when seized with cramp. Keep perfectly calm and leave the water without delay. Never, when actually drowning, decline the assistance of a boatman on account of his extortionate charges. No doubt he places an undue value on your life, but it is well to sink one's diffidence in the matter and accept his estimate, especially as the subject is open to further discussion on shore.

Unnecessary loss of life, however, is small compared with the daily sacrifice of self-respect on the part of grave and substantial persons whose deportment in their land clothes is beyond reproach. To such I would say in all earnestness —Don't bob about in the water, alternately sitting down on small waves and dabbing the top of the head.

Refrain also from repulsive distortion of the features after unexpected immersion by a passing wave. Rise from the shingle with dignity and cultivate a

calm sweet smile which will retain its position in salt water.

Finally, I would warn bathers against the fatal mistake of making acquaintances in the water, for there is no better concealment of caste than a bathing costume. What is there, for example, to show that the weird object on whom you heap contumely, because in blindly diving through a wave you brought your head up sharp against his *embonpoint*, is the possessor of a stately title; or, on the other hand, that the graceful young Adonis whom you compliment for gallantly swimming after your daughter's water-wings is an assistant at a Bayswater hosier's?

Yours very truly,
FOREWARNED.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A NUMBER of streets in Birkenhead have been named after prominent contemporary politicians. The idea is a good one, and might well be introduced into London. There would be no need to change the names of existing streets or neighbourhoods, however, as these could with little effort be adapted. Nor need the idea be confined to political names— golfers, motorists, cricketers, artists and even journalists might easily be included. Thus:—

Marble Archie Maclaren.
Ray Lankester Gate.
Harold Coxspur Street.
Moberley Belgrave Square.
S. F. Edgeware Road.
Knoxford Circus.
Granthampstead Heath.
Kentish Townshend.
Leicester Harmsworth Square.
Lansdowning Street.
John Gunnersbury.
Willie Richmond Park.
Gorell Barnes Common.
The Egerton and Castle.
King's Bench Walkley.
Constitution Hilton.
John Ball's Pond.

Browning on the Road.

ROUND the bend of a sudden came Z 1 3,
And I shot into his front wheel's rim;
And straight was a fine of gold for him,
And the need of a brand-new bike for me.

Virtue its own Reward.

"LOST—A lady's purse containing jewellery and cash. Finder will be rewarded by returning to *Daily News.*"
—*Nelson Daily News.*

Commercial Forethought.

NOTICE in a shop window:
"Orders and Complaints received here."



SCENE—*Railway Refreshment Room. Thermometer 90° in the shade.*
Waiter (to traveller, taking tea). "BEG PARDON, SIR, I SHOULDN'T RECOMMEND THAT MILK, SIR; LEASTWAYS NOT FOR *DRINKING* PURPOSES."

"THE police were at once summoned and it was determined by experts that the robbery must have taken place between 8 A.M. and 9 A.M., because at 8 o'clock the case was observed to be in its ordinary condition."
Morning Leader.

Mr. Punch respectfully lifts his hat in the presence of Greatness.

"WANTED at once, Uncertificated Assistant Master. Salary £65, rising by £3 per annum to £75."—*Schoolmaster.*

BUT surely *somebody* connected with the school should have a certificate in Arithmetic. The advertiser seems to have missed it.

"MAHOGANY CUPBOARD for Sale which once belonged to an aunt of JAMES WATT."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Mahogany cupboards of aunts of great men all remind us we must make our lives sublime.

ACCORDING to *The British Weekly*, "In Chicago loaves of bread must bear the weight and the name of the baker." Why not his height and girth measurement too?

MOTTO FOR LAND-GRABBERS.—"Seize, Entrenchment, and Re-farm."



Visitor. "Well, Harold, what are you going to be when you grow up?"
Harold. "Oh, I'm going to be a Sailor; but Baby's only going to be just an ordinary Father."

THE DISTRICT RAILWAY.

Dear Mr. Punch, I see by the Chairman's statement that the District Railway Company are about to raise their fares. And not a moment too soon. I have often thought their first-class rates—a paltry 1½*d.* to 2*d.* per mile—to be absurdly reasonable. Take, for instance, the 10*d.* trip from Putney to the Temple. Why, the mere transit is alone worth the money, without the liberal perquisites which are thrown in. Thus, while other railways take you straight ahead in as direct a line as they can (with the beggarly idea of economising their motive power) the District Railway not only curls about like a sea serpent, but swings you from side to side with so reckless a generosity that you cover about 50 per cent. more ground than was in the bond.

Then, again, there are its hygienic virtues, regarded as a body-shaker. No liver can get in at Putney and remain sluggish beyond Walham Green. Or have you nerves that need gentle excitation? Then you may save the expense of one of those D.V. Vibrators and be jostled till you quiver like a jelly without paying the smallest *supplément*.

Have you a taste for luxury of posture? Here you may learn the asceticism of Assisi: grinding your ribs against the knife-like edge of a window ledge; jerked this way and that over the low hip-racks on the side seats; bashing in your hat-brim against a bare wooden wall if for a moment you deflect backwards from the perpendicular. And all gratis. No extra fees in this seminary for fakirs.

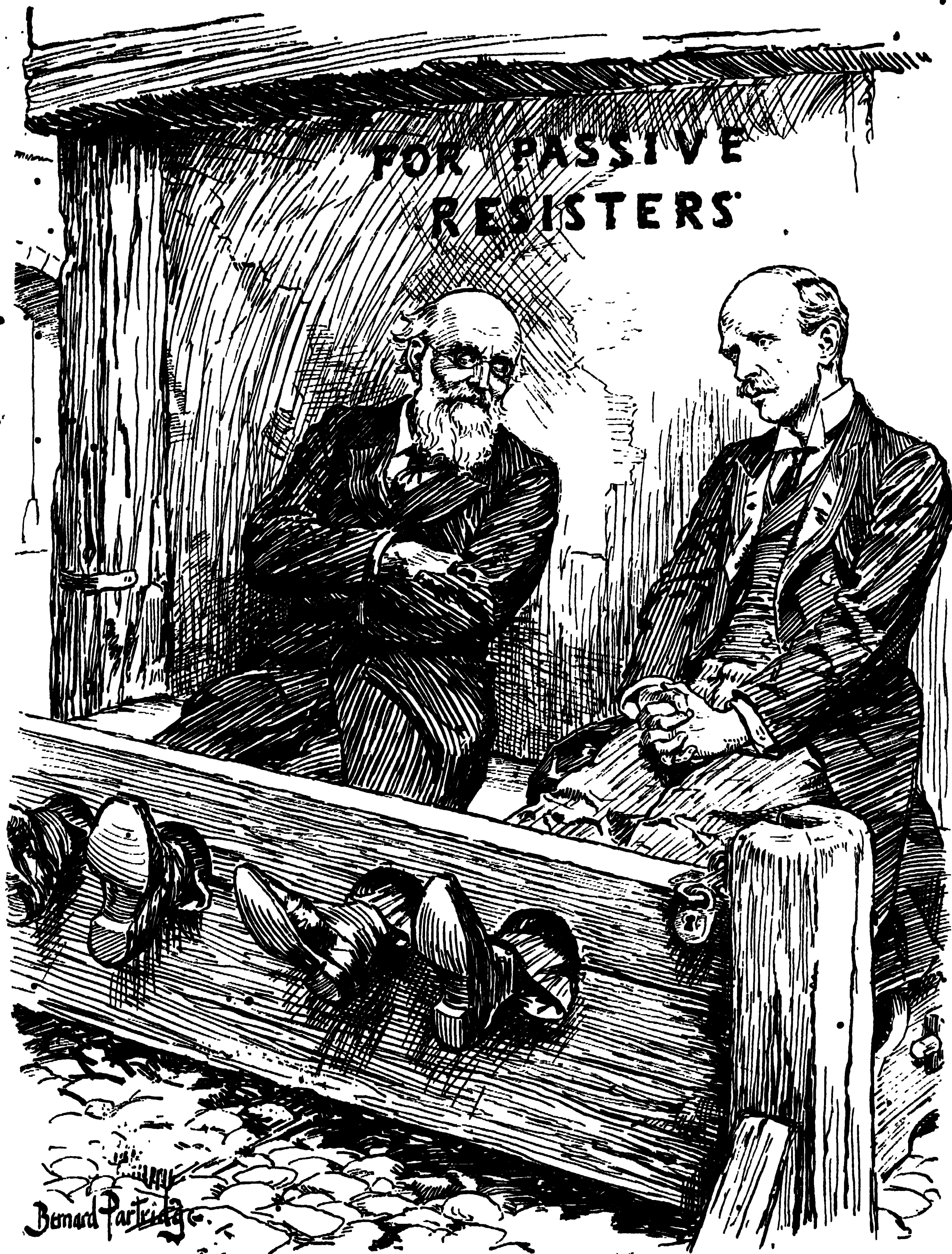
Are you purse-proud and exclusive? Here you will learn that all men of whatever class are equal in the sight of the conductor. As *Pippa* would say, *en passant*, "There is no first nor third." You will habituate yourself to the discipline of rubbing elbows, or even noses, with the proletariat in the long intervals when the rare inspector—that new and brilliant innovation—is elsewhere engaged. The moral gain is inestimable. There is no charge for it.

I cannot say how glad I was to read the Chairman's statement that "They were now practically at the end of their arduous task, and were looking forward to entering at an early date on the fruits and rewards of the great efforts they had made." I had so feared that, after getting the trains to run at all, and having developed the "hypæthral" type of railway station by the removal of a few glass roofs, they might still have entertained a divine discontent, a passionate desire to go on to further achievement—to convert, for instance, their present rattling-stock into vehicles approximately fitting the lines on which they are expected to run; to provide a modicum of human comfort for the passenger; to confine their first-class compartments to those who have paid for the right to use them. I rejoice to think that they propose to do no such thing; that the moral and physical advantages which I have above enumerated are still to be the possession of the travelling public.

If only Sir George Gibb had had a free hand from the first, things might have been otherwise; but he has arrived too late to do more than mitigate our glorious privileges.

Yes, Sir, I am glad to know that the Company "are now practically at the end of their arduous task," and that an immediate increase of fares is to be the coping-stone of their toil.

Yours enthusiastically, A Putney Templar.

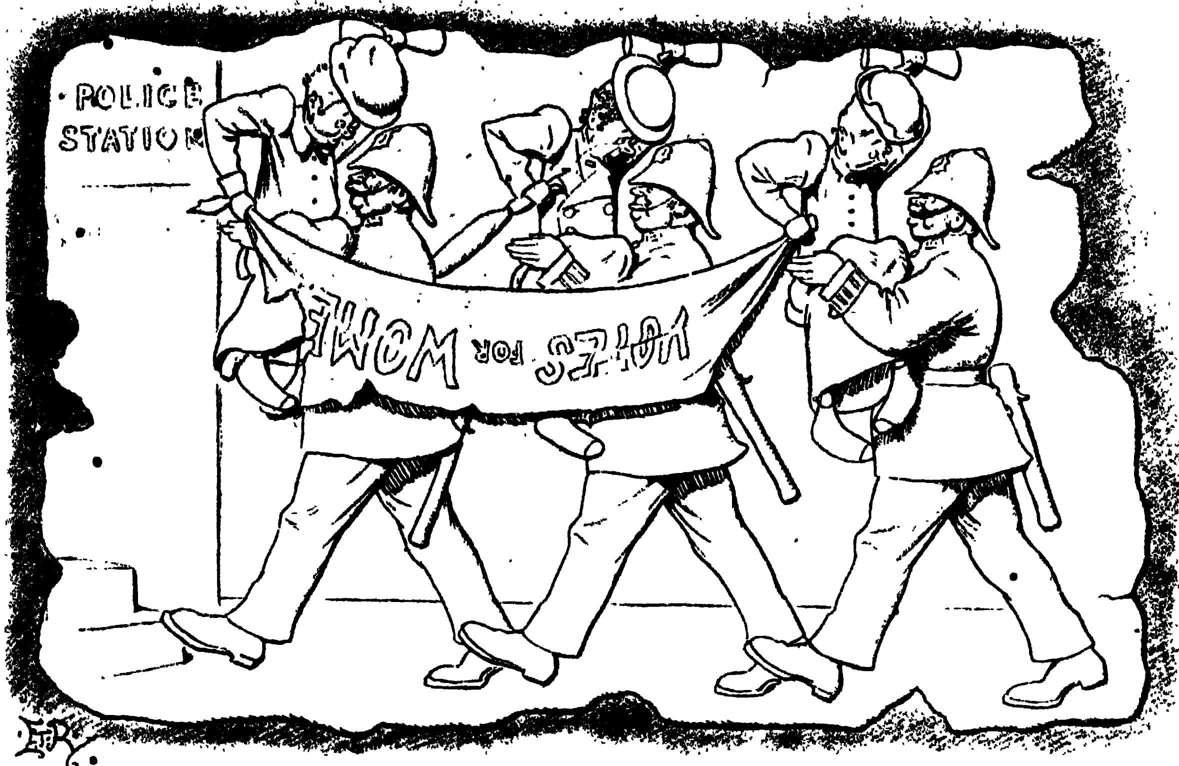


EXTREMISTS MEET.

Dr. Clifford (*to the new arrival*, Lord Hugh Cecil). "THIS *IS* A PLEASANT SURPRISE, HAVING YOU HERE TO KEEP ME COMPANY!"

[In a letter to *The Times*, on the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case, Lord Hugh Cecil recommends that Churchmen should join the Passive Resisters. "The only resource," he writes, "is to imitate their methods. So we shall be again on equal terms."]

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-THIRD FRAGMENT.

1. When Édwâd the king, the lord of Bŏnonmi,

2. the Djolligud-phellar, who is wafted about upon

3. golden opinions, making friends for us all

4. in unpromising places, the *sūtharornéshanz* inclined

5. to be *shirtih*, the *mékr urtritiz*,

6. . . . . . . having packed his *pohrtmantoz* and

7. steamed in his gilded unsightly conveyance

8. (*Vikht-oriyaan-albât*) away from his own

9. territorial waters, . . . proceeded to take for a change

10. someone else's,—the *min'ral-marīyenbad*

11. queller of ailments that all flesh is *értu*,

12. *Matyut-tainal-inokshuz*

13. (all this has got nothing on earth, I may mention, to do with the matters described by the Scribe in this curious Tablet—it's simply a *jentul-preliminrikantar*, a sort of pre-amble,—I really can't help it. *Aimorf-ulis-orih.*)—

14. In the land he ruled over, the land of

15. the 'Áriz, the Makhs, and the Tâfiz,

16. and also the Murfiz; of Djorj-bernad-Sháh,

17. and of Mabrik-orélih, Makhs-birbom and

18. Báutcha, of Uinstan, Khir-hádi, Dokhtak-lifad, the

19. Sessilz, . . . did he leave some

20. *rumpīpul* . . . the Bit-kranki, the Bit-krakki, the

21. Bit-squīmish, the Rummibeggaz, the Chivvikúbeliks, the Propigtéls, the

22. Skérmungaz, the Ortogr-afuntaz, the Rottaz, the Siliyidyats,

23. the Batzin-thebelfrih, the Bīzin-therb-onnitz;

24. but a long way the *rummyist* that ever

25. *sord-élaīt* were the Suffrij-dimandaz, the *lédizin-panzneh*,

26. the climbers of railings, the *karyaz* of

27. *bannaz* with striking inscriptions, both fiery and plaintive,

28. these *bannaz* would really be much more heart-rending

29. and legible also, they'd appeal more directly to *maskyul-insiniks*,

30. if *sometimes* these poor dear *fanatik-al-lédiz* could manage

31. to show them *not* hind-side before, with the top at the bottom!

32. (Somehow it's a fact that the brutalised vision

33. of tyrants in trousers won't work half as well

34. upside down, we can't help it. It's really another

35. injustice to women!) . . . It's very distressing

36. to see these poor twentieth century Djudiths (in *pongi-*

37. silk *blousiz*) being gently but firmly removed from the

38. railings in *Kárend-ishskuér* by a "brutal policeman"

39. when all they required was the head of "that Asquith"

40. set up on a pike as the *heduratrétr*.

41. One really *can not* look at all Djōnavarki

42. when carried about in a sitting position,

43. like so many stupid, ridiculous babies!

44. in the arms of detestable, ugly policemen.

45. Addressed from this *rostrum* one's best *perowéshan*

46. would sound simply silly! Shahlot-Kórdeh

47. was never so brutally treated! . . . "Put me down, Sir,

48. this instant! . . 'Keep my hair on?'—How *dare* you!
49. All Britan shall ring with this outrage to-morrow!
50. —A-a-h! Your horrible buttons are hurting
51. my elbow!!" . . . . . . The *methadz-adoptid*
52. by *ledih-riformaz* are strangely unlike
53. the *akseptid-prosīdyar;* for instance, instead of
54. addressing a meeting *they*'ve called for the purpose
55. of airing their grievance, *they address*
56. *some one else's,*—and that just as *he* is attempting
57. to reason some totally different case altogether!
58. Right bang in the middle of lucid and eloquent *epigrammatikh*
59. enlightening sentences shedding a novel and lurid glow
60. over Celestial suffering *helots* with *pigtéls,* come
61. shrilly discordant and *wirdli-hysterikal,* totally
62. malapropos interjections from up in the gallery.
63. They dangle a jigging, ridiculous, slovenly, calico
64. standard, inscribed with a throbbing and passionate
65. legend,—*inverted as usual!*
66. Lor' bless you
67. it isn't the least use to tell them, for every
68. shoddy young "goddess" of discord is yelling—
69. falsetto, staccato, soprano, the faith that is
70. in her, the grievance that forced her to quit
71. all her friends and relations, take leave of
72. her senses, and get carted about like a
73. brown-paper parcel, and landed, a *láttad-ch-*
74. *mahta,* in prison. There she clings on with
75. frenzied tentacular fingers, absolutely
76. refusing to leave by the exit, until she is certain
77. reporters are present!
78. . . . The brutal officials, with *muskovait* meanness,
79. and dead to all feelings of mercy and pity,
80. insisted on shooting her out into freedom
81. when no one
82. was looking. E. T. R.

BLACK-LISTED.—From an inn at Woolwich:—"Try our famous 1896 vintage. Once drunk, always drunk."

THE CURING OF SOCIETY.

Irgendeinbad, August.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Behold your BLANCHE living the simple life, while the Powers that be are doing a cure, though it seems to me that they only "change the place and keep the pain," as Dr. JOHNSON said—or was it KEATS? I always mix up those two writers, owing, I suppose, to their both being medical men. This place, like every other Kurort, would be immensely improved by the removal of all the invalids, especially those who are here for "errors of diet" (Harley Street, you know, for over-eating), with their early hours and general aggravation.

We who are not doing any sort of cure get through the days with the help of the Lustgarten, the Spaziergang, the Casino, and motor-trips into the country round. FRITZ HUMMEL, the waltz-man, who is here conducting his famous band, and is distinctly inclined to be a darling, helps us to *kill time* by *beating it* vigorously twice a day in the Lustgarten.

JOSIAH MULTIMILL *actually* wanted to join us here, if you ever heard of such a thing. *The idea!* No, indeed! This child's going to have her freedom *at least* till she's married, and *then* she's going to have it too. I've a perfectly lovely way of managing him and, mind you, my dear, it wants some doing, for I find he has a will of his own and keeps a temper seven feet high. Whenever he wants to do anything that it doesn't suit me he *should* do, I simply say calmly, "It *isn't done.*"

The BOSH TRESYLLYANS are here, but are almost useless for social purposes. WEE-WEE is suffering from cigarette-heart and motor-face, and is having the Spoofheim treatment. She sits in a little cell and is played upon with white and green rays, and she has to keep silent for hours, and mustn't be contradicted. BOSH has nervous indy and golf-ankle, and is taking volcanic mud-baths.

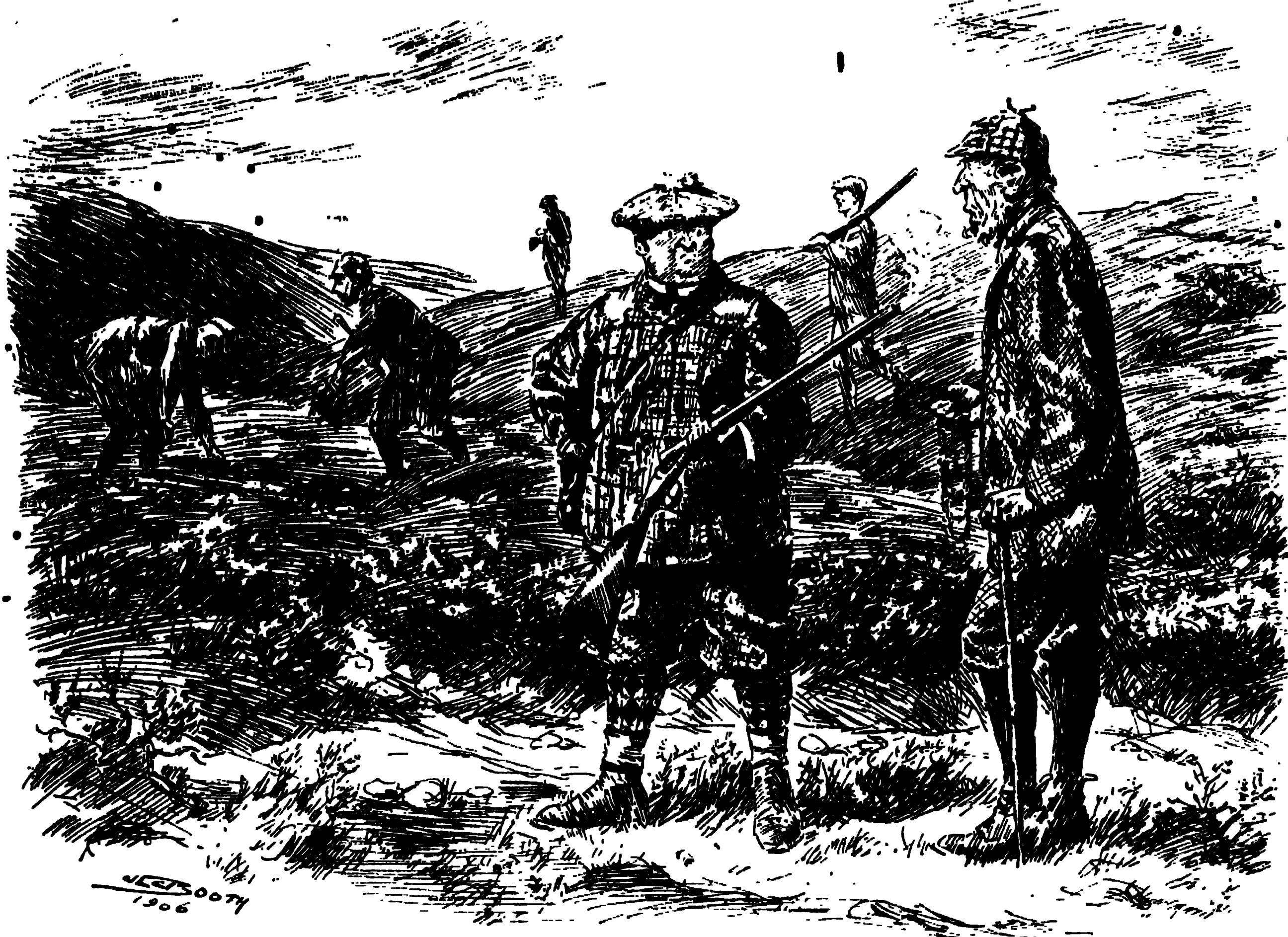
Among the latest arrivals is the Duchess of CLACKMANNAN. The dear thing has been overdoing it simply *fearfully* for *months* with her miracle-play, her *roman-à-clef,* her charity-organisings in London, and her *exhaustive* articles on Tatting in *The Coronet.* (Did you see them? They were illustrated by big photogravure-plates, "Tatting by the Duchesses;" and I've heard that the Duchess of DUNSTABLE sent in such a *disgraceful* specimen-bit that they couldn't reproduce it.) STELLA CLACKMANNAN'S cure is quite an arduous one. As well as having high-frequency electric brain-baths to curb her imagination, she has to lie rigid for hours in a bright violet light, and she must never *think* of anything that isn't *violet.* She has been followed here by that *ricky* Bullyon-Boundermere woman, who has confided to me that she is feeling "completely run down" (the woman's in rude health, but thinks that bad form), and is doing "exactly the same cure as the dear Duchess."

FLUFFY MAINWARING has *not* gone yachting to Norway with her husband, after all. She is here, having the *Boschheim* treatment for *bridge-brow.* GIDDY ST. ADRIAN (who says he has *polo-knee* and has come for the *Schierkidding* treatment) is about with her as constantly as he used to be in London. Meeting them both at the Casino last night, I said, "Why, FLUFFY, I thought it was part of your cure to go to bye bye with the birds? What price your *bridge-brow,* my dear?" "Oh, rats!" said FLUFFY. "Quite a different set of facial muscles are used at baccarat!"

I beg to inform you that Prince GALOSHKIN is *charmant, comme il y en a peu.* We were introduced at Ascot last year, but I've never met him since till now. He occupies an entire wing of the Schloss-Gásthof, and has quite a fleet of motor-cars with him. He says he is wandering about "till the troubles in his unhappy country shall be suppressed." He talks quite beautifully of what *he* would do to stamp out discontent, and "put the lower classes in their proper place, once for all." Oh, it *does* seem a shame that such a man as Prince GALOSHKIN should be kept away from his castles and estates by the rotten conduct of peasants and students and mujiks, with their risings and Dumas and things!

His English is excellent, not exactly broken, only a bit *chipped,* and, as I told him yesterday, he is *almost* as well versed in the literature of my country as I am myself. He was so pleased. He is quite a philosopher, though not of the same kind as I *used* to think NORTON VAVASSOR;—NORTY'S views of life are much more *mellow*—I don't say they're quite so *piquant.*

FLUFFY was saying to-day that the Galoshkin jewels are about the finest in Europe. I wonder—I wonder—was I precipitate in saying "Yes" to JOSIAH MULTIMILL? The Prince wants me to take him the celebrated walk through the Fichtenallée and round the Steilberg to the Tiefebrunnen, and show him the famous view. I tell him all he has to do is to follow the errors-of-diet people, who are sent there in a drove at six every morning. But he says, No, he wants *me* to show him the way, and will have nothing to do with the early-morning drove. He is wise in that, for we are all agreed that the errors-of-diet people are *never* quite *safe* (especially the Duchess of DUNSTABLE), and that as the time approaches for their *very* simple and *rather scanty* meals, they are *positively dangerous!* *À propos* of the e.-o.-d.



A HEAVY BAG.

Keeper (to Commercial Gentleman, who has rented moor). "A' DOOT WE'LL HA' TO STOP THE NOO, SIR."
Commercial Gentleman. "'OW'S THAT? 'AVE WE RUN OUT O' GAME?"
Keeper. "NA, NA. BUT THAT'S THE LAST O' YER DOGS!"

people never being allowed to eat after seven in the evening, BOSH TRESYLLYAN says he shall write a drama, comparing their habits here and in London, and call it *Man and Supper-Man* and cut out Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Auf wiedersehen, liebe Freundin,
Ever thine, BLANCHE.

GREAT DISCOVERERS.

MRS. CLEMENTS, OF DURHAM, THE DISCOVERER OF MUSTARD.

IT is said that, when quite a girl, Mrs. CLEMENTS, of Durham, was seated at her father's table and overheard her respected parent remark: "Cold meat again!" Her mother replied: "My dear, you can't expect cold beef to be hot." This set the child a-thinking. *Why* should not cold beef be hot? The train of thought thus started ended in the discovery of mustard, and since then this useful vegetable has been indispensable as an adjunct to the dinner-table.

MRS. EDDY, THE DISCOVERER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Mrs. EDDY once broke her leg, and said: "This is all nonsense, my leg is *not* broken;" and it wasn't. This she called "Christian Science."

GEORGE EDWARDES, THE DISCOVERER OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

A friend once asked him the following riddle: "When a thing is not good enough to rank as a Comic Opera, but quite good enough to draw money from the pockets of the Public, what is it?" The friend expected him to reply: "A fraud; ask me another." Instead of which, GEORGE EDWARDES cried: "Eureka! It's a Musical Comedy, and there's a fortune in it." And there was!

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, THE DISCOVERER OF "THE DAILY MAIL."

One day, young ALFRED HARMSWORTH happened to be outdoors with only a £100 note and a halfpenny in his pocket, and as he was thirsting for the morning news, he attempted to buy a paper. But the newsvendors laughed him to scorn. So he said: "This is wrong; a halfpenny shall no longer be despised; I will discover *The Daily Mail;*" and he did so. Now he is a Peer.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE DISCOVERER OF SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

But for this distinguished detective, Sir A. CONAN DOYLE might never have been discovered. As it was, he was pottering about in comparative literary obscurity when the great detective, like a sleuth-hound, tracked him down, and revealed him to the admiration of the world. This was probably the greatest feat on the part of the renowned *Sherlock Holmes.*

Harvard and the Armada.

"When *The Daily Mirror* arrived, Mr. GOLDSMITH, the Cambridge captain, was leisurely playing bowls and wearing carpet slippers."

DRAKE again, the old sea-dog! May history repeat itself!

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

When one had nothing else to do, it was the correct thing to try to negotiate the Club Bone.

IV.

Internal Disputes.

Some dogs eat, and drink, and sleep, and that is all they do. That is not Life. We dogs of the Club did not sit all day waiting for something to turn up.

We had Club runs every Monday and Friday, wet or fine. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings we hunted the lowly Cat; we had Sports (such as Head-in-Lion's-Mouth, Touch-last, French and-German, &c., in which the Captain always excelled) on Wednesdays, and Conversaziones on Sundays, while Saturdays were usually devoted to the settling of our internal disputes.

For we had such disputes, and the Captain did not altogether discourage them, for he held that anything was better than slackness, and therefore did not prohibit little private scraps. The only condition he made was that anything of that sort should take place on a piece of waste-ground at the back of his house. The Captain would not allow us to fight among ourselves in the public streets, as he held that that would lower the *prestige* (the word is his) of the Club.

Our principal quarrels concerned the temporary ownership of the Club Bone. This was a bone supposed to be of great age which was discovered in a garden by the Captain, and it was the ambition of every member to eat it, but, being of exceptional toughness, it resisted every attempt. However, when one had nothing else to do, it was the correct thing to try to negotiate the Club Bone.

One day, by-the-way, the Club Bone was missing—it was shortly before the Captain's death—and, when The Braggart appeared, he said he had eaten it. Two days afterwards it was found hidden in a water-butt, and The Braggart was expelled.

Blows, again, would sometimes be exchanged, as the climax of a little chaff such as, "Hello, Long Nose." "Shut up, Freak Face!" "Who spoke to you, Bandy Legs?" If the Captain were present, he would tell us we were behaving like a litter of puppies, and command us to shut up. Not infrequently a scuffle between ourselves would have the pleasant development of a combined attack on a common enemy who had stood by jeering.

And sometimes there would be bad blood between rough-coated and short-haired members. Especially in the hot weather. We rough-coated dogs would become very touchy then, and if, when we were perspiring profusely and scarcely able to drag ourselves along, a little short-haired dog were to trot past us as cool as a lump of ice and in the pink of condition, there would be trouble were he to dare to pity us.

I should mention, before I leave the subject of internal disputes, that the most frequent fights were between two brothers named Robert and James Brown. They would scarcely ever meet without falling out. We called them "The Inseparables," because, when they fought, it was impossible to part them.

Personal Matters.

Still, as a rule, we got on fairly well together, and reserved our fighting energy for our natural enemies, the Thorough-breeds.

Now and then we would have what the Captain would call, in his impressive way, a "*Levée en masse*"—for he knew even German, did the Captain—but this would only happen when the honour of the Club, *as a Club*, had been assailed. As regards insults by outsiders to individual members of the Club, at first these had been treated as Club affairs—with the exception of personal remarks concerning The Map or The International Fur Stores—but ultimately the Captain found it necessary to extend the exception to all of us. So each had to fight his own fight.

After The Map and The International Fur Stores, I was kept the most busy. I was the only thorough-bred member of the Club, and as such was a special object of hatred to the enemies of the Club. I was the recipient each day of an astonishing number of insults. I could scarcely move a step from my house without being called "Blackleg!", "Traitor!", "Judas!", and the rest of the poll-parrot terms. Possibly there was something in the charge, but I never stopped to think then. I was the Captain's man.

It had the effect, anyhow, of my soon becoming an expert fighter, and, if there was a desperate errand, the Captain would usually send me on it. "You are always as keen as mustard, Ears," he has said to me more than once.

Our orders were not to kill, but only to alter the personal appearance of such thoroughbreeds as invited our attention. Killing, the Captain said, was liable to have unpleasant consequences for our masters—as to whom the Captain, if I may say it without appearing disrespectful to his memory, was always absurdly

If you want to see a second-hand remnant, look at one of them after he has been out in the rain.

considerate. However, the poor old Hippo was supposed to be a murderer. One morning, in rounding a corner, he accidentally collided with a little Yorkshire terrier. "Where are you coming to, you great lout?" snarled the Yorkshire terrier. Now The Hippo was always short-tempered. Anyhow, the little Yorkshire terrier was never seen again, and it was currently believed that the greater contained the less. When The Hippo was twitted about it, all he would say was that till that date he had never suffered from indigestion.

CONCERNING TOYS.

We had special instructions from the Captain as to our treatment of animals known as Toy Dogs though why they are called Dogs I never could understand. At first I used to excite myself very much when this riff-raff gave themselves airs, and would sometimes answer them back, and more than once proposed that we should wipe out the entire brood. But the Captain issued an order that we were to ignore them. It was, of course, the best plan. As a rule the self-important little trollops would become a picture of impotent rage under this treatment. The Captain had just as great contempt for these insects as I had. "Hundreds and thousands," he called them, after the sweets of that name; and once he said quite truly that it might be possible to make one decent dog out of fifty of them. The Captain liked a dog to be a dog, and not a kid glove, or a bit of fluff. What drew him to me originally, he told me, was my rugged appearance, and he saw at once that I could be licked into shape. These so-called Toy Dogs are a disgrace to their fur, and only bring the rest of us into disrepute. They are a painful sight under any circumstances, but, if you want to see a second-hand remnant, look at one of them after he has been out in the rain. Yet they are overweeningly conceited, and at times I have found it difficult to obey the Captain's instructions. Once, actually, a weedy youth named Carlo told me that the reason why I ignored him was that I dared not touch him. At that—I could not help it, it was a distinct challenge—I took Master Carlo in my mouth, and shook him like a rat until he holloaed for mercy. I could never make up my mind whether Carlo was more like a mosquito or a penwiper. He was known, I believe, as a Butterfly Dog. The Butterflies are welcome to such as he, with his petulant little falsetto voice.

We were, as I have said, to ignore the Toy Dogs. But there was one exception. We were to strip them of any finery they might be wearing. The Captain was a martinet in all matters of dress. He would tolerate nothing but a collar—and that must be a plain one. The Toy Dogs would frequently wear bows, and were supposed to be responsible for that absurd expression, which riles us so much, "bow-wows." So the Captain made a rule that, whenever we met a dog wearing a bow, we were to remove it which was easily done by tugging at one end of the ribbon—and bring it to the Club. Birthday or no birthday, it had to come off. When a member had fifty bows to his credit, he was absolved from this duty, which was considered a somewhat menial one; he became a veteran, for whom sterner tasks were reserved. Now and then we would secure a collar, and a Collar Day was always a great event with us. By-the-by, we were puzzled to know what to do with the accumulation of ribbons until The Hog joined us. He kept on eating them till he died of appendicitis.



Seedy Sam (threateningly). "No, Mum, I ain't had a bite for three days, an' I won't take my foot out till——"

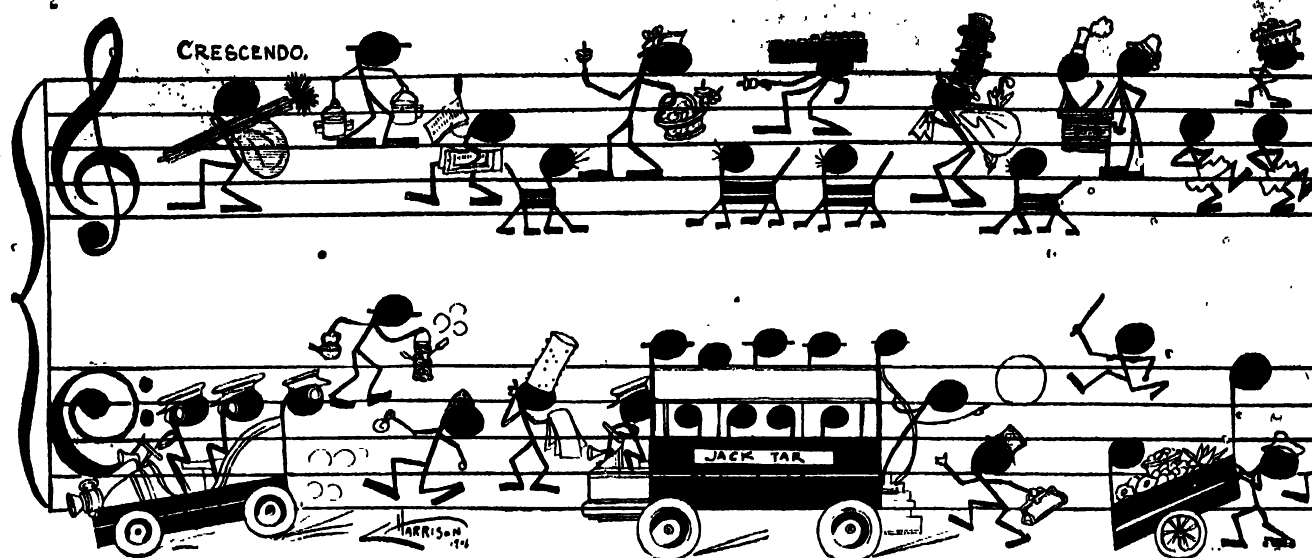
"The Crack of the Rifle is heard on the Moor."

It is easy to flesh one's satire on the man who kills. But he who shoots enjoys not only the bird, but the rifle food its flight affords him." —*Observer.*

No Place like Home.

"Celebrated Paris Tours. Our last party returned from Paris on Saturday. Everyone Delighted."

Edinburgh Evening Despatch.



A FEW NOTES ON STREET NOISES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Guarded Flame, by W. B. Maxwell (Methuen), is undoubtedly a remarkable novel, for it is conceived and carried out on a great plan, and it has in it that inexorable character, that conviction of inevitability, which is the mark of a fine story. Mr. Maxwell writes well; he can hold the interest of his readers, and he has a strong gift for dramatic episode. This is the story of *Mr. Burgoyne*, the last survivor of the great band of Victorian men of science, of his young wife *Sybil*, who served him and guarded the flame of his life, and of her guilty love for her husband's secretary, *Stone*, and the tragedy that comes of it. Here are all the elements of drama. Yet must I put in a *caveat*. Though there is drama there is also—I wish I could find another word—mawkishness. Mawkishness is in the relations between *Mr. Burgoyne* and his wife; *Stone*, the faithless secretary, is a mass of mawkishness; and after the storm and stress of the tragedy the happy peaceful ending of the story comes with a suggestion of the same quality. I incline to think that waywardness and guilty love are best treated in the manner of Flaubert. I am loth, however, to end with fault-finding. I realize gratefully that Mr. Maxwell has given us a fine piece of work, and I look forward with high anticipation to his next book.

A Sovereign Remedy (Heinemann) is original in its construction, strong in its characterisation, admirably written. It might be described as a powerful novel but for a not immaterial defect. It recalls the image whose body was fashioned of brass, its feet being clay. The defect presents itself in the main episode of the story, where *Aura* rejects the proffered love of *Lord Blackborough* and accepts the hand of *Ted Cruttenden*. It is nothing that one is a peer of boundless wealth, the other one of his clerks. Love laughs at contrasts of that kind. Where the vital difference comes in is that the peer is a chivalrous gentleman, the clerk a thorough cad, and not quite honest at that. *Aura*, a girl of fine instinct, superlative purity of mind and body, recognises the difference; she admittedly loves *Lord Blackborough*—and marries *Ted Cruttenden*. Novel readers must not be too exigeant in the matter of probability. When they take up the latest thing in story writing they are charmed to find romance. But this is really too much, and is not made more satisfactory by Mrs. Steel's somewhat vague explanation of her theory. Nevertheless she has written a book that will sustain a reputation made on India's coral strand. The scene of *A Sovereign Remedy* is laid nearer home, where from Gwalia's cloud-topped mountains roll down tumultuous streams.

Mr. Hugh Clifford has written other books memorable books they are too but if he had written nothing but *Heroes of Exile* (Smith, Elder) he would still have deserved the gratitude of the reading public in ample measure. He tells

> Of old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago,

stories of hardly-recorded heroisms and toils and almost forgotten sufferings and obscure achievements; and the style in which he tells these stories has a gallant brisk adventurous movement splendidly fitted to the substance with which it deals. Mr. Clifford has seen the haunts and cities of many men, and his experience in all his lands of travel has not blunted the fine edge of his sympathy or robbed him of insight into thought and emotion. The book is a liberal education in feeling and a corrective to the pessimism that speaks of romance as a thing of the past. There are men at this moment, unknown poor men, somewhere in the world, who are hewing out their blocks of unregarded fame. The world may pass them by, but if by some fortunate chance Mr. Clifford should become their historian they will not have lived and suffered in vain. Such at any rate is the feeling of one reader as he reluctantly lays down *Heroes of Exile*.

In a day of shilling shockers and halfpenny newspapers it is pleasing to learn that *The World's Classics* (Oxford University Press) have found a million and a half purchasers. The library, complete within itself, includes such varied gems as Lamb's *Essays*, Pope's *Odyssey*, Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, Holmes's *Autocrat*, *Pendennis*, Burke's Works, and George Herbert's Poems. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Frowde is bringing out a new edition on thin paper in size suitable for the pocket. Here is choice from a charmed circle of holiday companions.

The Glorious Uncertainty of Cricket.

Earthquake at Valparaiso.
Surrey Wickets Falling.

Evening Standard Placard.

CHARIVARIA.

As regards the Drama, the only event of any importance which happened last week was the appearance in this country of a Theatrical Company of which all the members are monkeys. We have known many companies in which the monkey element was strong, but this is the first cast without any sprinkling of human intelligence.

London is still full of country folks, and a farmer and his wife who journeyed to town to do some theatre-going, and, seeing on a newspaper placard the announcement "Exciting Play at the Oval," drove there the other night, have our respectful sympathy.

Mr. BRODRICK is annoyed because his name will be handed down to posterity as the inventor of a cap which he did not invent. Mr. BRODRICK has certainly experienced persistent bad luck.

The matter of exits from churches is now receiving some attention. It seems to us, however, that there must be something the matter with the entrances. These appear to be lacking in attractive qualities.

It was so cold last Saturday week that burglars broke into a shop in Brompton Road in order to get one thousand pounds' worth of furs.

Motoring Illustrated suggests the institution of a Motor Museum. If we were sure that most of the motor omnibuses at present in our streets would find their way there, we would gladly subscribe.

The Natal Government has decided to compile an official History of the recent Rebellion. It will, we believe, be a point of honour with the Natal Government to produce this before we issue the concluding volume of our official History of the Boer War.

It has transpired that the water in the L.C.C. open-air baths is changed about once a year—and only then if necessary.

"The Bathing Suit Dance" has made its appearance, according to *The Gentlewoman*, at certain American seaside resorts. It is rumoured, moreover, that the prudes have won the day, and that men who enter the ball-room in anything less than a neck-to-knee costume are considered bad form.

The deputy-Mayor of Malo-les-Bains, who has been visiting London, has saved fifty lives from drowning, while our Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS of Gorleston has saved seventy-seven, and it is proposed to form an Anglo-French Club the membership of which shall be limited to such persons as have saved fifty lives and upwards.



TRIPPERS.

Tommy (his first visit). "WILL IT BE LIKE THIS ALL D-D-D-DAY, DADDY?"

On one and the same day last week our newspapers announced that black game shooting had begun, and that Kaffirs were rising. It is difficult to say which was cause, and which was effect.

It has long puzzled thoughtful persons to know why so many gentlemen are anxious to get into Parliament. Mr. BALFOUR, speaking at Dunbar, has now disclosed his reason for sitting as a member. "I have a weakness," he said, "for recreation uncombined with instruction."

The Government have found it impossible to accept the beautiful collection of armour which the late Mr. STIBBERT bequeathed to the nation. It is said that the economical Mr. HALDANE pleaded hard for it, as he thought that some of the old breast-plates might be used for the Horse Guards.

By-the-by, Mr. HALDANE is not the only person who is in favour of a reduction in the Guards. The driver of a motor-omnibus charged a detachment of them last week in Regent Street. However, *he* was fined for it; so no economy was effected.

It is rumoured that, as a consequence of the strictures passed by the stipendiary magistrate at Hull on the enormous moustaches of the local police, some of the men have resolved to remove theirs, and they will be worn in future by their wives as "pin-curls."

News travels slowly in some parts of England, and, although the stolen motor-car has been recovered, rural policemen in one or two districts are still stopping all persons whose pockets appear to be unduly bulgy.

Miss KELLERMAN swam from Broadstairs to Margate last week, and so saved her railway fare.

The football season is due to commence on September 1. But, as a topic, it has long ago received a send-off in Royal circles if we are to believe *The Tribune's* poster:—

THE KING'S MEETING WITH THE KAISER.
PLAIN TALK ON FOOTBALL.

"After waiting at Dover since last Sunday, and after many disappointments in regard to the weather, the Channel has allowed BURGESS to make a start."—*Evening News.*

THE spectacle of the Channel hanging about at Dover for more than a week must have been an unusual one.

FROM the programme for the visit of French Mayors to Finsbury (according to the *Finsbury Chronicle*):

"12.30.—Lunch at Restaurant Dieppe. *Tribune* ooreh dored rleroler fofefo."

Coming immediately after lunch as it does, this feature of the programme does not surprise us a bit.

THE WEARING OF THE WHISKER.

(A bare-faced retort.)

[Our contemporary, *The Lady*, has been informed, to her great regret, that "woman's admiration for the man with the clean-shaven face is waning, and that a revival of the detestable moustache is imminent." "If it is really true," says *The Lady*, "I hope it will not stop at the moustache. Whiskers have not been worn for thirty years, and they could be made quite dandified and D'Orsayish if reintroduced."]

Not for myself the horror when I hear
Of this insensate freak of mobile Fashion;
I have been shaved, clean-shaved, this many a year,
And still propose to cut the frequent gash on
My patient face, nor grow
Side-trimmings or a rude moustachio.

Woman (whose tastes I never had the tongue
Rightly to chant, nor yet the wit to follow)
May choose to let her fingers sport among
The facial growths of some unshorn Apollo,
Trained like the ampelopsis,
That happy haunt of woolly bears and wopses:

Woman, I say, her Paradise may seek
On downy lips; she may elect to risk her
Complexion up against a hairy cheek,
Wiping its bloom away with tufts of whisker;
And, should she so incline,
Then that is her affair and none of mine.

My trouble is that men whom I admire,
Whose open countenances, clean as whistles,
Suggest the late Sir Joshua's angel choir,
May join the mode and take to rearing bristles,
And thus could never be
The same, ah! never more the same, to me!

If Asquith, say, were snared in Fashion's net,
And (coarsely speaking) chucked the legal type up,
And, to appease the ardent suffragette,
Assumed the shaggy semblance of a Skye-pup,
I could not well be mute,
And lightly bear to see him so hirsute.

I think the spectacle would drive me mad
Should Winston's cherub cheeks be flanked with "weepers,"
Or Birrell to his mutton cutlets add
A supplemental pair of pendent creepers,
The kind that might recall
Wistaria hanging from a cottage wall.

Or what if Morley fledged his lips with fluff,
To captivate some Oriental peri!
Or Edward Grey, exchanging smooth for rough,
Developed droopers like my *Lord Dundreary*,
And in the dubious dark
Confused himself with Whiskerandos Clarke!

But worst, if Haldane (hairless heretofore),
Assisting William to review his batteries,
And keen to compliment that Lord of War
By imitation, most sincere of flatteries,
Should wear, for England's sake,
Moustaches of the best Imperial make!! O. S.

The March of Civilisation in the Far East.

(Notice hung over drug-store in sea-port town in China.)

"Yung Loe's Pills.
Take One Every Week
AS YOU DO YOUR BATH."

NATURE STUDIES.

The Departure of the Nursery.

The departure has been fixed for the 10 A.M. train, and the eventual destination is a village on the Suffolk coast. For a full week the nursery has been in a condition of feverish but suppressed excitement. Bathing suits and shoes, wooden spades, gaudy and battered tin pails, the mementoes of former visits, have been painfully rummaged out of their hiding places. The talk has been of shells and waves and emeralds, not the emeralds of Bond Street, but the roughened and rounded fragments of ancient bottles which are to be found on nearly all self-respecting beaches. The Dandie Dinmont has had a little suit of "waders" manufactured for him. He had them tried on, a mournful ceremony to which he submitted with a bad grace, and for which he took compensation by retiring to a remote bush and tearing his suit to rags. Special dolls have been selected to accompany the trip. The white bear, a magnificently-jointed animal, provided internally with a most unursine squeak, has been definitely informed that he is to be left behind, and has been bundled away into a cupboard lest his feelings should be lacerated by the preparations for a flitting in which he is not to bear a part. Surreptitious packing has been proceeding for some days, for it is a nursery axiom that if you are going away for a fortnight you spread your packing over about a week so that nothing may be forgotten—a plan that invariably results in the omission of many indispensable articles. Yesterday, however, the packing was duly completed, and in order that no time might be wasted an ancient retainer was despatched to London with the luggage of the whole family in order that he might be ready with it at Liverpool Street on the following morning. This having been done, the nursery retired to bed early in order that it might have strength for the troubles of the morrow.

You would have thought that under these circumstances there would have been no particular necessity for an early rising. The nursery, however, would have felt itself disgraced if it had remained a-bed up to the usual hour. At 6 A.M., therefore, the whole department of three children and two nurses was awake and shouting. At 6.30 it was fully dressed, and the youngest, aged three, skirmished along the passage to the bedroom of her parents, and dispelled their sleep with many irrelevant and disconnected statements delivered at the top of her voice. She was immediately followed by her sisters, aged six and four-and-a-half, who, observing that their father and mother were still in bed, burst into tears, and declared that they could not possibly catch the train. All three then retired under protest and breakfasted in a hurry at 7 A.M.

After this followed the most solemn rite of the whole ceremony of departure. The three children were vigorously taken in hand and arrayed for the journey. Their hats were put on, their hands were encased in gloves, each was provided with a small basket tightly packed with mysteries, and they were then set down in three chairs in a row against the wall of the day nursery and were forbidden to move, while their nurses busied themselves about those aimless nothings which make nursery life immediately before a journey so full of incident and variety. It was now 8.15 A.M. The train was to start, as I have said, at 10. The station was close at hand; the tickets had been taken; a compartment had been reserved. For one hour and a half the three sat portentously in their chairs, a lesson in discipline and the suppression of the emotions. At 9.45 the assemblage rose as one girl on a signal from the nurse, and immediately afterwards a dejected procession of seven moved towards the station. As the train steamed out the chief nurse flushed a deep red, thus signifying that she had forgotten the soda-water bottle filled with milk.



OLD BRANDS AND NEW SMOKERS.

Spain (*to* Uncle Sam). "EXCUSE MY SMILING. I KNOW THOSE CIGARS!"



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. I.

(*Told by a Member.*)

"THE SUBJECT GIVEN OUT WAS 'CATTLE IN A LANDSCAPE.' WE WERE GETTING ON SPLENDIDLY WHEN THE CATTLE GOT ALL OUT OF FOCUS. REALLY CATTLE SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO GO LOOSE ABOUT THE COUNTRY."

THE VACUOUS VIATOR.

FROM a vault of azure shines
The sun on a silver sea,
And the cheery note from the fisher-girl's throat
Is borne on the breeze to me.
The scent of a million pines
Like the breath of heaven is poured,
As I, afloat in my cockle-shell boat,
Go drifting down the fjord.

Here comes no carking care,
No thought of the toiling town,
Where pale-faced elves disport themselves
On grass that is burnt and brown.
Here all is passing fair;
These isles, where the wavelets dance
With their crests of foam, should be the home
Of song and sweet romance.

And yet—let whoso will
The curious cause explain—
The longer I float in my cockle-shell boat,
The blanker becomes my brain.
I gaze upon pine-clad hill,
And I watch the white gulls wheel,
But my soul knows nought in the way of thought
But the thought of the next square meal.

My eye is clear and bright,
My strength as the strength of ten,
And a new youth strains through my pulsing veins,
Which ought to inspire my pen.
But when I would fain indite
A song of the fjord and pine,
My vacuous Muse will still refuse
To sing me a single line.

For her in this sapphire sea
No inspirations lurk;
She will lie on her back—the jade!—and slack,
But she pouts at the thought of work.
"Oh, wait for a while," says she,
"Till Summer has passed from the land;
I will sing like a lark when the days grow dark
And the fog is thick in the Strand."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a page from the N. D. Lloyd Steamship Company's Calendar, and asks for help in tracing the quotation. The day is August 18, and the motto:—

> "Rightly to be great argument,
> Is not to stir without great
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
> When honour's at the stake."

If it will assist our readers in any way we may say that on August 18, there were "230 Days Past and 135 To Come."

IT is announced that *Peter Pan* will, yet once more, be produced at Christmas. Our theatrical correspondent informs us that the management is wondering how it will pan out, and rival managements when it will peter out.

THE NEW PAUPERS.

The Times having rashly committed itself to the statement that "the necessaries of life can be bought for £2,000 a year," and *The Mail* having contrariwise affirmed on the authority of a doctor that a Londoner with that income is usually one of the poorest and most miserable men in the city, it has occurred to *Mr. Punch* to ascertain the opinions of a number of representative men with a view to clearing up the question.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., kindly replied to our query in the following terms: "No man, as a great writer once stated, is worth more than £500 a year. Therefore if a man has £2000 a year he ought to do the work of four men. This, however, is directly contrary to the fundamental principles of Trade Unionism, and therefore absurd. But it can be done all the same."

Mr. Rockefeller writes: "I can quite believe that a man may be miserable on £2000 a year if he is troubled by an uneasy conscience. On the other hand a *mens conscia recti* will ensure perfect happiness to the multimillionaire."

Mr. Hall Caine writes: "It all depends how the money is made. An inherited income, though of modest dimensions, is often an incentive to indolence and indirectly promotes misery. Work is the salt of life, and the lot of a man who earns even £1500 a year by writing pure and noble novels is infinitely more enviable than that of the plutocrat who battens on the forced labour of underpaid employees."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor writes: "History, trumpet-tongued, proclaims the eternal truth that happiness is independent of wealth. Cato of Utica, the Man of Ross, Milton, Joan of Arc, Martin Luther, have all contributed to my columns, yet none of them had £2000 a year, and who shall venture to say that they were either poor or unhappy? I have myself known many brave men and beautiful women, but I can unhesitatingly assert that the bravest and most beautiful were those who lived the simplest and most frugal lives. I know two Bishops who have never dined at the Carlton, and only last week I met a peer—whose pedigree goes back to Cedric—on the top of a motor-bus."

Mr. Alfred Austin has expressed his sentiments in the following limpid quotation:

"Whether we live in a gold-reef city
Or merely exist in a lowly cot,
Life is one long melodious ditty
If we are content with what we 've got."

Not to be outdone in generosity Sir Lewis Morris contributes this priceless distich:

"Stone walls do not a prison make. I see no reason why
Two thousand pounds a year should be considered poverty."

Mr. Charles Manners, the famous *impresario* and *basso*, expresses himself with his usual pithy brevity:

"Let us clear our minds of cant, for in a problem of such complexity clear and honest thinking is an indispensable precautionary preliminary. Is national opera in the vernacular a necessity or a luxury? If, as all patriotic Englishmen are agreed, it is to be relegated to the former category, then the question assumes the simple form, 'Can a man afford to support national opera on £2,000 a year?' To any individual of lucid brain and normal powers of ratiocination the answer must be as plain as a pitchfork, and I will not insult the intelligence of your gentle readers by gratuitously propounding a self-evident proposition."

Dr. Clifford writes: "The question of the minimum income largely depends on the attitude of its possessor towards the Bill of 1902. Passive resistance, where magistrates decline to enforce an order, certainly makes for economy. Personally I am inclined to believe that a passive resister, if he is a vegetarian and teetotaller and dispenses with a motor-car, may rub along upon even less than £2,000 a year."

THE UNSANITARY FLY.

[A sanitary authority points out the dangers of contamination and infection caused by the house fly.]

Objectionable creature, that from youth
Instinctively I hated!
Though not till now has the full nauseous truth
Of your misdeeds been stated.

Often about my comfortable bed
Your buzzings marred my slumbers;
You crawled upon my not too hirsute head
In never failing numbers.

Now Science has condemned you; yet, 'tis said
No insect, whether great or
Little, can harm one, if he keeps his head
In a refrigerator.

To such a refuge, therefore, let me flee,
And, as it closes on me,
Find comfort in the fact that there will be
At least "no flies upon me."

How to Brighten Cricket.

"Blaker in one over off Bailey hit two 6's, three 4's, and two 2's; while Burnup got a 6, twenty-two 4's, six 3's, and twelve 2's."
Morning Leader.

Not so bad for one over. Maclaren has been experimenting in another direction; and against Yorkshire (according to *The Mirror*) he "trod on his wicket for four." This, however, is rather a dangerous scoring stroke.

PUTTING THE QUESTION.

A Romance of Two Hearts.

She was beautiful; I think she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. No description of mine could convey to you any idea of her charm, her freshness, her completeness.

Her dress—well, there, perhaps, mere words might help. Not words of mine, though; for to me it only mattered that she looked charming, and as she ought to look. (And—yes, I fancy the colour of it was white. White, with—or stay; was it not black? But, there, it was not of her dress that I was thinking.)

I had a question to put to her. You will guess what it was; the old, old question that is asked (somewhere in the world) every hour of the day—nay, almost every minute. I think she knew that I was about to ask her that question. With her woman's intuition she seemed to read into my soul; and, as she raised her eyes to mine and then dropped them again hurriedly, I felt that she was saying to herself: "Will it be now? Yes, surely it will be now!"

Even as she knew the question that was in my mind, so did I know what her answer would be; indeed I seemed already to hear the whispered "Yes." A man gets to know these things, though it were hard to explain how. I knew it would be "Yes," yet I hesitated; perhaps just because the answer was so certain. Was I justified in asking her?

The advice is often given: "In affairs of the heart, be guided by the heart"; but in this case it was (alas!) as much an affair of the purse. To put it brutally—could I afford not to ask her that question? If I did not ask her, dare I risk the alternative? For I was in debt as it was. I owed money . . .

She was waiting for me. I could see that the silence distressed her. She raised her lovely eyes to mine again, and there was a beseeching look in them. "Speak, speak," they seemed to say. "Anything but this."

"In affairs of the heart, be guided by the heart." I remembered those words. Yes, that should be my motto. I took a deep breath, looked her straight in the eyes, and said:

"May I play to hearts, partner?"

"Oh yes, please," she said. "I thought you had gone to sleep."

"Lucky I didn't double," I thought, as Dummy's hand went down.

"A coloured man was lynched in Mississippi every eighteen days in 1905."
Nineteenth Century.

One of these days an accident will happen, and he will be killed.

THE CHAUFFEUR AS CRIMINAL.

(How to detect him.)

A correspondent writes:—Doubtless the interest of your readers has been awakened by the recent case of the stolen motor car, and many, in view of the substantial rewards offered, would willingly act as amateur motor-detectives but for their ignorance of the technique of the machinery. Such knowledge, however, I hold to be unnecessary if the conduct and appearance of chauffeurs be closely and intelligently studied, and the following hints may be of service to holiday makers who at present cannot recognise a criminal chauffeur when they see him.

Suspect all chauffeurs with clean nails and a hunted expression.

Suspect the chauffeur who deliberately runs his car into a ditch and makes off across country.

Suspect the chauffeur who offers to sell you his car for fifteen shillings and the price of a drink.

Suspect the chauffeur who when pulled up in a country lane and asked for his licence explains the lack of it by saying "he is merely minding the car for an unknown gentleman."

Suspect the chauffeur who sheds tool box, lamps and cushions along the road to lighten the car and increase the pace.

Suspect the chauffeur who throws his foot-pump at your head when you courteously inform him that his number is obliterated by dust.

Suspect the chauffeur who, when you invite his confidence as to his ultimate destination, cannot look you fairly in the goggle.

Finally, suspect the chauffeur whose suit, when his motor-coat flies open, reveals a pattern of broad arrows.

THE LADY CRICKETER'S GUIDE.

Bowling.

1. Should you desire to bowl leg-breaks, close the right eye.
2. Off-breaks are obtained by closing the left eye.
3. To bowl straight, close both.

Batting.

1. Don't be afraid to leave the "popping" crease—there is another at the other end.
2. County cricketers use the curved sides of the bat for driving.
3. A "leg glance" is not football.
4. When "over" is called, don't cross the wicket.

Fielding.

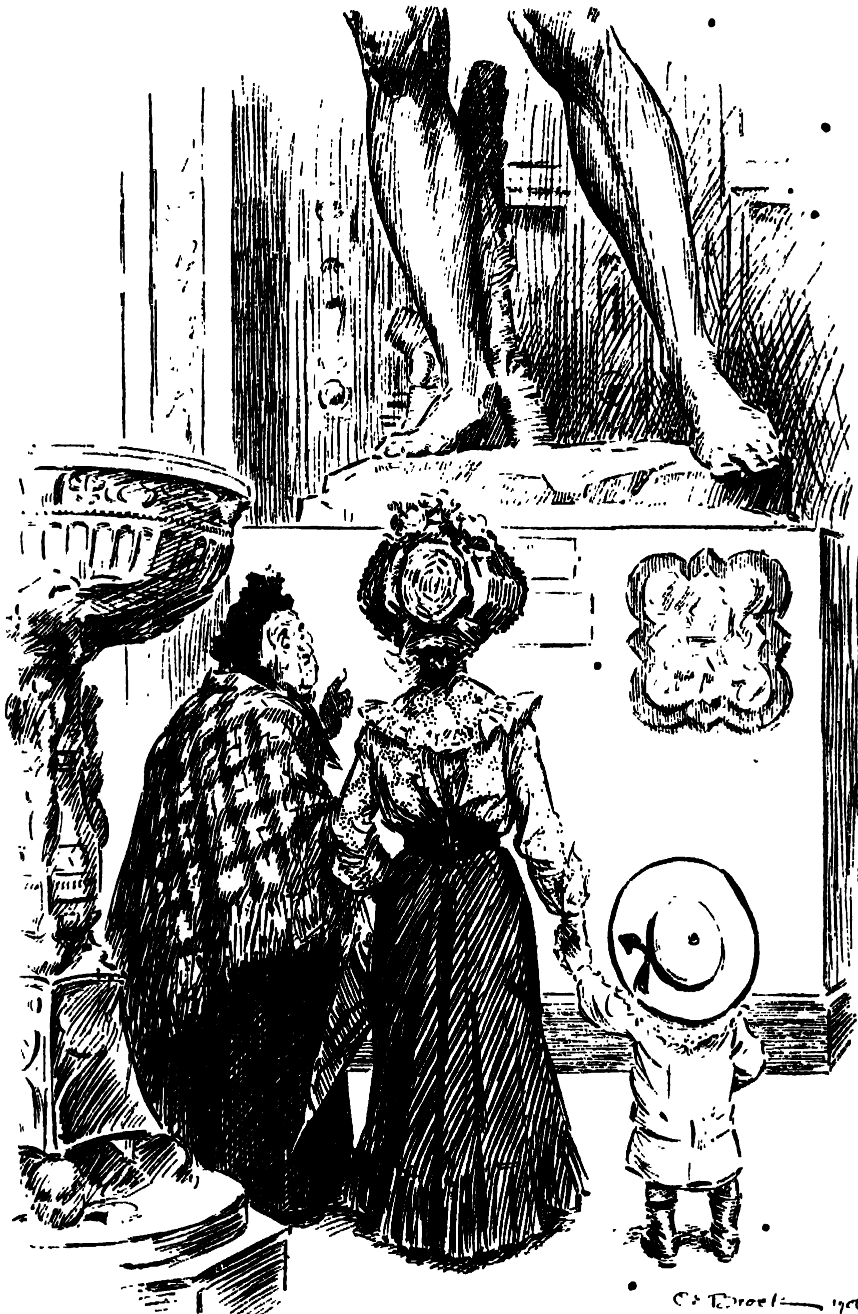
1. Stop the ball with your feet. If you are unable to find it, step on one side.
2. To catch a ball, sit down gracefully and wait.
3. When throwing in from the country, aim half-way up the pitch; you may then hit one of the wickets—which one I don't know.

Postscript.

The spirit in which the game should be played is best shown by the following extract from the *Leicester Daily Mercury*:—

Barrow Ladies v. Thrussington Ladies.

"Barrow went in first, but were dismissed for sixteen. Only three Thrussington ladies batted, owing to the Barrow team refusing to field, because the umpire gave Miss Reid in for an appeal for run out."



Old Lady. "Well, if that's David, what a size Goliath must 'a been!"

To Right the Wrong.

[According to an official, passengers on the District Railway have asked for increased fares.]

The grumbling against the low charges and grovelling civility of cabmen has now culminated in a burst of protest from representative citizens.

A passive resistance movement is on foot to combat the existing lowness of the rates, which presses hardly on the rich.

COMPLEXIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Sea-Brown! Sea-Brown!

Why go to the seaside to return probably with severe cold and internal ailments caused by imperfect drainage?

Sea-Brown.—One teaspoonful rubbed in on face and hands gives the effect of an expensive holiday at popular watering place.

Sea-Brown lasts for WEEKS.

Does not wash off.

Two applications give unmistakable appearance of long sea voyage on own yacht.

Sea-Brown. 3s. 6d. a box. Warranted harmless to the tenderest complexion.

Oriental Tan!

Note.—The English are a nation of travellers. They like you for *having been away*. They love and admire you if you have been *far away*, and *long away*.

Why Go Round the World?

Oriental Tan in one application gives effect of many months' travel and adventure. 5s. a box. Try it. Study a gazetteer and *save your travelling expenses* by the use of

Oriental Tan.

ONOMATOPŒIA.

A certain Socialist, being pursued by a band of infuriated Cossacks, fled to the shop of a friend that was a Glass Merchant. "Hide me," he said to him, "for if my pursuers take me they will surely kill me."

Now that Glass Merchant was a man of a certain shrewdness and a very present mind. He took the Socialist to his store-room where were six sacks. Five of these sacks were full of broken glass, but in the sixth (which was empty) he bade the Socialist lie hid. "Your pursuers," he said, "*will* look into the first and the second sack, *may* look into the third and fourth, but *will not* by any chance look into the fifth and sixth." In the sixth sack, therefore, the Socialist hid himself.

After a short while the pursuers rushed into the shop crying, "Where is that Socialist?"

"There is no Socialist here," answered the Glass Merchant; "but search the house if you will."

They searched accordingly, and their suspicion first alighted upon the six sacks. Many looked into the first two, some into the first three, and one into the first four, but none looked into them all. However, one of the soldiers being used to ruses in general, and having read books in his youth, plunged his sword into the first sack, and into the second, and into the third, and into the fourth, and into the fifth sack, which were (as has been said) full of broken glass. Then he plunged his sword into the sixth sack.

And the Socialist within said: "Tinkle, tinkle."

SOCIETY STATISTICS.

The "*dernier chic*" in the Continental papers is to give the exact horse-power of the autos belonging to the motorists of Society who are travelling from place to place. But why limit these enthralling statistics to motor-cars? Why not report, for instance, that—

Mrs. Julius K. Wiggins, of Chicago, has arrived at Interlaken with 17 brass-bound Saratoga trunks and her 14-stone husband? or that—

Miss Belle Grosvenor, of the Frivolity Theatre, is bathing at Trouville in a 16-mermaid-power costume of Eau de Nil silk, weighing 2½ oz. avoirdupois? or that—

Mr. Belshazzar Jones, when last seen on Margate Pier, was carrying a 20-mile telescope, with his 10-drink thirst practically unimpaired.

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

There resided at the Palace of a certain Prince an officer known as the Chief Scribe, whose duty it was to keep a daily record of what went on there. No one ever read his records, because everybody about the Court was as fully aware of the facts as he was; and he was accustomed to declare that he wrote for posterity—a mere piece of grandiloquence, since he could profit nothing by its verdict, nor had he any certain hope that posterity would read him at all. The hypocrisy of the creature presently appeared in that he began to add to the bare register sundry glosses of his own, of such a character as he deemed likely to compel the attention of his contemporaries. And thereupon he quickly grew in importance, especially amongst the sensitive artist-folk with whom the Palace was always crowded, from the Chief of the Jesters himself down to the youngest dancing-girl; so that before long, if anyone perchance discovered the *prima donna* in tears, he at once procured a copy of the Gazette to look there for the cause of them. But when one day it was written therein of the fairest damsel in the chorus that the name of artist was too high a title to be fitly bestowed upon her, there was a great uproar; and the full strength of that galaxy of prettiness, considering themselves all equally affronted, waited upon the Chief of the Jesters and would in no wise let him rest until he had promised to complain to the Prince on their behalf. For the Prince was not only the sole fountain of justice in that country, but eminently qualified by his taste and erudition to decide that very question.

The Chief of the Jesters found the Prince in his library, searching, as his wont was, for new ideas to be imposed as legislation upon a contented people. On the approach of his Minister, however, he pushed away the folio over which he had been poring, and listened attentively.

"And I suggest," said the Chief of the Jesters, in conclusion, "that the Chief Scribe should be cited to appear before your Highness to answer this."

"What does the knave say for himself?" asked the Prince, amused.

"He calls it fair comment upon a matter of public interest, or some such catch-phrase," replied the other.

"It's a long time since we had anything to try—except a poacher or two," said the Prince. "I think it would be interesting."

"Then your Highness will appoint a day to hear the cause?"

"One moment," said the Prince, tapping the volume he had just put down. "In this book there is an account of the judiciary of a people who hold their tribunals to be far superior to those of all their neighbours; and I find that, with them, suits involving the consideration of the fine arts are decided by twelve honest gentlemen of the shop-keeping class, with minds quite unbiassed by any previous knowledge whatever of such matters. The idea seems to me to have much to recommend it, and I really haven't altered the constitution of this realm for nearly two days."

"As your Highness pleases," said the Chief of the Jesters, with a sigh.

The Prince did not sit very often in the seat of justice, since he embodied in his own person exclusive legislative as well as judicial functions, and constantly found it simpler to repeal a statute than to interpret it; but there was, nevertheless, in the Palace a large basilica which was set apart for the hearing of petitions. And here on a certain day he took his place in the centre of the apse, to preside over the trial; having first been at much pains thoroughly to inform himself of the kind of judicial deportment most in vogue with the nation of which he had spoken. Below the dais, in the order of their degree, were grouped the nobles and officials of the Household; and the body of the hall was filled with the professional comrades of the plaintiff, and with the *jeunesse dorée*, who were her sworn adherents. And not far from the Prince's chair sat the

Princess, who deemed that in cases of this kind her watchful presence tended to keep the pure stream of justice from being pent up within the lock-gates of gallantry. She had forgotten, however, that under the new order of things which the Prince had dug out of his library the decision as to the beautiful girl's plaint rested no longer with his susceptible Highness, but with the twelve shopkeepers from the nearest town, who had been conveyed (after a stout resistance) to the Palace, and were now seated at the Prince's right hand, not displeased, after all, to find themselves in so conspicuous a situation and amongst so brilliant a company.

"Yes," said the Prince (though nobody had spoken), "go on, please."

The Chief of the Jesters, as the next friend of the plaintiff (Clytie was the minx's name), thereupon rose and addressed himself to the task of instructing the twelve shopkeepers wherein precisely consisted her claim to be called an artist. And to this end, having finished at length with Aristotle, he passed on to read copious extracts from the excellent treatise of Lucian on the Art of Dancing; and when he had laid under contribution all the Ancients who by any ingenuity could be made to throw any light upon the matter he adroitly alluded to many respectable personages who had practised the art of pantomime, not forgetting, of course, the great Empress Theodora, nor the inventor of the ballet, Master Baltasar de Beaujoyeux, who was chief musician to the Queen of France. From this he went on to describe the divers kinds of dances, antique as well as modern; beginning with the corybantic measures of Cybele, and ending with the *courante* aforetime performed at the court of the Grand Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth. Their several intricacies and difficulties of accomplishment he duly insisted upon; and passing thence to eulogise the professional achievement of Clytie herself he concluded an eloquent peroration by asking the bewildered twelve whether it might not truly be avouched of her (in the words of Cassiodorus) that she had "*manus loquacissimæ, linguosi digiti.*"

"Who is Clytie?" said the Prince at this point, just as if he had not seen her name upon the satin playbills of the Palace a score of times.

It was now the turn of the Chief Scribe to justify that which he had written of the plaintiff; and though it is impossible to set down here a tithe of what he said it can readily be understood that he was not to be outdone either in length or in learning. It will suffice to say that he had no difficulty in throwing scorn upon all stage-dancers whatever, however illustrious; calling



Rudely Healthy Boatman. "Ah, Sir, 'tis a 'ard life a-seekin' a crust by the sea, and plays 'avoc with one's 'ealth! I often envies you London gents, safely guarded against the corrodin' weather!"

history to witness that the entertainments in which such dreadful people took part had ever been obstacles to the progress of serious Art. Nor must it be imagined that the Prince was silent during all the hours that the speeches lasted; he had learned what belonged to a bench, and sparkled at frequent intervals with many a learned quip. Only the twelve shopkeepers never uttered a single word all day, partly, indeed, because there were not a great many that they had understood.

"Consider your verdict, Gentlemen," said the Prince.

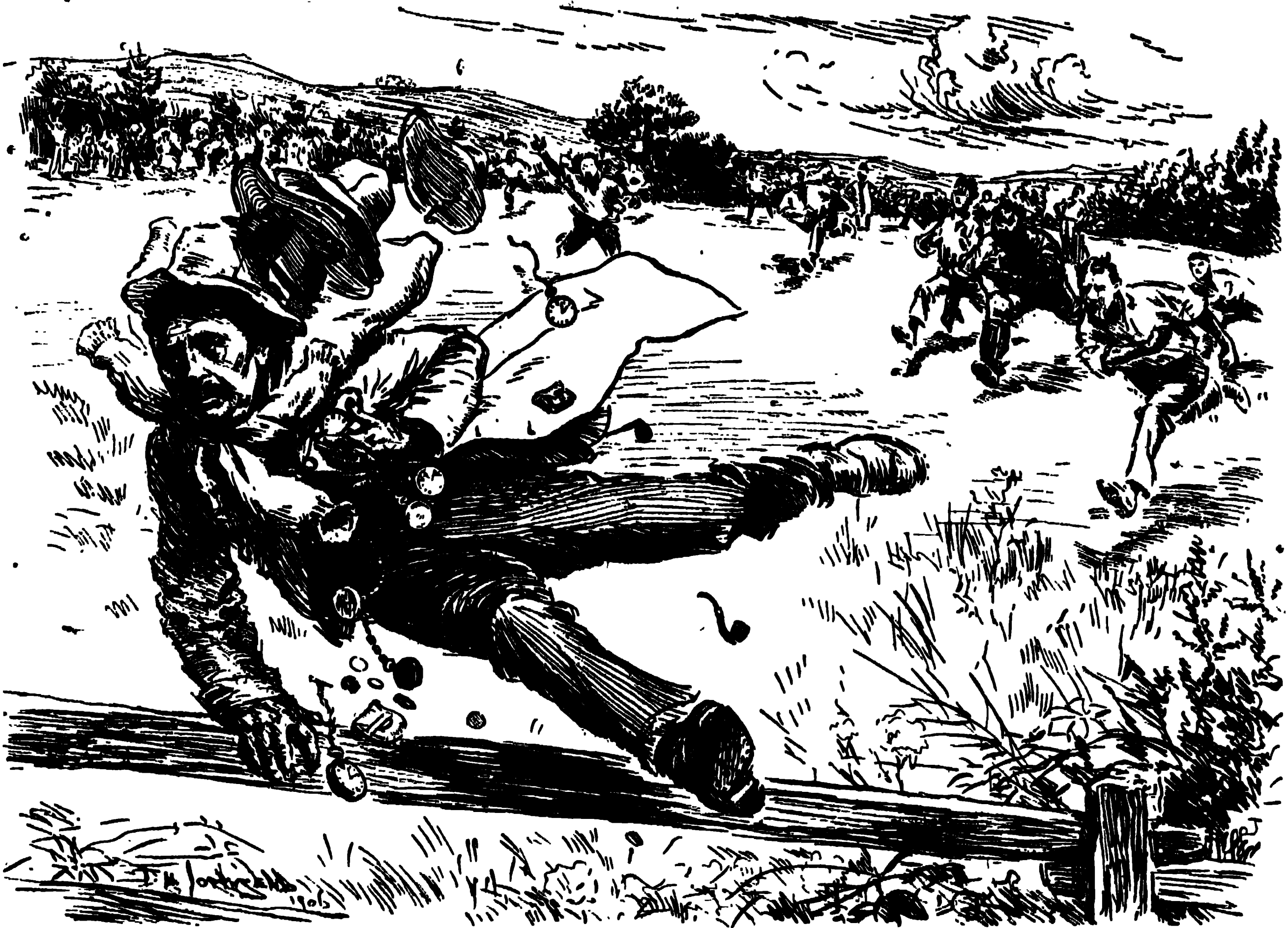
The poor shopkeepers put their aching heads together. More hours went by, and when daylight failed they were still mumbling amongst themselves. The Prince was about to give them in custody of the Palace Guard, when a strange thing happened. Clytie herself, leaning on the arm of a young gallant of noble lineage, came into the hall, and summoning a blush announced to the Prince that she was about to be married immediately.

"That's nothing to do with the case," said the Prince.

"Oh yes, your Highness!" smiled the girl, "I don't care now the least little bit what that grumpy old Chief Scribe said about me as an artist."

The other members of the chorus, all equally affronted, and *not* about to be married immediately, groaned in unison. The Prince, though a little disappointed at the discontinuance of the suit after his elaborate preparations, could not forbear a smile.

"I think perhaps she is right," he said, thoughtfully; "after all, art, except in some of its phases, is only a means to an end; and, once the end is achieved, the means may be regarded as no longer worth considering."



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

Tom Huggins, of the Local Fire Brigade, umpires for the visiting team in an emergency. Laden, as is usual, with their wealth, watches, etc., he hears the fire-bell, and obeys duty's call without loss of time!

THE AËROMOBILIST'S ROUTE BOOK.

For parties touring in the Highlands ballooning will be found a pleasant and expeditious substitute for the more hackneyed ecstasies of motoring. A few hints as to grades and contours may save the tourist a mile or two and not come wholly amiss.

In crossing the Border from Carlisle, especially if the objective be a rendezvous on the ever-beautiful banks of Loch Lomond, aëronauts should be careful to take the high road—partly on account of the prevailing depression of nebular cumuli, and partly with a view to avoiding the expansion of gas incidental to the Burns country and Galloway (N. B.). Through the Southern portion of Ayr the going will generally be found "soft" but a fine hard run is afforded by the expanse of carbonised strata stretching from Motherwell to Glasgow and the Clyde. Upon crossing the latter, sky-goers should take at once to the hills, where (thanks to the jovial bonhomie of the Tyndrum of Tyndrum) they will be permitted to skim his hereditary grouse-moor. A considerable elevation should, however, still be preserved, in view of the deplorable accident which occurred to so capable a volauventeur as M. Santos du Rougemont himself, when a short-sighted sportsman mistook his 6 h.-p. aëroplane for a rocketing capercailzie, and caused the machine to turn turtle on the spot.

The aëronaut willing or able to surmount the Pass of Glencoe and descend to Loch Leven will find the route somewhat precipitous (being positively littered with large cirri), and should be careful here to use both rim-brakes, and throw out, when possible, an extra clutch. Ben Nevis is also a difficult crossing, owing to the nimbus obscuring its summit, and should not be attempted at more than ten gasomètres an hour nor without sounding a powerful fog-horn, which should be carried on the weather-bow. If the foregoing precautions be observed, there should be small danger of punctures or side-slip, but it will be well to carry a length of silken cloth and another of twine, to repair incidental breaches. These, together with other appliances, such as kedge-anchors, sou'-westers, Northern Lights, Roderick (mountain) Dew and aërated waters, may be procured at any trustworthy asylum of the A. T. C., where all statistics of balloonacy are supplied, and repairs and funerals neatly undertaken.

"AND O! THE DIFFERENCE TO ME."

(After Wordsworth.)

She dealt, and seemed in worldly ways
A guileless little dove,
And made me loth her trumps to "raise,"
And score a lot to love.

But ah, my feelings none can know
When Lucy said that she
Would pay one-half her debt, and owe
The difference to me!

The Daily Mail is asking if we have had a previous existence. *The Throne* takes up the challenge in a spirited manner with an advertisement to the effect that "Lady H—— recommends very highly her Nurse; 60 years' character; age 49."



EAU DE VIE DE BOHÊME.

"C.-B." (*drinking the waters at Marienbad*). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY PUT INTO THIS STUFF, BUT IT MAKES ONE FEEL DELIGHTFULLY HAZY. THERE'S KEIR HARDIE, NOW, AND BIRRELL AND WINSTON—I REMEMBER THEIR NAMES, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH IS WHICH. WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'LL ALL COME BACK TO ME IN OCTOBER."



Art Student (engaging rooms). "What is that?"
Landlady. "That is a picture of our Church done in wool by my daughter, Sir. She's subject to Art, too."

A CISTERCIAN ABBEY.

Extract from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.

By Beaulieu River.—There is a certain analogy between Beaulieu River and the hunted hare. In both cases a preliminary to full enjoyment is that you "catch it." To the inexperienced eye there is no point at which one can say the Solent ends and the river begins. You steam or sail awhile, and lo! there are banks on either side, and your barque is on the Beaulieu River. A beautiful stream it is at full tide, winding with generous bends through immemorial woods, with here and there a cosy house nestling in umbrageous depths. On the way we pass Buckler's Hard, a century ago one of the principal building yards of the Royal Navy. To-day it is forsaken, cherishing amongst its memories the building and launching of Nelson's *Victory*, now a sheer hulk in Portsmouth Harbour.

Beaulieu Abbey stands at the head of the navigable stretch of the river. The monks of old had a keen eye for desirable building sites. Never were they happier in choice than in fixing on the strip of the New Forest on which this Cistercian homestead was built. According to a learned authority, *Monasticon Anglicanum*, King John was the founder of the Abbey, an event brought about under picturesque circumstances. Disliking and distrusting the growing power of the Cistercian monks, he, in the year 1204, genially bade the Abbots take counsel with him at Lincoln. When they were all counted in, he gave his bodyguard orders to cut up the lot. The pious soldiers forebore. The Abbots fled, and the King had a very bad night. He dreamed he was summoned before a judge who condemned him to be scourged by the Abbots. They performed the duty with such energy that when his Majesty woke in the morning he sorely smarted from the blows. Taking the hint, fearing even worse things in a future state, he made his peace by undertaking to build an abbey at Beaulieu and endow the holy Order therewith.

For more than 600 years the hospitality of Beaulieu has been sought by and graciously extended to Royalty. The latest visitors of this class were the young King and Queen of Spain, who found an opportunity among the gaieties of Cowes Week to spend a day under the roof of the latest Lay-Abbot. Henry the Third was frequently here. Edward the First took so many meals in the refectory that, feeling uneasy at the expense his reception entailed on the monks, he took a step which brings into bold relief the consideration and generosity of Kings. He issued an edict granting immunity to the Abbey of Beaulieu from the necessity of entertaining any other wayfarers. As in those good old days abbeys and monasteries were bound to give free food and lodging to passing man and beast, this gracious thoughtfulness on the part of His Majesty handsomely balanced the account.

On July 1, 1789, there came to Beaulieu quite another royal *cortège*, record of which is preserved to this day in the family archives. Palace House, the stately residence adjoining the ruined Abbey, a portion of it part of the ancient structure, was then the seat of the Duke of Montagu, ancestor of the present Lay-Abbot, who—so small the world is—in addition to his ancient episcopal dignity and responsibilities is one of the highest living authorities on the modern science of motoring. The Duke's guests were His Majesty King George the Third,

the Princess Royal, the Princesses Elizabeth, Augusta, and Sophia. Rex, in kingly way, rode on horseback, escorted by the Duke's tenants bearing colours and white wands. The Princesses drove in coaches accompanied by six running footmen in scarlet livery. As the guests entered the hospitable doors the royal standard was run up, hailed by a salute of 21 guns fired from His Majesty's 74-gun battleship *Illustrious* ready for launching at Buckler's Hard. "Their Majesties partook of a handsome cold collection," so the chronicler hath it. Two hours they stayed, and were conducted on their homeward way with the feudal state that greeted their arrival.

Another leaf from this yellow-tinted, quaintly-written page of history tells how, on July 5, 1833, "their royal highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria honoured Beaulieu with a visit." Little did Beaulieu think at the time of all that awaited this little lady, just in her teens, or dreamt of the mighty changes she would live to see worked in the Empire she was, four years later, called upon to rule.

Not much is left standing of King John's penitential offering, the glorious structure his successor Henry the Third completed. What remains of the cloisters testifies to its singular beauty. Years ago the Abbey became the appanage of a scion of the Montagu family, who devoted years of a long peaceful life to the preservation and restoration of the ruined walls. Old Mortality did not carry out his work with gentler, more discriminating touch than he. Less than a year ago the task was ended. To-day the Labourer rests in the silence and seclusion of the roofless chapter house, in the companionship of nameless Abbots who lived and ruled at Beaulieu before Henry the Eighth made short work of monks and monasteries. Of their story nothing remains told on the weather-beaten stones that cover their graves.

A TIMELY REMINDER.

Dear, do you ever think of me,
And of our last brief interview
That day, before the hour of three,
But after half-past two?
"Sweet, do you love me?" soft and low
I whispered—and was promptly met
By an uncompromising "No!"—
Love, can you quite forget?

Time in his course has healed the blow.
There have been others since; and yet
I feel, at times, a passing glow
Of not unmixed regret.
And oft, when it is not quite three,
But nearer that than half-past two,
I wonder, "*Does* she think of me?"
I'll bet you never do. Dum-Dum.

THE NEWSMAKER.

I found him at work in his study, the sole furniture of which was a table, a chair, an ink-pot and a gazetteer.

"All I need," he remarked pleasantly, "added to my own creativeness;" and he tapped his forehead sagely. "Here is a little thing of mine, for example, in this morning's paper," and he drew my attention to the following paragraph:—

Mysterious Disappearance.

Another curious disappearance is reported from Bristol, where a young woman, the daughter of respectable parents, and herself bearing the best of characters, has suddenly been lost sight of. She left her home on Monday afternoon to buy a new blouse and has never been heard of since. Her height is five feet seven; she has auburn hair, and was wearing a blue linen dress and clothes marked E.T.

"I invented that," he said. "It is not true; but why should it be? It is readable and reasonable, and what more can you ask of a newspaper? Even if the Editors knew it was untrue they would not complain. They know that these are the things that circulation is built on. 'Take care of the suicides and the minor phenomena of life,' is our motto, theirs and mine, 'and the news from St. Petersburg will take care of itself.' So they go on paying me. For every reader who wants to know how the Sultan is, there are a thousand who are interested in a mad dog at Hexham or a mysterious occurrence at Wendover."

"How do you settle on the places?" I asked.

"With the gazetteer," he replied. "It is very simple. I just choose the non-committal towns. Small towns and villages I am careful about, and I rarely give a name to the victims. Curiously enough there are some towns where nothing interesting or romantic or tragic can ever happen. Weybridge is one, Chislehurst is another; whereas there are others just made for mystery.

"When I am in a very daring mood I keep to London or the Colonies. For instance, I have recently composed this:

Fortune's Favourite.

News comes from New South Wales of a lucky windfall. A cooper recently bought at an auction sale a grandfather's clock for fourteen shillings. When he came to repair it he decided that the weights were too heavy, and therefore prised them open to reduce their contents, which he assumed to be, as is usual, shot. Judge of his surprise to find that each weight was filled with sovereigns. The old woman whose property the clock had been having left no relations, the treasure trove belongs to the cooper. The incident should give furniture dealing an impetus it sadly needs.

"Here is a paragraph that I had just finished composing when you came in:

Remarkable Accident.

A labouring man near Wolverhampton has just sustained a serious injury in a very curious manner. As he was returning from work last evening a swallow flew into his face, completely destroying the sight of his left eye with the force of its beak.

"Now that will be copied into most of the papers, and some of them will have little notes on the subject. *The Lancet* will say something about the danger of walking about where birds are in the habit of flying. Gradually it will get round the world. Then it will re-enter upon its career, and by-and-by will get into books of natural history. No very determined attempt will be made to deny it, Wolverhampton being a large place and it not being worth anyone's while to follow the matter up.

"Here's another, which is all ready to begin its rounds:—

A Modern Highwayman.

As a farmer in Co. Wexford was driving to market last Wednesday, he was overtaken by a cyclist who, seizing the horse's head, pulled out a revolver and demanded a sovereign. The farmer, deeming discretion the better part of valour, gave it to him, mentally deciding to put the police on his track as soon as he could; but though a vigorous search has been prosecuted no arrest has yet been made.

"That, I think, bears the impress of truth on every line; but it is all invention. And why not? Again I say, what does it matter what you read about total strangers so long as it is interesting and sounds reasonable? I would undertake single-handed to fill any paper with good serviceable and credible but wholly untrue news every morning and not be found out.

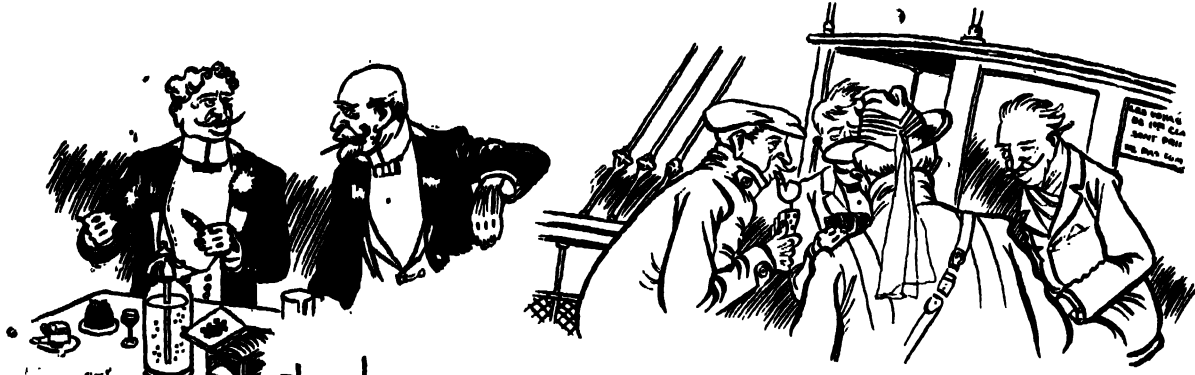
"It was I, by the way, who invented the earthquake shocks in Wilts the other day. Of course there were none; but there might have been. Mine is what I call the loophole school of journalism. There is always a chance that it is true, and no one being directly assailed in pocket there is no serious contradiction."

"And how does it pay you?" I asked.

"I am paid ordinary exchange rates," he said. "Moreover, I have the entertainment too. It is not only my business but my hobby. Some men keep yachts, some endow reading-rooms, some collect postage-stamps. My hobby is to invent news and get it accepted as fact. The papers are full of my work every morning, and I take a pleasure in reading it which that of no author of books can surpass."

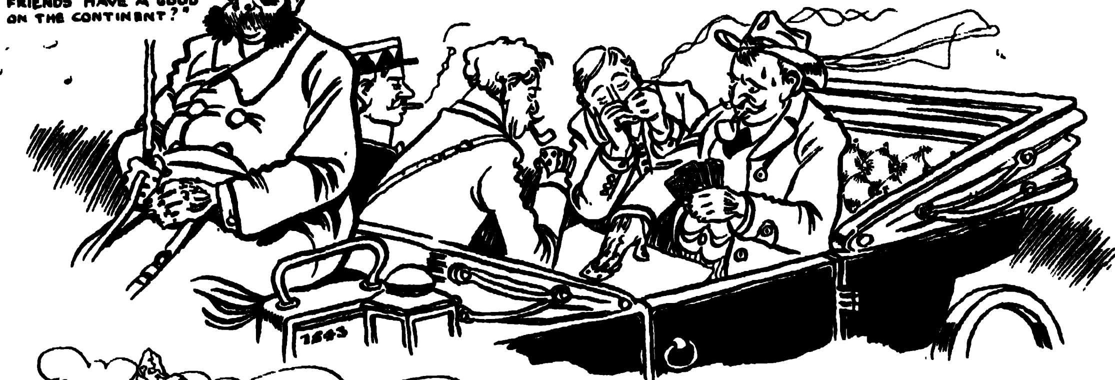
The *Manchester Evening News* reports that "brilliant silk neckties have come to the front again." This should put a stop to the fashion, so popular with old gentlemen, of wearing them under the left ear.

THE BRIDGE MANIAC



"WELL OLD MAN DID YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE A GOOD TIME ON THE CONTINENT?"

"RATHER! THE SEA WAS AS CALM AS A LAKE ....



..... WE HAD SOME TOPPING DRIVES ....



....AND THE VIEWS EVERYWHERE WERE MAGNIFICENT ....



.....EVEN THE LONG TRAIN JOURNEYS SEEMED COMPARATIVELY SHORT.......



.....O! YES! WE HAD A GLORIOUS HOLIDAY!"

René Bull

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

V.

Concerning Foreigners and Other Undesirables.

To come now to more worthy opponents, the principal ones were members of such rival organisations as "The Blue Bloods," "The Junior Blue Bloods," "The Gentlemen's Club" (*pshaw!*), "The Upper Ten," "The Dachshund-Verein," and the "Ligue des Patriotes."



I rushed at *Liane.*

Few, I expect, have any idea of the number of Dogs' Clubs there are in existence. All big towns are honeycombed with them.

We were specially down on foreigners, and as a rule there would be short shrift for Schipperkes, melancholy Danes, Chows, Dachshunds, Poodles, Pekinese Spaniels, Maltese Terriers, Russian Boar-hounds, Spitz dogs, and the rest of the undesirable aliens. I recollect well my scrap with *Liane de Pougy.* She was a poodle. All poodles are either fops or clowns. *Liane* was a fop, and a saucy one at that. She had long ropes of hair reaching to the ground. One day, by way of retort to my quite harmless remark, "Get your hair cut!" she had the cheek to reply in broken English, "Go 'ome an' wash you ze dirty face!" That got my blood up, and with the words, "Your face is as dirty as mine, you filthy *brunette*, if we could only see it!" I rushed at *Liane* and did some amateur hair-cutting myself, entirely removing some of the ropes and shortening others, even though her owner jabbed at me all the time with her parasol. You never saw such a piece of shabby finery as was *Liane* when I had done with her; and it was not the slightest good her reminding me of the *Entente.* She kept at home for some days after that, and when next she met the Club she was clean-shaven; all her beautiful curls were gone. How we roared with laughter!

Dachshunds would get on our nerves even more than poodles. These caterpillars would sometimes toady up to us, and we would not always think them worth powder and shot. Once, for instance, I remember we were having sports, and a dachshund named Hans Blumberg crawled up and stood watching us longingly, and finally had the cool audacity to ask if he might join in. "No," said the Captain, sharply. "We don't play with centipedes, specially German ones," and then we all barked at him in concert, and he ran away terrified, to complain to his Kaiser.

I cannot stand dachshunds at any price. It tires me to look at them. Before I have carried my eye from the snout to the tail I am bored.

And I found King Charles Spaniels especially hard to tolerate. These microbes actually had the impertinence to pretend that they were "correct" and that I was wrong. It is, of course, perfectly obvious to any impartial person that they are cheap editions of me—field spaniels stunted in their youth by frequent doses of gin. A more pretentious crew I have never seen. One morning, when I was out with the Captain, I met one of them whom his owner was leading by a leash. "Self-satisfied little muff!" I hissed as I passed. "If I could only get at you," he had the cheek to retort, "I'd make mince-meat of both of you!"—and he pretended to tug at his leash. Thereupon the Captain turned back and cleverly bit through the leash—and you never saw anyone skurry so quickly in the wrong direction as Master Charlie. So much for King's blood!

Sometimes, if we felt frolicsome, we would not wait for trouble to come to us, but we would even make it. This we managed by means of the Club Bone. We would leave the Club Bone in the road as a decoy. Then we would hide round the corner, and as soon as a thorough-bred began to tackle the bone, we would all rush out and angrily accuse him of trying to rob the poor.

War.

The "*Grandes battues*," when the Dogs of War put forth their whole strength, took place comparatively rarely—not more often, on the average, than once in two months—for the Captain would not have us waste our corporate strength on what he considered unworthy objects.

It is astonishing, when I come to think of the number of engagements in which I have taken part, how seldom I came to any harm. "Fortune favours the brave," was the flattering explanation given by the Captain, who had an apt quotation for everything. In a way, of course, I was armour-clad. I refer to my rough hair. We rough-coated dogs have a distinct advantage in a scuffle, as it takes an opponent a long time to work through to our flesh, and the probability is that, before he reaches it, he will have swallowed so much hair that he will be incapacitated by a fit of coughing. And that is the time when we drive home any advantage that we may already have obtained. And I had something else in my favour. My sort are usually very affectionate dogs, with





So much for King's blood

no fight in them. This would put the others off their guard, and I would get in first bite.

The Captain, too, was wonderfully immune from damage. Yet, perhaps, in his case this was not remarkable, for, like all good officers, he, more often than not, directed operations from a distance. The Captain was the brain of our army, I its right arm. There was an astonishing difference between us. The Captain was always as cool as a cucumber; I, on the other hand, was all flurry and fluster, if any thinking had to be done. As the Captain told me more than once, I had not the head of a great leader. My impulsive nature was against me.

MASCOT MAGIC.

Mascots appear to be a good deal in evidence, or rather, up various sleeves, this season. We learn, for instance, that a Black Cat contributed in that capacity very effectively to the recent victory of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's *Satanita* at Cowes; also that Master Wray, the little son of the Harvard crew's trainer, is expected to do great things as a three-year-old magician at Putney on September 8, being responsible, of course, for the safe negotiation of the American triumph.

These matters, we consider, should be speedily placed on a sounder and more sportsmanlike footing. If mascots are going to revolutionise the world of athletics in this way, it would be as well to know where we are. How can we be sure—to take a recent case—that Surrey's collapse at Sheffield was not due to some lamentable misbehaviour on the part of Lord Dalmeny's or Hayward's private totem? One scarcely likes to hint at such a proceeding, but supposing it had been "got at," behind its owner's back, by the opposing fetish, for a consideration? However, in the absence of direct testimony, it would perhaps be more charitable to suppose that cricket is still cricket, and that Yorkshire's win was quite on the straight, and merely due to the overpowering excellence of the super-mascots of Rhodes and Hirst. Still, there are possibilities in the future which should not be overlooked. It may turn out, one fine September, that the respective County Mascots have been doing a deal among themselves, and holding a sort of "knock-out" for the championship, to suit their own convenience and advancement. Frankly, it would be well if the M.C.C. were to keep an eye on, and, if necessary, penalise all over-familiar spirits in the shape of babies, dogs, or guinea-pigs detected officiously meddling with the issue of a match. We do not want the "glorious uncertainty" controlled by too much of the Obeah and Voodoo business.

If, however, we *are* to have mascots in each and every sport, they had better be duly examined and licensed. Should they exceed their prerogatives, their licence could then be indorsed. With proper management, they would be of considerable use in handicaps. Weaker teams, crews, race-horses or motor-cars might then equalise their chances with assistance of more masterful mascots. Only we would enter a *caveat* against allowing or demanding that the latter should do *all* the work. Our exercise is quite vicarious enough, as it is. And there is the further danger of mascots turning out to be Jonahs, after all.

Zig-Zag.



"MERELY MARY ANN" AGAIN.

"Please, 'M, the fishmonger says will you have it filtered?"

SPORT FOR THE MILLION.

A correspondent to *The Star* asks "Can any one tell me of a way by which fleas can be killed and not merely stupefied?" We understand that each of the following methods has been found effective in its way:—Having diverted the animal's attention with a carrot or other tit-bit, select a suitable moment and smartly sever the cervical vertebræ with an axe. Having thus impaired the creature's powers of locomotion, you can take it out at leisure and bury it in the garden. This method is recommended in all cases where a manservant is kept.

Miss Beaton (one of "The Four Maries"), in her excellent book *Little Jobs about the House*, gives the following recipe: "Having first caught your flea, imprison it carefully in the centre of a ball of dough which should contain at least one part of chlorate of lime and three parts of petroleum. Bake the whole for one hour, and transfer to pigsty." It may be pointed out, however, that, while this method is obviously better than some occasionally resorted to, such as giving your flea to the dog to roll on, or putting down poisoned meat, it is a risky one to resort to except in the case of very immature specimens. Many other methods both of catching and killing these obnoxious creatures are known. Among Brighton lodging-house keepers, for instance, the common practice is to catch them in rat-traps baited with a live kitten or other small animal; but the S. P. C. A. have rightly interfered on behalf of the bait. We would point out, however, that, whereas to stupefy the flea temporarily incapacitates the flea's appetite, to kill him (in nine cases out of ten) merely excites him to a livelier and more malignant activity.

"They wear gold helmets studded with germs, frequently of great value."—*Rangoon Gazette.*

We in England find it difficult to realise the contempt which a germ in a helmet feels for a mere bee in a bonnet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

If you are sitting in your lonely room on a beautiful August day, thinking of a Devon sea or a Kent orchard, and a knock comes at the door, the chances are nineteen to one that it is merely the landlady to ask whether you will have lunch "in" this morning please. But in romances it is always your cousin *Marjorie* who bursts in upon you—*Marjorie*, who played games with you ten years ago—whom you do not recognize now with her hair up; and she is your second cousin lots removed, because, though legally you may marry your first cousin, still it isn't much done. *Marjorie's* first thought is "How improved he is!" and yours "Thank Heaven I shaved this morning." And by and by you go out and have some lunch. It is a wonderful world where these things happen, so I am more grateful than I can say to E. Nesbit and T. Fisher Unwin for this delightful book, *Man and Maid*. There are thirteen stories in it, but nearly always a *Marjorie*, that is to say an adventure. But for her, one would lock the door of one's flat and keep out landladies and tradesmen and other worries. As it was I closed *Man and Maid* with a sigh, and, after pulling at my collar, went to the head of the stairs. . . . The voice of the house-painter came echoing up from below.



Mermaid (to Sunfish). "Would you mind shining this way for a second while I snapshot Papa?"

The last time I read a book about a small house, it was *The Small House at Allington*, by Anthony Trollope; but the work before me, *The Small House*, by Arthur Martin (Alston Rivers), deals with the small house by itself, *tout court*, the small house anywhere. For small country houses (like castles too) are in the air just now, not always (though too often) cottages that ape humility, but sometimes are the real thing; and this book is to help you in deciding upon what type of small house you will have, and how much it shall cost, and where the bath-room is to be, and so forth. These and other matters are all plainly and compactly presented, with the assistance of plans and pictures. But let no one who cannot afford it be led away by Mr. Martin's blandishments, or they will find themselves instead in the Great House, as Isopel Berners used to call it.

In *The Man Who Rose Again* (Hodder and Stoughton) Mr. Joseph Hocking presents a possibly useful example of how a novel may be written. Take a group of lay figures; label one a retired City merchant of great wealth and high morals; another, his daughter, a beautiful maiden richly endowed with talents and virtue; a third, a man of supreme capacity, the rising hope of a political party, but a sodden drunkard. Engage him to the prim maiden. Bring affairs up to the very hour of the clang of the wedding bell, then flash on the bride-expectant the discovery that he is even worse than she thought him. The wedding is broken off. He mysteriously disappears; returns, after an interval of two years, disguised in sobriety and a fez; makes love again to his old flame; reconquers her affection and, when she thinks she is, after all, about to marry a fez, discloses his identity. That is the story in brief. But there is no flesh and blood engaged in working it out.

I have a sort of bone to pick with Mr. William de Morgan. His book, *Joseph Vance* (Heinemann), is quite the best novel I have read for a very long time, and yet he describes it as "An Ill-Written Autobiography." It seems absurd for me to say (respectfully), "No, sir; you are wrong. It is not ill-written; it is very well written indeed; it is full of a tender playful detachment from, and at the same time sympathy with, its subject; full of that restraint of power which gives one a feeling of strength through the sheer delicacy of its concealment. It is full, moreover, of an exquisite human sense of character, in proof whereof I could cite one of the least of its people—*Porky*, who, on being challenged in respect of his knowledge of triangles equilateral and equiangular, with great presence of mind denied the existence of both, because 'they would be oneven all over exceptin' they were drored square.'" It seems, I repeat, absurd for me to say all this, for there is the author's own verdict stamped indelibly on the cover. So I won't say it. But it's true all the same.

One of *Mr. Punch's* staff of "Learned Clerks" has been betrayed into an error which, had he been either a little more, or a little less, learned, might not have occurred. In a recent review of that charming book *A Motor-Car Divorce*, he cast doubts on the author's knowledge of the "*Petits Chevaux*" at Aix, on the ground that she spoke of the game as one in which "a ball bobs round." He even suggested that Messrs. Duckworth & Co., the publishers, might, with their superior knowledge, have put the author right. In the Learned Clerk's own experience of this sport of kinglets, both elsewhere and at Aix, it was the little horses that revolved. He now gathers that within the last few years they have ceased to race at Aix, and that an indiarubber ball runs round in their stead, while they themselves are content to look on, being reduced to painted simulacra in two dimensions. The Learned Clerk desires to tender to author and publisher the assurance of his profound regrets.

"DOES WOMAN HELP?"

Sir,—In answer to this silly season conundrum which is agitating the readers of one of your contemporaries I reply: certainly she does. Take my own case. For years I had secretly loved the girl to whom I am now happily engaged. I am naturally nervous, and for a long time had not the courage to propose. At length one day I found myself alone with Ethel in her mother's drawing-room. In the course of conversation she remarked that she was feeling rather lonely, as her mother was out calling, and would not return for at least an hour. My fears on this point being thus removed, I resolved to risk my fortune.

The difficulty was how to begin. Ethel was arranging some flowers, and, by way of commencement, I said something about "Those white hands of yours." She merely remarked, "Why not say 'Yours,' Fred?" and the thing was done.

Since then I have often felt deeply grateful for this timely help, without which I might easily have occupied the full hour's time with no better result.

Yours, &c.,

Frederick Tortoise.

CHARIVARIA.

By a stroke of the pen, President Roosevelt has brought about an immense and much needed increase in the number of American comic writers.

Mr. Haldane is being hailed at Berlin as a friend of Germany. We hope he will not find it necessary to give further proofs of his friendship. Our Army has been reduced quite enough.

One does not often look to Russia for guidance, but the Czar is now increasing the number of *his* Guards.

A witness in a recent case in the Hawaiian Court was named Kaikinakaoililikea Lenoikainakahikikiapuokalani. He is, we hear, to be elected an honorary Welshman.

At a marriage at Blackpool, the bride, with the consent of the bridegroom, omitted the undertaking to obey him. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Wives won't obey when they promise to. Perhaps they will when they don't promise to—though it *may* prove necessary to make them promise not to.

Mr. J. Ogden Armour has written a book entitled *The Packers and the People* to prove that the former do not pack the latter. At the same time we read only the other day, in an American magazine, a story in which the hero was admitted to be "a well-preserved man of sixty."

The discovery of the whooping-cough bacillus is announced. We understand that it is quite the noisiest microbe in existence, and it is not impossible that one day these little creatures will take the place of house-dogs.

The sea-side is creeping nearer to London every day. Gravesend now has an artificial beach, and it is rumoured that Wapping is to have a troupe of Pierrots next year.

The statement published by many newspapers to the effect that the late Mr. Willing was the pioneer of advanced advertising is disputed by more than one well-known novelist.

A discussion is raging in *The Express* on the subject of "The tiny waist." We wonder if it is generally known that one of the most determined opponents of this silly custom is Mr. Haldane.

A clever American surgeon has succeeded in transferring some of the internal organs of certain cats and dogs to others. The fun will begin when an original owner meets a transferee, and insists on having his property back again.

"Are we becoming less religious?" Not at Hayward's Heath, at any rate. A gentleman living there beat his wife with a rolling-pin, the other day, and chased her down a street, thrashing her with a garden tool, because she refused to get him his breakfast in time for him to attend early morning service.



Irritated Bus-driver (to Policeman). "Wish your old woman could see yer."

LITTLE ECONOMIES.

Radium should be bought in small quantities owing to the fact that damp soon makes it musty. If, however, a good deal be required, it should be stored in a barrel with holes in the lid to ensure proper ventilation.

A cheap and effective way of ridding a house of mosquitos is to sleep in the garden.

If a diamond necklace has lost its lustre, do not send it to a jeweller's for treatment. Hang it on a tree in your front garden for a week. After this fresh-air cure you will never complain again of its lack of lustre.

Porphyry doorsteps are exceedingly fragile and stand the weather badly. It will prove an economy if they are made removable. When a ring is heard at the door the servant can bring out the step, the visitor can use it, and then it may be carried in again. Thus with a little care the longevity of a porphyry doorstep may be greatly extended.

When clocks go too fast never send them to the maker's to be altered. Drop a little sloe gin in the works.

If a gas-meter should be out of order and fail to register the full amount of gas passing through, never send for a plumber. "Let well alone" should be the economical householder's motto.

LIGHT BLUE AND CRIMSON.

(A Song for the Cambridge and Harvard Crews.)

There were nine true men of Harvard, and they wished to sail the sea,
And eight of them were sturdy men, as sturdy as could be;
For eight of them were rowing men and to the manner born,
But one he was a coxswain bold who sat the seat of scorn.

(Chorus.)

So it 's drive her all together, boys,
And mind your level feather, boys!
Oh, swing to it,
And spring to it,
And trim her when she rolls!
For it 's fury, fight and tussle,
But without a hint of bustle,
While you fire your weary muscle with the ardour of your souls!

There were nine true men of Harvard, and when they 'd beaten Yale
They all began with one accord to hanker for a sail;
"For now," they said, "we mean to try a bout of oars with you
Who defend the pride of England and the flag of bonny blue."

When we heard that fiery challenge, oh we couldn't well be dumb,
So we shouted back our answer, and they knew we meant to come,
Knew we meant to come and race them, not for gold or gaudy gems,
But for love and sport and friendship on the tideway of the Thames.

Then they crossed the fierce Atlantic and they came to us from far,
They whose mother is our Cambridge too, whose faithful sons we are.
And we faced them and embraced them here as brothers of the blade;
And they said we did them honour, but they didn't seem afraid.

* * * * *

Now the light blue and the crimson flags are floating side by side,
And the men are in their racing boats and out upon the tide;
And it 's *rah—rah—rah!* for Harvard and her crimson flying free,
And it 's three good cheers for Cambridge and just another three!

So we paddle to our stake-boats and there comes a hush of death,
And the umpire holds his pistol and the watchers hold their breath;
And it 's "Steady, are you ready?" and, before there 's time to cough,
Lo, a flash, a roar, a rattle, and the racing-boats are off!

And it 's all a blur of shouting and of steamers blowing steam,
And of launches close behind us that are churning up the stream;
And it 's Hammersmith and Chiswick and the noise of many men,
While they spurt and we keep spurting as the coxes call for ten.

And every man is plugging as he never plugged before,
With his feet upon his stretcher and his grip upon his oar;
And we 've passed the "Ship" at Mortlake—but I wonder which has won
Now the judge's flag has fallen and the mighty race is done!

(Chorus.)

So it 's drive her all together, boys,
And mind your level feather, boys!
Oh, swing to it,
And spring to it,
And trim her when she rolls!
For it 's fury, fight and tussle,
But without a hint of bustle,
While you fire your weary muscle with the ardour of your souls!

R. C. L.

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1920.

(With acknowledgments to the ½d. Press.)

May 1, 1920.—The cricket season opens to-day, and the supporters of Anglesea are confident of retaining the Championship. But it must be borne in mind that the five other counties engaged to-day, Kent, Surrey, Essex, Yorkshire and Notts, have not yet suffered a reverse.

May 4.—Anglesea have retained their percentage of 100, and if they do not drop any more points they should be well in the running for the Championship. Curiously enough, Kent and Yorkshire have also 100%.

June 1.—A month has elapsed and we are only that much nearer the result of the Championship.

June 29.—Yorkshire have now 77·77%. If they beat Surrey, and Surrey beat Hants, Gloucestershire will still have a percentage of 25.

July 4.—What a pity Hayward, the Grand Old Man of Cricket, dropped that catch at 3 p.m. on June 12! Surrey might now have been 66·66%. On the other hand they might not.

July 20. The contest is now one of Bat *v.* Ball.

Aug. 3.—If Anglesea are beaten to-day, Surrey hope to be Champions. They have hoped so ever since May.

Aug. 17.—It is still a contest of Bat *v.* Ball.

Sept. 2.—Anglesea and Yorkshire each have a percentage of 71·9. If Anglesea beats Yorkshire it will have a percentage of 73·2. Conversely Yorkshire will have this percentage if Anglesea loses.

If the match is drawn, they will be equal. Such an *unprecedented* event has not happened since 1918.

Sept. 5.—We are glad Yorkshire won. They are good fighters, and every match has been an uphill one. Without Hirst they would have been seventh or eighth. Besides, they are all Yorkshiremen. At the same time it is worthy of remark that 90·9% of the Anglesea team are also Yorkshiremen.

CLUBS AND THE MAN.

["Nelson never succeeded in getting into a Club. To-day, however, he would belong to the Rag or United Service."—*Tribune.*]

Henry the Eighth never succeeded in getting into any of the well-known Clubs. To-day, however, he would doubtless have been blackballed for the Bachelors.

Drake, had he lived, would have qualified for the Travellers. A similar remark applies to Columbus.

Beau Brummell might, in a lean year, have got into the National Liberal Club.

Wordsworth would, probably, have had aspirations in the direction of the Primrose Club; rather as a place of call on his way up to the Lakes than for any political purpose.

The Primrose, off St. James' Street,
Was just, for him, a place to eat,
And it was nothing more.

Charles the Second would have put up for the Playgoers.



CHIPS OF THE SAME OLD BLOCK.

Thames (*the Jolly Waterman*). "WELL ROWED, HARVARD! WELL ROWED, CAMBRIDGE! PROUD OF YOU BOTH, WHICHEVER WINS!"



Bowler (his sixth appeal for an obvious leg-before). "'Ow's that?"
Umpire (drawing out watch). "Well, he's been in ten minutes now—Hout!"

"THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS."

To the memory of Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie.

If anything was needed to bring home the cruel hurt that the world of letters has had to bear in the loss of Mrs. Craigie, there is this last book of hers, *The Dream and the Business*, whose appearance follows with so pathetic a nearness upon her death. The tireless courage and activity of mind which at last wore out the frail body show here no signs of surrender; only they have taken on a new tenderness of sentiment that grew with the growing years; a gentler humanity, a more poignant sense of the pitifulness of things in a world where the business of life is so often divorced from its dreams.

The book reminds one most of the manner of *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange*, while avoiding their aloofness from common experience; yet it is representative of all that was best in all her work—its clear-eyed breadth of vision, its reasoned serenity, its earnestness tempered with gaiety, its cynicism corrected by an understanding heart. It is largely a contrast, worked out with high impartiality, between the Nonconformist and the Roman Catholic attitudes of mind. Whether it is due to a more comprehensible quality in their creed or to the effect of Mrs. Craigie's own early training, still vital with the unsuspected force of first impressions despite the later influence of an adopted faith, it seems that she has better succeeded in realising for us the characters of the Nonconformist *Firmaldens* than those of the Catholic *Marlesfords*, except in the strange afterthought by which she permits *Sophy Firmalden* to go over to the Roman Church.

Perhaps the chief interest of the book as a study in the interrelations of character will be found in the clash of a pagan intellect and passion (*Lessard's*, the child of nature) with these two antithetical types of Christian. But of all the many contrasted figures with which the book abounds, *Tessa Marlesford* ("the artist without an art") remains the most fascinating by the elusive childlikeness of her temperament, her ideals too vague for attainment or even definition, her appealing helplessness in the hands of circumstance.

Yet, for some, the most enduring attraction of the book will lie in its lucid ease and purity of style; for others, in its wealth of swift unerring criticisms of creed and custom, epigrams easily detachable from their context, but nearly always appropriate to the lips that utter them; as when *Lady Marlesford*, speaking of the caste to which she belongs, says, "My aunt believes she is upper-class. The very belief is second-rate!" But at times Mrs. Craigie foregoes the dramatic method and gives expression to her own philosophy of life. This may seem a flaw in the book's perfection to those who require all art to be objective. Yet it has the virtue, for those who never knew her, that by this self-revelation they are admitted to a certain intimacy with the author's heart.

For those who knew her well it is harder than ever, with this book before them, in which the unforgettable charm of her personality is so brightly reflected, to realise that the hand which wrote it is still in death; that for her "the business" of life is over, and "the dream" at length comes true.

O. S.

SPELLING REFORM.

GREAT MEETING AT SKEEBO CASTLE

(LATE SKIBO CASTLE).

A GREAT meeting to discuss the new scheme of spelling reform promulgated by President ROOSEVELT was held on Saturday last at Skeebo Castle, the picturesque Highland seat of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE. There was a large attendance, including the Duke and Duchess of SUTHERLAND, Professor CHURTON COLLINS, the Poet Laureate, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, Mr. H. G. WELLS, Lord AVEBURY, Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, Miss PANKHURST, Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. W. LE QUEUX, &c.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who took the Chair, opened the proceedings with music, tastefully performing a selection from WAGNER on his new electric orkestrogramofon. He then welcomed the distinguished company in a graceful speech. As for the scheme which they were met together to discuss he could not claim (he said) to be its originator. CHAUCER had forestalled him, and SHAKSPEARE, by the pathetic futility of his efforts to spell his own name twice running in the same way, was unconsciously the most powerful advocate of simplified spelling. He called upon Professor SKEAT to address the meeting.

Professor SKEAT, after a brief survey of the history of spelling reform, said that the time had come for them to break loose from the thraldom of BUTTER and MAVOR. Modern spelling, he continued, was neither one thing nor the other. Let all words be spelt with elaborate disregard for pronunciation—*e.g.*, if phthisical was right and fitting, then bicycle should be spelt phbisical—or let them all conform to the rules laid down by President ROOSEVELT. As an instance of the confusion to which the existing method gave rise he mentioned the curious case of Lord TENNYSON, who was called ALUM, after Alum Bay, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, where his father, the late Laureate, lived. Most people, however, owing to the prevalence of Cockney habits, misspelt the name HALLAM, and as such it appeared even in books of reference.

Lord AVEBURY (who was greeted with cries of "Spell it with a B, my lord!"), said that some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent in observing the habits of spelling bees. For the rest he held that the pleasures of life would be greatly enhanced by the removal of any ambiguity between "ant" and "aunt." Phonetic spelling would inevitably discourage an identical pronunciation of these two words. As it was he found that remarks made by him on the nature of the aphides were frequently taken by his listeners to refer to certain of his female relatives. (Buzzes of sympathy, in which his lordship joined with a prolonged hum).

The Chairman of the Society of Descriptive Reporters, whose name we did not catch, but rather think it was CHOLMONDELEY, said that he voiced the unanimous sentiment of the journalistic profession in denouncing the proposed reform as a mean and cheese-paring device. He had calculated that it would mean saving four lines in every hundred, which he would remind the meeting represented two glasses of beer, or for those of different persuasions a plate of jugged cabbage at the Eustace Miles Restaurant. He commended this aspect of the question to the Trade Unions of Great Britain and America.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, whose head was tastefully decorated with sable plumes and who was received with mute respect, said that he had recently paid a visit to America for no other purpose than to satisfy himself that the grave of JOSH BILLINGS was what it should be. He mentioned this because JOSH was really the father of the present *émeute* in orthographical circles.

Miss PANKHURST wished to know whether Mr. ASQUITH supported spelling reform or not. Her attitude towards the movement would be entirely determined by his—in the contrary direction. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. HENRY JAMES said that simplicity was the bane of literature. If they wanted a practical proof of his assertion he would ask them to note the demoralising effect of the new method on his own style. Mr. HENRY JAMES then proceeded to write on the blackboard the following passage from *The Golden Bowl*:—

"MAGGY had suffishuntly intimated to the Prinse, ten minits be4, that she needed no shoing as to hwat thare frend woodnt consent to be taken 4; but the diffikulty now indeed was to chuse, for explisit tribute of admirashun, between the varietiz of her nobler aspekts. She karrid it off, to put the matter korsly, with a tast and diskreshn that held our yung wooman's attenshun for the furst kwarter of an our, to the vurry point of diverting it from the attitood of her overshadod, her almost superseeded, kompanyon."

[*Panic and cries for stretchers.*

Mr. LE QUEUX, speaking in the picturesque patois of San Marino, pointed out the peculiar cruelty of a system which, if applied to surnames, would confound his identity with (1) a suburban botanical garden, (2) another novelist, (3) the crowd outside a theatre door.

Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, in an impassioned speech, hailed the scheme as one likely to accelerate the de-Anglicisation of Ireland. It was the glory of Erse that it contained more superfluous letters than any other tongue. (Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON: "May I ask did the learned gentleman say 'Hearse'?" Dr. HYDE: "No, Erse." Mr. ASHTON: "I'm sorry.") English owed its partial toleration to a feeble imitation of this practice, but if forced on an unwilling people in a phonetic form would provoke an irresistible boycott. The day they tampered with the spelling of Youghal and Drogheda the doom of England's tyranny was sealed.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN pronounced himself an unhesitating supporter of the old *régime*. By it bards were allowed the privilege of employing eye rhymes, which would be impossible under the CARNEGIE-ROOSEVELT tyranny. The labours of a laureate, severe enough already, would be enhanced to an unendurable extent if this relaxation were denied them.

Professor CHURTON COLLINS also dissented strongly from the views expressed by the Chairman. He declared that a man who mutilated his mother-tongue should be indicted for matricide. The craze for phonetic spelling was a distinct sign of a criminal disposition, and if officially recognised would lead to pogroms in every village in the United Kingdom.

At this stage of the proceedings considerable consternation was excited by the appearance of a strange figure in rusty black with an unkempt wig in the gallery. "Sir," exclaimed the figure, "I little thought that the English language, which I laboured so assiduously to preserve, was destined to be mangled and mutilated by a Scottish plutocrat and a Dutch-American. The Serbonian bog of mythology is nothing compared to the Skibonian slough of ignorance." With these words the speaker hurled a large volume (which subsequently turned out to be *Johnson's Dictionary*) at the Chairman and disappeared in a cloud of polysyllables.

The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by one of the leading citizens of Dornoch, who humorously expressed the hope that in future they would not be confused with door-knockers.

"Motor Body."

"One man can change from a Tonneau to a Laudaulette, Shooting Brake, or Racing Car in two minutes, and, when fixed, cannot be told from ANY fixed body."—*Advt. in "The Autocar."*

THE disguise would certainly deceive one's nearest relations, but as likely as not one's dog would come up and give the whole show away by licking the sparking plug.

HENRY'S IDEA.

I.

Of the Silly Season.

If there's one man I hate, said Henry, it is the cynic. You know Masters? Well, he's just been here, and I've been trying to talk to him about the Sea-serpent. Personally I believe in the Sea-serpent. I mean there are some pretty odd animals around already, aren't there? . . . Well, yes, Masters, for instance. . . .

It beats me why people should be so ready to sneer at men who write to the papers about things—really important things like Sea-serpents and Dreams and "Do Women Help." I saw one letter on women helping signed "Mother of Thirteen," which seemed a pretty useful argument, and Masters said it was probably written by a man in the office. Well, of course it may have been; but it's much pleasanter to think of this fine woman working like mad to clothe and feed thirteen children, and even then getting time to sit down and write to the papers all about it.

Then there was a letter on Dreams by F. R. G. S. Well, I know his name may have been F. R. G. Smith, but I think it's much nicer to believe that he really *is* a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society—got in on a by-election, perhaps. . . .

People are much too smart for me nowadays. Masters found me looking at *The Sportsman* the other morning. I was reading out a team to him, and we came to "A. Bowler." Masters spent about half an hour wondering whether that stood for any well-known man. Why not Arthur Bowler? I mean there's "Jack Straw's Castle" . . . and so on. Then there was a man in this team called Brierly. "Wonder if he's any relation to the Lancashire man," said Masters. "Oh, but he can't be," he added; "it's spelt differently." Well, why shouldn't they have been cousins?

I was sorry there were no letters this year on what we should do if we had a million pounds left us. That's the sort of topic that appeals to everybody. Personally I should buy a pen-knife first, because I've just lost mine; and then that would spoil the whole thing, because I should only have some ridiculous sum, all in nines, left, and one simply couldn't do anything with it. Still, I should have the knife, anyhow.

No, the best question on now is the Economy of Marriage one. A dear man from somewhere down the line says he has saved £50 a year by marrying. I think it's splendid of him, and he is so awfully happy about it . . . (She hadn't any money of her own. That's the sort of rotten remark Masters would make) . . . Of course you do save a lot in some ways. I know a man who has his hair trimmed every day, because you never know when you may meet your future wife, and the great thing is a good impression at the start. If he only had it done once a month, as likely as not he'd been introduced to her on the 31st, and that might put her off for good. Of course he'll save all that if he ever gets married.

Then there's the Cry of the Middle Classes. That doesn't interest me much, because I don't believe there are any middle classes. I've talked to lots of men and women about it, and somehow it's always been "*They* do this," and "*They* do that"; never "*We*." I think I should define the Middle Class as the "class below the person you are talking to," just as a Bounder is the man who does the things you don't do. There can be no Absolute Bounder, and I'm beginning to think no Middle Class.



He. "So that's the young thing old Slocum's married! May and December—what!"
She. "Yes—or the First of April and the Fifth of November!"

The Dangers of Cricket.

Worcestershire's Big Collapse.
Champain's Leg Breaks.
Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

Thank heaven the casualties were so slight.

How the Poor Live.

"As a matter of fact the big provincial variety houses can afford this identical figure to a well-known male impersonator, who, indeed, rarely earns less than £250 a week, when starving."—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

This makes *The Times* observation on the poverty of £2,000 a year seem almost a platitude.

The Cabinet Trick.

"Lad wanted for entering desk; must have good references."—*Essex Times.*

MOONSHINE.

(By an Elderly Misogynist.)

EVENING has spread her grey-toned wings in flight;
The skies are clear; and, like a great balloon,
Charming the young hours of the amorous night,
Looms the romantic Moon.

How full She looks! With what complacent pride
She weaves Her spells! "In such a night," methinks,
"Did young *Lorenzo*" dally with his bride,
Jessica (little minx!).

"In such a night," by yon same Orb inspired,
Juliet engaged the love-lorn youth below
In pleasing talk, and gloomily enquired
Why he was *Romeo*.

"In such a night"— but why prolong the theme?
Thou placid Regent of the starry host,
A night like this would freshen Love's young dream
E'en in a very ghost.

O Thou that artfully didst lure abroad
The vague Endymion, Thou that didst attend
The vigils of the gentleman in *Maud*
Up to the bitter end;

Pagans of old raised temples to Thy Name,
And did due homage to Thy perfect Round;
Their rites, no doubt, were wrong, but all the same
The main idea was sound.

For O DIANA, great indeed art Thou!
O Goddess, as it was in early days,
The old, old game is going on! E'en now,
Wherever fall Thy rays,

The lover, buoyed upon their silvery flood,
Dashes off reams of vivid epithet,
Which, if he thinks them over in cold blood,
He'll probably regret.

Now, too, the army of our moonstruck bards
With brilliant freshness beg "yon argent Moon"
To bear some lyric love their kind regards,
Hoping to see her soon;

And, round me here, in garden and in glade,
Highest alike with lowest, lord and lout,
The daughter of the manor, and the maid
Who has her evening out,

All, all—or all, at any rate, who can—
Bask in Thy beams, and air their moony wiles;
And I must be about the one wise man
In half-a-dozen miles.

Sail on, Old Moon! In all Thine orby prime,
Sail on! They little think, who dally thus,
How brief a step it is from the sublime
To the ridiculous.

Me, I embrace my quiet as a boon,
As these must do before they're middle-aged—
So wise am I!—and yet—oh, Moon, Moon, Moon!
I wish I was engaged!

DUM-DUM.

THE *Cork Constitution* says that "the extraordinary rush of traffic this year makes it impossible to iooooioo tae tha ooioi iinn etahandrlndrsh." Opinion is divided as to whether this is the Irish language or the new spelling, but in any case we are inclined to agree with the writer.

THE LITTLE HORSES.

(From the Peasqueak Papers.)

THAT there are not only great evils but also great fascinations in gambling I know only too well from personal experience. Not that I have gambled myself; I never did so. I promised my grandfather I would never touch a card, and I have kept my word—a card, that is, of this nature; but I have often played "Snap" with my brother's children, and I remember once joining in a mad and merry game of "Old Maid" at Dr. FORRESTER's at Bristol, after we returned, in a somewhat skittish mood, from a lecture on the excavations in Pompeii by a learned man whose name for the moment I forget. The most interesting game of cards, however, which I recollect was a prolonged duel at "Patience" on a snowy night in 1888 with the widow of GEORGE LAMPETER the astronomer, a shrewd and kindly old lady, whose father was one of the pioneers of the oil-cake industry. Cards, however, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, I have never touched, and Bridge is a sealed book to me.

But of gambling I know something, having been to Dieppe one summer several years ago, and stood for a while watching the players at the *petits chevaux* tables—so called from the little toy horses which revolve in the centre and determine the losses and gains of those that are speculating. I learned something that day of this fierce passion of gambling, not only as it grips and controls our mercurial neighbours, but our countrymen also — for among the eager crowd that thronged the room were not a few faces which I perceived to be English by certain characteristics that could not escape any one at all skilled in physiognomy, and among them one familiar to me, for it was that of my old municipal associate, B——. He had left our borough some years before and migrated, it was understood, to London, where I had heard of him now and then as doing fairly well at the Bar. It was a surprise to me to find him here, in this company, and more than a surprise—a source of regret—to see the easy way, as to the manner born, if one could be born to such sophistication, in which he tossed his money on the green board—a franc here, a two-franc piece there, and sometimes even a five-franc piece, for there was heavy gambling on this occasion.

It was very interesting to watch the different types of gamblers—those who bore their losses and their gains with composure; those who trembled beneath their winnings, and those again in whose pockets I seemed to see the fatal revolver or poisoned phial. An electric excitement seemed to be in the air. I saw one Frenchwoman, apparently of gentle birth, win at one *coup*, as it is called, as much as fourteen francs by putting a two-franc piece on the seven. I saw another but more reckless gambler, also a woman, lose eight francs one after the other, and then get up and walk desperately away—no doubt to throw herself into the sea. I should, I know, have gone out after her, but my wife might have misunderstood my motives; and my interest in the play, I must admit, also deterred me.

How long I was standing there I cannot say, while money changed hands with incredible celerity, but suddenly I was aware that B—— was speaking to me. He was asking me to lend him a louis, having lost all his ready money, some thirty-five francs, at the game. After some deliberation as to whether or not I ought to do so, I took the coin from my purse and handed it to him. He asked me to assist him to a number on which to place it, and after considerable hesitation and not a little urging on his part I advised 2, which had, I noticed, turned up already more often than any other number. He placed the louis on it, and breathlessly we watched the little horses run. Judge of my excitement when the second horse won by half a neck, and my friend was the recipient not only of the louis he had put on, but of seven others.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. 2.

(Told by a Member.)

"THE SUBJECT FOR THE MONTH BEING 'A STUDY OF ACTION,' MAJOR SNAPHAM, THE HON. SECRETARY AND ONLY MALE MEMBER, SUGGESTED A DAY WITH THE OTTER HOUNDS, AS OFFERING SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES, AS HE EXPRESSES IT, OF 'OBTAINING VALUABLE RECORDS OF ANIMATED NATURE.'"

I seized him by the arm and dragged him away with his winnings. "Let us leave off at that," I said: "surely it is wiser." He agreed, and we all left the Casino, as it is called, together. Once outside he obtained change, and handed me first my louis, and then three louis and a half. "That is your share," he said. I was horrified. To have been even a silent, quiescent participator in such heavy play was, I felt, sufficiently undesirable; but to partake of the booty—No! MARIA, however, so squeezed my arm that I weakly acquiesced; and that is why, when I read of the breaking of the bank at Monte Carlo, I am unable to condemn the practice as heartily as I feel an ex-Mayor ought to.

TOO OLD AT SEVENTY-ONE.—"At a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Howell's School, the Governors proposed to establish a preparatory department for girls between the ages of eight and seventy years."—*South Wales Echo.*

THE Kent *v.* Middlesex match turns out to have been even more important than was at first supposed. We refer particularly to an announcement in *The Evening News* which ran, "First three wickets fall behind the stumps." This is an extraordinary feat, and we should say the batsman was certainly out. But other things were happening as well, and *The Westminster Gazette* calls attention to the "Square-leg cut for four" with which HUTCHINGS won the match. The destination of the Championship was a slight matter after all this.

IT must not be supposed that the world stands still in the Silly Season. Great changes are always taking place in some quarter of the globe, and it has just been announced that Sir JOHN BAMFORD SLACK has added a hyphen to his name and will in future be known as Sir JOHN BAMFORD-SLACK.



Tourist. "Wasn't there a great Battle fought about here?"
Village Dame. "Ah, I do mind it when I were a gell, I do. They was — "
Tourist. "But, my good woman, that was nearly six hundred years ago!"
Village Dame (unabashed). "Dear, dear! How time do fly!"

THE MUSE THAT FAILED.

[A writer in *The Westminster Gazette* recommends the composition of poetry as a cure for sea-sickness.]

"The wind is fresh, and a comb
Of foam
Decks every dancing wave.
Then come to sea,
Sweet Muse, with me,
And sing me a sailor's stave.
The motion of ocean
I do not fear,
However it swell and roll,
So thou be near
With thy pipe to cheer
My embryo Viking soul."

My dainty Muse looked neat
And sweet
In her dress of navy-blue;
She stepped aboard,
And down the fjord
On the wings of the wind we flew.
Light-hearted we started
With laughter low,
And as we crossed the bar
I sang "Yeo-ho! Let the loud winds blow!"
And lighted a big cigar.

Astern the following blast
Blew fast,
Ahead the waves looked grey;
They rose and fell
With the long ground swell,
And I flung my weed away.
And whirling and curling
They wildly played,
And over the gunwale broke,
So I turned for aid to my tuneful maid,
But never a word she spoke.

"Tune up! Tune up!" with a sigh
Said I,
"And sing me a Viking strain
To make the foam
Seem more like home
And set me at ease again.
Come, fire me! Inspire me
To steer my craft
And to gaze unmoved on the scene
When the wind is aft and the wave abaft—
Whatever "abaft" may mean.

I ceased, but in answer no word
Was heard;
My Muse scarce noticed me;
Her head she shook
With a far-away look,
And a sorrowful sigh sighed she.
"Sing quick, love! I'm sick, love!
My courage dies.
Please, please, sweet Muse, make haste
To exorcise these qualms that rise
About my nautical waist."

As I spoke my Muse was seen
Sea-green;
She clutched at her pilot coat,
And with a moan
And a hollow groan
She flew to the side of the boat.
Faith shattered, hope scattered,
My heart beat fast;
Gone—gone was my Viking pride.
I gazed aghast at the wobbling mast,
Then followed my Muse to the side.



TWISTING THE LION'S TONGUE.

FATHER TIME (*closely examining small incision in tree-trunk*). "WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO CUT THIS TREE DOWN?"

"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT (*in manner of young George Washington*). "FATHER! I KANNOT TEL A LI. I DID IT WITH MY LITL AX."

FATHER TIME. "AH WELL! BOYS WILL BE BOYS!"

PRATTLE OF MY DEAD PAST.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. George Moore.)

I.

THIS evening as I sat at my window in the Temple and watched the twilight creeping along the Embankment, like a pickpocket, or a girl who has forgotten the address of her lover, I became conscious that a definite resolution was forming itself within me. It came slowly, as twilight comes, or the Celtic revival, or a literary style. And the resolution was that I would write a volume of memoirs. Half unwittingly, as I sat there, I had already begun to turn the pages of my recollection, to read again the histories that my youth had inscribed upon them. And as I did so I saw quite clearly just why it was that the twilight had brought me this resolve. Twilight on a summer evening in London, is blue—blue as the faint smoke of a *cigarette-des-dames.* But my memories would be bluer still.

II.

It goes without saying that it would be of Paris that I should write. No recollections worth reading are about any other place. Even SHERARD, they tell me—— But to return to my subject. Paris! picturesque, impressionist, anecdotal Paris! City of the Quarter, and of that Bohemianism that is so dear to the circulating libraries; the very names of whose streets, printed in italics, are a decoration to the page. *Rue de Copie*, for instance—could anything be more delightful, more subtly evocative of memories? It was in the *Rue de Copie* that I used to meet CLARICE. She was a waitress at the *café* next-door to the post-office. Or was it on the opposite side? One forgets. But it is of CLARICE herself that I should like to tell you, and of a foolish fond adventure that befell us two in company.

[*Excuse me, but is there any danger?*—ED.

None at present.—AUTHOR.]

I wonder if there is anything in the world more finely spring-like than the lime-trees in the *Rue de Copie* on a fresh Sunday morning in May! They are green, green and tremulous like a bashful lover; and above them stretches the great sky, studded all over with those little white clouds that always remind me of the most delicate under-linen. I think I must have a talent for these refreshing comparisons. A woman whom I had loved fondly once said to me, "What a mind you have got!"—and she was right.

CLARICE had tresses of a richer, more metallic gold than any woman I ever saw, except one. And how adorably *chic* she seemed to me in her Sunday best, worn as only a Frenchwoman can wear it. The skirt, I remember, rather full at the waist and gathered round the ankles into——

[*Does this matter?*—ED.

It isn't absolutely essential, but I thought you might like it.—AUTHOR.]

Miss it out.—ED.]

Then of course would arise the great question of where we should breakfast; but before this was settled there were other matters still more important to attend to.

"Dear, do you think I look well to-day?"

"You are perfect! The public will devour you; you will be even more popular than the improper passages of EVELYN INNES."

"Yet you could write a book about her!"

"Sweetheart, I will do the same for you. A long book, with an index and cross-references—a book that shall be prohibited at SMITH'S and MUDIE'S. Will that satisfy you, little Puss?"

"Perfectly. What shall you call it?"

"I think, dearest, that '*Reticences I Have Refrained From*' would be an appropriate title."

After this I remember that we kissed each other thirty-seven times, and proceeded to the railway station. Unhappily, however, at the station we ran against CLARICE'S husband, and, less fortunate than in the affairs of ANNETTE and the *commerçant's* wife, I was, subjected to some distressing violence. Later on in the day, I lost my note-book, and so I cannot tell you exactly where and how many times I was kicked. Especially as I was looking the other way at the time.



A BORN BLACKLEG.

British Workman. "OH, I SAY, 'ERE! 'ANG IT ALL, MR. KEIR 'ARDIE! I'VE SEEN SOME RUMMY WORKIN'-MEN IN MY TIME, BUT THIS 'ERE ONE—OH, LOR!!"

["As a member of the Labour Party, he was going to stand up for the Zulus or any other race or people who were being treated unjustly under the British Flag. He stood up for working-men at home, and he did so for working-men in South Africa."—*Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., at Ayr.*]

At the corner of the street I am detained for a moment by the necessity I am under of buying a note-book, because, in those generous warm-hearted days of my youth, to go on a love-errand without a note-book would be a *gaucherie* unthinkable. In retrospect I see myself issuing from the shop with the volume under my arm, a ledger bound in faded green leather and with a special column for "Kisses received."

So I come to the rendezvous, and there is CLARICE already waiting, and after an embrace or two we walk away together joyously under the laburnums that are not more golden than her hair.

III.

Of all the women that I ever published, the souvenir of none returns to me with a more wistful melancholy than that of LUCETTE. Sweet, demure-looking

LUCETTE! To this day the fragrance of printer's ink will bring her image clearly to my memory. We used to call her "The Dove," a fact which inspired VERLAINE to one of his most characteristic poems:—

" Le front du pigeon est austère,
Mais hélas! pour sa vie!
Vraiment je ne sais pas, ma chère,
Tout ce qu'il fait chez lui!"

I recollect one delightful *fête* which it was my good fortune to spend in her company at Barbazon. We were returning in the evening twilight, and had just exchanged hats, as is the pretty custom of youthful lovers in those parts, when by an unlucky accident her husband, who

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

"GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN."

(*By a Caddie.*)

IV.

YUMIN nachure is a kurius thing. I dunno whether this thort 'as okkurred to other peeple, but I sees the truth of it more clearly every day. You may studdy a man fer weeks and think as 'ow you know 'im inside out, and then, when you try to make some use of 'is pecooliarities, they ain't working that day, or else some little hannoying trifle spiles your well lade skeems. Sich was the sad case of Mister HOCTAVIUS GLENWISTLE and my frend CHAWLEY MARTIN.

Mister GLENWISTLE is an oldish jentleman now, but in 'is day 'e 'as been a famus eggsplorer. Jeograffy never being my strong point, I dunno egsackly where 'e went eggsploring, or why 'e did it. CHAWLEY MARTIN, 'oo's jenerally 'is caddie, is my hinformant, and some days 'e will 'ave it that Mister GLENWISTLE would once 'ave reached the Pole if 'is boots 'adn't guv out, and at other times 'e hinsists that it was Africer that 'e visited. I dunno, meself; per'aps the old jentleman 'as been to both them regins in 'is time. But any'ow all is agreed that once 'e lived for nearly three weeks upon an oldish poodle dawg—which is an orfull thort.

Sich an eggspeerience must leeve its mark upon any man, 'owever strong. It 'as left its mark upon Mister HOCTAVIUS GLENWISTLE. Every blade of 'air 'as vannished from 'is skalp, and 'is face is a sort of dark brick colour wif light eyebrows. 'E still suffers from sunstroke, and CHAWLEY MARTIN 'as to carry a large red umbereller round the links to pertect 'is 'ead.

I dunno whether it's the sunstroke, or whether it's 'is ondying remorce for that pore faithfull poodle, but Mister GLENWISTLE suffers terrible from absentmindedness. 'E 'as been known to swing up 'is great, red umbereller upon the tee and try to drive wif that, and CHAWLEY MARTIN allus 'as to watch 'im keerfull to see what 'e'll be up to next. 'E 'ates to be disturbed when in one of 'is mooning fits, and is apt to swear terrible in some forrin' langwidge, which CHAWLEY thinks is Eskimo; but still 'e's a jentleman all over, is Mister HOCTAVIUS GLENWISTLE. 'Is tips is 'andsome, and it don't give 'im no pleshure to repport an 'armless lad.

One Sunday lately 'e came down wif a frend for an 'ole day's golf. CHAWLEY MARTIN, as yusual, was 'is caddie, and I ondertook the manidgement of the frend. All went well in the morning, excep' that Mister GLENWISTLE fell into a sort of dream upon the seventh green and 'ad to be rarsed by CHAWLEY. It may 'ave been Eskimo that 'e spoke to the boy when 'e'd touched 'im jently on the arm, but it sounded wuss—much wuss.

'Owever, we comes back at one to the club-'ouse, red umbereller and all, like *Robbinson Crewso*, and they goes into lunch. Whilst they're still laying into the grub like winking, I and CHAWLEY MARTIN, 'aving eaten our own frugil meal, sit down near the club-'ouse and begin to pollish up their clubs. We fell a-talking about the great sience of golf, getting quite 'eated in a little while, and at last CHAWLEY, to illerstrate 'is own mistakin theery, gets upon 'is 'ind legs. 'E takes Mister GLENWISTLE's best driver from 'is bag and shows me what 'e calls "a full swing, wif every ounce of weight and rist and mussel crammed into it."



LADY, WITH £10,000 AT COMMAND, MAKES ADVANCES. MRS. ——, —— STREET, SHEFFIELD.
Advertisement in "Sheffield Daily Telegraph."

I was afeared 'ow it would be. The length of the club mastered 'im. 'E 'it the onoffending turf a crewel blow, and there was a narsty crack. 'E sits down beside me wif a garsp, and we looks at Mister GLENWISTLE's pet driver wif the 'ead 'arf off.

"What's to be done, 'ENERY?" 'e ses, after a sort of sickly pawse.

Fer my part I'd been thinking 'ard, me brain being better than most.

"There's three courses open to you, CHAWLEY, me lad," I ses quietly. "You can do a guy at once, and not come back—that's one; or you can tell Mister G. as you've been fooling wif 'is clubs—that's another," I ses, and waited for 'is risponse.

"Let's 'ear the third," 'e ses gloomily.

"Deceat is aborrent to my nachure," I ses. "But you're made diferent, CHAWLEY. You could make use of 'is absentmindedness and let 'im think as 'e broke it 'isself. 'Old it out to 'im wif a sort of winning smile, when 'e comes, and say as 'ow you're afrade it will 'ave



CIRCE.

Old Woman. "'ERE Y' ARE, SIR! SHERBET COOLERS 'APENNY A GLASS. THIRTEEN GLASSES FOR SIXPENCE."

to be mended after all. It's a fair sportin' chawnce," I ses.

"'ENERY, you're a fair marvel!" 'e ses, after pondering fer a minute. "I'll try it on," 'e ses. And so we left it.

I didn't see the meeting between Mister GLENWISTLE and 'is well-meaning caddie, becos my klient sent me to get 'im a ball, but when I came back I seed as 'ow CHAWLEY was sniffing slightly, and 'is large outstanding ears was reddened. 'Is manner was coldish like to me, but when the two 'ad drivin, I arsked 'im what 'ad 'appened.

"'E just boxed me ears," CHAWLEY ses, "and told me as 'ow 'e'd repport me if I lied to 'im agen," 'e ses.

Fer once I was reely taken aback.

"I can't make it out, CHAWLEY," I ses. "Where was 'is yusual absentmindedness? It just shows as 'ow you can't depend on nuthing in this world! Did you do as I told you, winning smile and all?" I asks 'im.

"Yuss, I did," 'e ses, snappish like. "But it seems as 'ow 'is interfeering friend 'appened to look out of the club-'ouse when I was showing you that swing, and seed it all. Anuther time you can keep your winning smiles and your fat-'eaded hadvice to yourself, 'ENERY WILKS!" 'e ses.

I didn't answer 'im, remembering 'ow 'is 'uge progecting ears was tingling, but I ses to meself, "So much, 'ENERY WILKS, fer yumin gratitood!"

Commercial Candour.

FOR SALE.

Over 1000 Travellers' Samples of TEA CLOTHS, TRAY CLOTHS, &c., &c., at about Quarter and Half less than usual prices.

They won't last long—they are too cheap for that.—*Forfar Dispatch.*

FROM the placard-board of the *Financial News* (temporarily disengaged) at a Devonport newsagent's:—

Financial News.
Now Ready
THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN.

ONLY THEIR LITTLE JOKE.—"Eighteen passengers complained of injuries, but none of these were believed to be serious."—*Wolverhampton Express.*

SECRETS OF THE PUBLISHING TRADE.—"*A Sealed Book* (WARD, LOCK & CO.)."

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

A CERTAIN Play began with a realistic Representation of the interior of a Laundry, in the middle of which was a great Stove, whereon the Washerwomen placed their Irons to heat them, making a mighty Pretence of its Potency in that regard, though in truth it was but painted Cloth and Wood.

And it chanced that one night a Kitten wandered upon the Stage, and was in some danger of impeding the Performers, if not of being itself trampled upon. Seeing which the principal Blanchisseuse (who was an Actress well known for her kind heart) picked up the little Creature and placed it out of harm's way upon the top of the Stove; whereupon it curled itself up amongst the red-hot Irons and went to sleep. Nevertheless the Washerwomen were impeded in their efforts to make the Scene go.

Moral.—One touch of Nature makes the Stage seem thin.

Do Women Help?

"READER.—Gentleman wants lady with leisure five forenoons weekly, 9.30—12; 10s. monthly."—*Scotsman.*

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

VI.

WAR (*continued*).

One of our most notable achievements was the entire subjugation of "The Upper Ten," whose overbearing demeanour had become intolerable to us. They were all big fellows, and it was an uphill struggle. It lasted two days. The first day we reduced them to "The Upper Eight," The Map disabling one and I another. The next morning The Hippopotamus put a third out of action, and I lamed their leader. In the afternoon this leader limped up to the Captain, turned over on his back, and flung up his legs. This was the sign of surrender. The Captain led him aside and terms were discussed. As finally agreed, they were generous—far too generous, in my opinion. The Upper Ten were to cease from insulting us either in speech or by gesture, they were always to address us as "Sir" when they spoke to us, and to stand aside as we passed. That was the end of The Upper Ten.



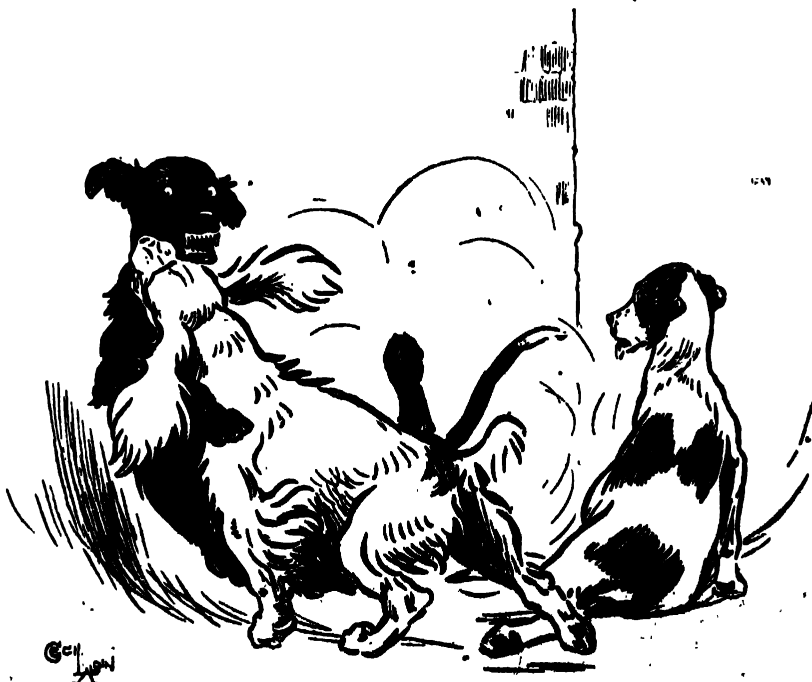
This was the sign of surrender.

The Blue Bloods, however, were our chief enemies. They were a powerful organisation, and it was only due to the superior generalship of the Captain that we were ultimately able to inflict a blow on them from which they never really recovered. The Captain on this occasion showed superb strategy. By-the-by, I do not think I have mentioned yet that the Captain's people called him "Nap," which is short for Napoleon, who was a great General something like the Captain. Curiously enough, I have been told, he too was of small stature.

Information had reached us that the Blue Bloods were to hold a business meeting to discuss the affairs of their Club at a certain fashionable Square on a certain day. Shortly before this we had been called poltroons by one of their number. The Captain now saw a chance of a *coup*. On the day in question we mustered every man we could place in the field, and met at a secret rendezvous. The Captain then gave us our directions. We were split up into three parties, and each of such parties, at a given signal, was to rush into the Square by a different road, and surprise and overcome the enemy.

The plan was completely successful. It was a glorious fight, lasting two hours. A number of tradesmen's boys kept the ring, pailfuls of blue blood ran, ladies fainted and shrieked, but, though outnumbered, we won ultimately, and the police did not appear upon the scene until the Blue Bloods were in full retreat. It was on this occasion that I saved the Captain's life. A great black beast like an undertaker had downed the little fellow. With the words, "You lily-livered hound!" I flew at the black beast's throat, and half throttled him. I got bitten in the leg; but what cared I? The Captain escaped, and I had saved his life.

Yes, we were nearly always successful, though our enemies often circulated lying reports to the contrary. In fact, I can only remember one genuine defeat. That was the Barking fiasco. We felt one day that we would like to take on an easy job for a change. Someone suggested, "Why not make a raid on Barking? Barking dogs don't bite, you know." It seemed to us a good idea, and we set out. It was a long way off, and we were tired when we arrived there. Suddenly, while we were looking round, we were ourselves attacked by as ugly a swarm of dogs as you ever saw. Amusingly, they called us "toffs." We were completely taken by surprise, and not one of us escaped without injury. Even the Captain suffered a slight contusion, though I looked after him as well as I could. I myself had one of my ears split. You never saw such a tatterdemalion crew as we were after the fight. On the Captain's instructions, each of us returned home by a different route, as it would have been bad for the *prestige* of the Club for us to be seen in a body in that condition. So much fur was lost that day that several members caught



I flew at the black beast's throat.

severe colds, and it is supposed that the seeds of consumption which ultimately carried off the Pipe-Cleaner were then sown. My own idea is that the Barking dogs had been warned of our coming—I believe by a former member of the Club whom the Captain had expelled with ignominy a short time before for telling falsehoods. I met this dog on my way back, and I fancied he smiled. Anyhow, he will not smile again.

THE DANGER OF WORDS WITH TWO MEANINGS.

That Barking affair showed the danger of ambiguous words. A very dear friend of mine met with his death from the same cause. He was told of a clever dog who, upon receiving a copper from his master, would run with it to a neighbouring baker's and obtain in exchange quite a quantity of biscuits. My friend upon hearing this thought he would do likewise. So he went out and fastened his teeth into the first policeman he met, and tried to drag him into a confectioner's. The copper, however, resisted strenuously, and in the scuffle that ensued my poor friend received a blow on the head which proved fatal.



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Fiancée. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW SHOES, BOBBY?"
Bobby (enthusiastically). "BY JOVE! THEY'RE *IMMENSE!*"
[*Wishes himself at bottom of river.*

EXOTIC SENTIMENT;

OR, CUPID THE GLOBE-TROTTER.

PYRRHA, you state that modern youth
 Has quite forgotten how to woo,
For elder sons are void of ruth,
 And rare as dodos at the Zoo,
And, when secured, they somehow lack
The grace of old, the genuine smack.

But goodness! what can you expect?
 The boudoir-god we once obeyed
Has had his retail business wrecked
 By novelists who run the trade;
Al fresco scenes of vast expanse
Are now essential to romance.

Our fiction writers never start
 Their crisis where a ball-room hums,
Nor stab the pulp of EDWARD's heart
 Severely during kettle-drums;
A Himalayan mountain-gorge
Is where his dream comes true to GEORGE.

He spends no time in social tact,
 No trite remarks, as we are used,
But, waiving these (besides the fact
 That they were never introduced),
He plunges where the geysers spout
And hauls his damaged DAPHNE out.

Or else some forest (strange to COOK)
 Receives them—unattached before,
And Time and Space (to quote the book)
 For several hours exist no more—
A period which the author fills
By notes upon the neighbouring hills!

The hero coming (like a wine)
 Almost directly from the wood,
Assumes a stature half-divine;
 The maiden's *début* too is good;
Icebergs, or else the tropic air,
Have made perfection doubly fair.

PYRRHA, if you and I had met
 In some remote Peruvian spot,
Who knows? In such a background set
 We might have spliced the nuptial knot;
But love amid a social mob
Appears to miss the vital throb.

Here, where we snatch beneath the rose
 Seconds ridiculously short,
Can you expect me to propose
 Like lovers of the cheerful sort,
For whom the mountain torrent's drone
Is charmed to act as chaperon?

No; but in days to come, I think
 If ever, radiantly fair,
Your road with mine you chance to link,
 Among Brazilian woods, or where
Auroræ Boreales smile,
I then could do the thing in style.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Confessions of a Princess (JOHN LONG) is one of those diaries—a hallowed device—which profess to be intended for no other eye than the author's. Who, in this case, is the owner of the eye we are not to know, but I assume that she is without honour in her own country, for the book purports to be from the German; and I cannot at the moment think of any German-speaking neighbourhood in which it would not be suppressed on the ground of *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

The author prattles along with a pleasant garrulity, and her work has a certain *vraisemblance* derived either from personal intimacy with German Courts or from general gossip. A recent scandal at the Saxon Court seems to be indicated as the origin of what is most objectionable in the book. The *Princess's* amours—of which only the first presents any attractions—become nauseating by repetition, and are a needless excrescence on a narrative which is sufficiently entertaining without their assistance. This book cannot be recommended to *jeunes filles* or to Socialists. There is a Publisher's note at the beginning which advances the fairly reasonable proposition that "the *Confessions* must be judged for what they are, and not for what they might be." This should be helpful to the critics.

Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, which also issues from the house of JOHN LONG, is by HUBERT WALES. This Mr. WALES—both on minor internal evidence and because his subject is a "delicate" one—I take to be a woman. When one has admitted that the main theme has been handled with a tolerable avoidance of grossness, one has said all that is to be said in the book's favour. It is trivial in detail, and the edification it offers is of the thinnest.

The Woman's Victory's the kind
　Of book which more than most, perhaps, is
Fitted to soothe with peace of mind
　A journey's intersomnial lapses.

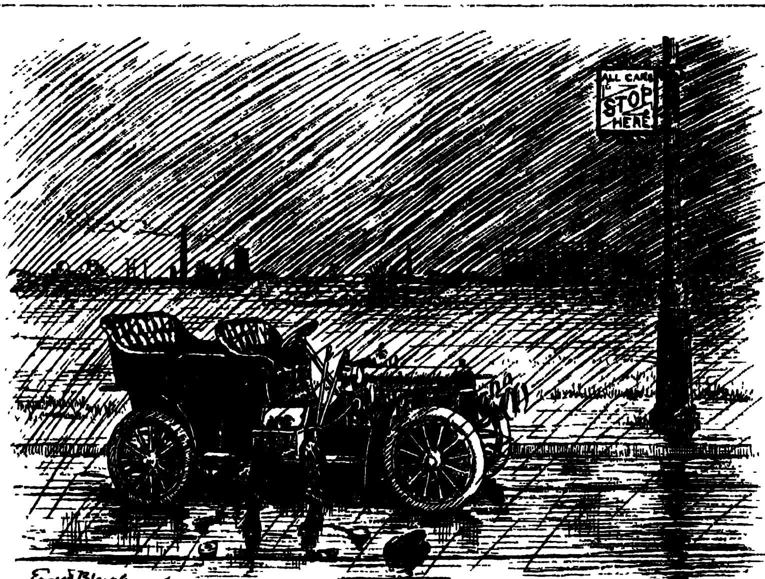
Therein has MAARTEN MAARTENS packed
　Upwards of twenty several chances
Of brief delight. It is, in fact,
　A book of short, detached romances.

Most of the tales are excellent,
　Though some, to say the least, are tame work—
A wealth of clever labour spent
　Upon a somewhat flimsy framework.

Still, faults are few; and he will err
　Who tells you (thinking to dishearten
A. CONSTABLE, the publisher)
　"It's all my eye and Betty Maarten."

In *The Eglamore Portraits* (METHUEN) MARY E. MANN tells of the trials of a newly-married couple—*Clarence* and *Juliet*. A woman's man is never quite the real thing, and in any case a man called *Clarence* is bound to be suspected; yet Mrs. MANN's hero is, with it all, a good fellow, whom one would hail gladly at any time. He had, however, a habit of "setting his under teeth below his upper, and projecting his lower lip" when angry. I found myself doing this all through the book with *Clarence*—I suppose one gets into it at last. *Clarence* had a lot of practice, because he was always quarrelling with *Juliet*. She is delightfully drawn; the most life-like heroine I have ever met. There are other characters in the book, some pleasant, some unpleasant, but all realistic. Mrs. MANN has a nice, quiet, humorous way with her, and she has written a very charming story. Only she should not have let the mother-in-law die; one has no time to get into the mood for it, hateful though that person was.

"Yet something flashed before him then, swift illuminating . . . he knew it now; knew that he had missed it somehow, somewhere." This is a quotation from the last chapter of *The Bar* (METHUEN). If the reader cannot make head or tail of it, he has the sincere sympathy of what a contributor to one of the morning papers persistently alludes to as "the present writer." Never in a pretty long and varied experience did the latter come upon such a tangle of a narrative. Many characters come and go. Nearly every one has his or her secret, darkly hinted at in unfinished sentences; revealed never . . . The only comprehensible thing in the story is the sea, blindly beating about the Bar, angry because it cannot make out what's the matter with *Captain Armstrong*, *Jesse* the smith, *Cap'n Dave*, *Jenefer*, and, above all, *Ransome*. Among a list of books by the same author is one called *The Price of Youth*. It is equal to the cost of conscientiously reading *The Bar*, by MARGERY WILLIAMS. The effort is also a little hard on middle age.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

The Royal Irish Constabulary.

WE beg to call the attention of the Royal Humane Society to these two extracts from the *Down Spectator*:—

"A cycle accident happened at the foot of Main Street yesterday, when a young lady failed to avert running over a child that got into her way. Constable M'CANN ably picked the child up before any injury worth mentioning was done."

"The prompt action of Constable STEVENSON, of the Donaghadee R.I.C., averted what would undoubtedly have proved a nasty and serious accident on Friday last. When rounding a sharp corner a young lady cyclist came in contact with the curb, which threw her violently towards the wall, when Constable STEVENSON, who fortunately happened to be in the vicinity, with great presence of mind rushed forward and caught her just in time to avert the young lady from coming in contact with the wall of a building *at the scene of the accident*. No damage resulted to the machine, and the young lady, after thanking the constable, mounted her bicycle and proceeded on her journey. This is not the first occasion on which Constable STEVENSON has displayed his presence of mind and prompt action in time of danger."



"Anyway, it's better to break one's —— clubs than to lose one's —— —— temper!!"

CHARIVARIA.

In Morocco, the Pretender is again showing signs of activity. He is said to be preparing to strike a sudden blow in 1910.

A contractor has stated at a meeting of his creditors that he lost £9,000 on a contract with the London County Council. It is refreshing to hear of the L. C. C. making a good bargain.

The report of the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee declares: "We must no longer be content with a living wage . . . The demand should be for a higher standard of living—something that will enable us to educate our families, to participate in art, literature, music, and all the good things that help to make life bright, happy, and comfortable." We hope this means that less is to be spent on beer.

The Express has raised the question: Is Motoring conducive to Matrimony? It is contended that flirtation is unlikely to take place when a pretty girl is disfigured by motor-goggles. But think how some girls are improved by them.

Referring to the proposal that persons of defective intellect should not be allowed to marry, a bachelor writes to complain that this would mean the extinction of the race.

It is rumoured that, to mark their gratitude for the support which the Press has given to their engagement, the Hon. H. L. Bruce and Miss Camille Clifford will carry on their courtship in full view of fifty picked correspondents on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

We had thought that "Trial by battle" had died out many hundreds of years ago, but during the recent hot weather "Mr. Ward," we read, "one of the Stratford magistrates, dispensed justice in his shirt-sleeves."

"Mr. Robert Donald tells me," says a writer in *The Daily News*, "that he has not yet decided definitely whether he will be one of the distinguished party of guests who are invited to attend the opening of the Carnegie Institute next spring." A mis-quotation, we feel sure.

And the Paris edition of *The New York Herald* made an ugly mistake the other day. The Comtesse de Rodellec had accused M. Greger of stealing a ring of hers. On the 1st inst. the following telegram was published in the columns of our contemporary:—

"*Brest, Vendredi.—Avez mis mon nom sous portrait Mme. Greger numéro aujourd'hui. Prière rectifier de suite—Comtesse de Rodellec.*"

A Birmingham correspondent has written to *The Daily Mail* to state that his canary has just died at the age of 26. But surely the wonder is that it didn't die before.

Regrettable Incident on the River.

Much sympathy is felt with the short-sighted gentleman who, while lunching on the river near Goring, carefully fitted a cork-screw into the plug of his boat and drew it.

BY CORNISH AND BOHEMIAN SEAS.

I.

Mark's Twain.

(*Tristram and Iseult.*)

I am not sure that the makers of old Breton legends, when they invented a second *Iseult*—her of the white hands—to be the wife of *Tristram*, were not justified of this daringly prosaic anti-climax. Certainly, Mr. Comyns Carr failed to convince me that he had improved on the old tale when he turned this lady into a kind of abstraction, a ghostly double of her namesake. He represents her as superior to the "fair" *Iseult* by the fact that there is no wound she cannot cure, whereas the fair *Iseult* can only cure all wounds but one. If I follow the author, this extra wound is the wound of Love, and her medicine for it (not so very original, one would say) is Death. Yet I could not see that she had any hand—white or other—in *Tristram's* perishing, which seemed to me the direct result of somebody else's villainous sword-thrust in the small of his back. But things were rather confusing at this point, and *Tristram's* statement that Death and Life and Love were really identical did not greatly help matters; nor was the riddle solved by reference to the text, where the distinction made between ordinary type and capital initials only served to darken counsel:—

"For death and life are one! And Life and Love!"

Still, the play is really very free of obscurities, though I couldn't quite understand the working of *Iseult's* shadow in the last Act. It seemed to move independently of her; even giving her a hint as to her next move, or so I gather from her words:—

"And when I see
That shadowy Iseult uplift her face
Then I'll lift mine."

Complaint has been made that the sombreness of the play was untempered by comic relief. Yet surely this element was sufficiently provided by *Tristram's* most unusual sword. In dealing *Moraunt* his death-wound he had knocked a huge chip out of the blade (could it have been made in Germany?) and left it imbedded in the body of his victim. Here it was found by *Moraunt's* mother, who treasured the relic next her chest, with the idea of wreaking vengeance as soon as she found the owner of the rest of the sword.

This sanguine hope is realised, and she is enabled to fit the fragment into its place in a "recognition-scene" almost Orestean in its futility. Mr. Carr will cite the authority of legend for this episode; but would he not have done more wisely to choose the variant by which *Tristram* is discovered through wearing the captured sword of his dead enemy? I cannot think, by the way, why *Moraunt's* people always speak of *Tristram* as "caitiff" or "coward." He at least hit his man with a clean weapon, not poisoned like *Moraunt's*. If hard things have to be said, I should say that of the two it was rather *Moraunt* who was no gentleman. However, *de mortuis*, &c.

In comparing his scheme with Wagner's, one observes the economy of time affected by Mr. Carr in the matter of *Tristram's* dying. The best part of an hour is saved over this painful business; and the time so gained is well spent over the most satisfactory novelty in the play, namely the Second Act, crowded with dramatic incident, in which we are shown the events that take place at the court of the Irish King.



A Nice Large *Mark*.
(Mr. Oscar Asche.)

These events, so necessary to an understanding of the subsequent relations between *Tristram* and *Iseult*, are only perfunctorily sketched by Wagner in the tedious form of narrative. There is a further advantage in the character of *King Mark*, here shown as traitor to his kinsman, an attitude which, if it does not excuse *Tristram's* own treachery, yet colours it with a kind of poetic justice. The thought is finely expressed in those lines—none better in all the play—where *Tristram*, learning that the man whom he has betrayed was himself a traitor at heart, feels no shame in challenging him to fight:—

"But now this last account betwixt us twain
Sets my sword free. For wrong here answers wrong,
And death shall claim us both."

It seems that the critics have not felt themselves able to crown Mr. Carr's blank verse with their approbation, yet I dare hazard the conjecture that he knows more than most of them on this subject. And it is a merit with him that he never forgot, as some of his critics have forgotten, that he was writing a play for the stage and not for the study. Incidentally the text has been published (by Messrs. Duckworth), but the task he set himself was to write verse that should be heard rather than read. It surely requires little intelligence to understand the point of this distinction.

The play abounds in poetic *feeling*, but in the matter of poetic *expression* he has declined to over-embroider his theme, to write for the writing's sake; and has made it his first aim to be lucid and logical. Even so his verse maintains a very fair level of excellence. It has, of course, its defects. There is too much of the terminal "Aye, so he did!" or "Aye, so he shall!" There is too much insistence on the *leit-motif* of *Iseult's* healing powers. Here and there he shows signs of the influence of Shakspeare; and in the line

"Unbar that golden prison men call day,"

one traces an echo of Browning's *Pompilia*:—

"So let him wait God's instant men call years."

If Mr. Carr's style has a somewhat negative individuality it is at least to his credit that he has been careful to avoid the manner of Tennyson and the other poets who have treated this same theme.

Miss Lily Brayton was a graceful *Iseult*, but she seemed over-burdened with the need of being strenuous. She understands the right delivery of blank verse, but dwelt too lingeringly over some of her words. Miss Wynne-Matthison's artistic intelligence was wasted over the subordinate part of *Brangwaine*. As *Tristram*, Mr. Matheson Lang was rather disappointing. He seemed to lack virility both in speech and bearing. Mr. Asche made a very large *Mark* on the stage: but he was generally somewhere else.

The scenery was admirable and so were the women's dresses: but I thought very little of the gentlemen. *King Arthur*, no doubt, had got hold of the pick of Britain's knighthood for his Round Table team.

II.

A Cooling Entertainment.

(*The Winter's Tale.*)

It was a happy forethought on the part of the management of His Majesty's Theatre to have a *Winter's Tale* all ready for the Heat Wave. Not only was the title a refreshment; but the play itself, produced under conditions where enthusiasm would have been very heating, was pleasurably frigid. For, to be frank, the scheme of it is stupid; and apart from the waggery of *Autolycus* and *Hermione's* famous defence



A GENTLE REMINDER.

RIGHT HON. WALTER LONG. "MUZZLE? MUZZLE? SEEMS A FAMILIAR NOTION!"



Photographer. "Now, my little man, put your hands behind your back, or cover them up somehow."
Tall Boy. "Please, Sir, won't you tell him what to do with his face?"

(feelingly spoken by Miss Ellen Terry) there are scarcely two score of lines that are worth listening to. The chief justification for its revival lay in the work of the scene-painters, including Mr. Raphael, whose name I was glad to see again in connection with a Renaissance. Very idyllic was the setting which Mr. Ryan gave to the pastoral *Vie de Bohême* (*Quartier Grec*). And I cannot think what the actors would have done without the nice dresses that Mr. Percy Macquoid designed for them.

Everybody acted honestly enough, and with great intelligence, from Mr. Charles Warner down to the shepherd's donkey, who played in his own skin (unaided by Mr. Macquoid) and nibbled at the green matting with an astonishing fidelity to nature. But if one excepts *Autolycus* (interpreted by Mr. C. W. Somerset, who was perhaps a shade too jumpy) and the *Clown* (a part to which Mr. O. B. Clarence lent a wealth of facial charm) their tasks were rather thankless. If I proposed to assist again at this spectacle, I should forego the gross fatuities of the First Act and the recitation of Father Time (the stuffiest "chorus" I ever heard) and just look in for the rustic scene before the shepherd's cottage, and so home—thinking on Miss Mary Anderson, and



Leontes (Mr. Charles Warner) recoils from his infant daughter (Miss Viola Tree).

wistful with the vain desire to find again the *Perdita* of my youth.

Meanwhile I look forward to a revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* during the next cold snap. O. S.

LINES WRITTEN IN A HEAT WAVE.

It is not due to passion's fire
 That I am rushing into verse,
Nor, as with Juvenal, has ire
 Impelled me to a rhythmic curse;

Not for that Claribel is cold
 Seek I the coy consoling Muse,
Nor is it that I'm getting old
 And needs must ventilate my views:

Nor yet again that I am young,
 O'erflowing with the joy of life;
None of these things has loosed my tongue;
 Nor is it a despotic wife;

Nor yet is this unwonted zeal
 Produced by my financial state,
For, though my poverty is real,
 My creditors have learnt to wait;

But, would you know why I began
 To string these halting lines together,
It was that as an Englishman
 I *won't* be beaten by the weather!

X. Y. X.

Do Ladies Help?

"Young Lady seeks a situation as Kitchenmaid."—*Western Morning News.*

GEORGE BRADSHAW.

(*Somewhat in the manner of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Charles Dickens."*)

INTRODUCTORY.

All criticism tends too much to become criticism of criticism; and the reason is glitteringly evident. It is that criticism of creation is so very staggering a thing. It is the same with Bradshaw. A man who would cut but a poor figure in making a third-class railway carriage may be the first hand in the world at compiling a time-table; while a man whose efforts at the compilation of a time-table are of the rudest might be the leading mechanic in Swindon.

To blame Bradshaw for what he could not do is as illogical as to praise him for what he could; or, in other words, to praise him for what he could do is as illogical as to blame him for what he could not. It is therefore that we shall consider Bradshaw in the present volume not as a musician or as a father, not as a tea-dealer or as a believer in Christian Science, but as a maker of time-tables and a servant of the State.

No two things are more different than an elephant and an arm-chair, and yet both are quadrupeds. Probably no idea ever had so general an acceptance as that Queen Anne is dead, and yet the statement cannot be too much repeated and emphasised. It is the privilege of the critic to say everything twice. Repetition is the definition of criticism. Only those who care for the enunciation of such principles as these should attempt the following pages.

Bradshaw had a more gigantic energy than the energy of the intense artist—the energy which is prepared to write something. He had the energy which is prepared to write anything. With all the dazzling universe before him to select from, he chose to write about railways. He had the one power in literature which literally cannot be imitated, the primary inexhaustible will power, the enormous determination of genius. Nothing could prevent him writing about trains. Had he been cast on a desert isle he would have instantly invented a complete service of trains touching at every creek and palm-tree, with the times accurately given, although not guaranteed. For with all his abandon, all his fury of industry, Bradshaw was not incautious. No great man ever lacks caution. If there is one error more glaring or persistent than another (which I doubt), it is that carelessness and greatness are allied.

Probably there is no book in the world so free from extraneous matter as *Bradshaw.* No author so consistently refuses to leave the rails. Whatever desire the youthful Bradshaw may have had to be a poet or imaginative writer, it was lived down by Bradshaw the man. I have searched his pages in vain for any characters of flesh and blood; I have read not only the lines, but between the lines, and have met with no better fortune. In a peculiar way *Bradshaw* is a work of prose. Of many writers it may be said that they are valuable only as they are fanciful, but of Bradshaw we may say that his worth is his adherence to fact.

Nothing is so irrefragably and fundamentally certain as that an expository critic never keeps to the point so materially as when he seems to have abandoned it. But with Bradshaw the converse is the case. If he relaxes so little as to commit the smallest error we are lost. If there is one truth greater and more luminous than another (which I doubt), it is that the compiler of a railway time-table must not write 3 when he means 2. George Bradshaw knew this. Two and two may make four, but the 2.2 will certainly be missed by anyone arriving at 3.3. It is, of course, doubtful if one can be said, strictly speaking, ever to be late for anything, since the man who arrives, for example, at Euston on Monday five minutes after the Scotch express has left, is as a matter of fact in a position of phenomenal earliness for the same train on the next day. Ordinary arithmetic shows us that he has as much as twenty-three hours fifty-five minutes in hand. In other words, the later we are the earlier we are. He alone is early who is late.

Yet, if we are to look for lessons, here at least is the last and deepest lesson of Bradshaw. It is that we must be in time. No man can miss a train and miss a train only. He misses more than that. A man who misses a train misses an opportunity. It is probably the reason of the terrific worldly success of Cæsar and Charlemagne that neither of them ever missed a train.

But Bradshaw has done for the world more than this. He has contributed to its street literature one of its best jokes. There are popular phrases so picturesque that even when they are intentionally funny they are unintentionally poetical. I remember, to take one instance out of many, hearing a heated Secularist in Hyde Park apply to some parson or other the exquisite expression, "a sky-pilot." Subsequent inquiry has taught me that the term is intended to be comic and even contemptuous; but in that first freshness of it I went home repeating it to myself like a new poem. Few of the pious legends have conceived so strange and yet celestial a picture as this of the pilot in the sky, leaning on his helm above the empty heavens, and carrying his cargo of souls higher than the loveliest cloud. The phrase is like a lyric of Shelley. But my raptures on this occasion were as nothing compared with those which I experienced on first noticing the exquisite jest, "Wait till the rain stops," in a railway carriage. The audacity of it and the wisdom of it are alike overwhelming. The colossal truth of the statement that it is wise to tarry until the shower has ceased is only to be matched by the effrontery with which a sixpenny penknife can turn a train, an artificial product of man, into rain, the sweetest gift of nature. This transcendental joke we owe to George Bradshaw, for had it not been for him it is probable that the original humourist who hit upon it would not have caught his train.

The literature of the world contains no book the merit of which is so equally distributed as this masterly work of Bradshaw's. With most books it is possible to point to one chapter that is better than another, or one that is worse. Some books have their best wine at the beginning; some their best at the close. Others again have it in the middle. But Bradshaw is above fluctuation. He rides high, like the stars. To the Great Western trains he brings no more thought and no less than to the Bessbrook and Newry electric cars; he is as exact and methodical about the Listowel and Ballybunion service as that of the London and North-Western. If we find one section more fascinating than another the reason is in ourselves. It is because our home is there, or our love. Bradshaw is equal. If there is one thing in the world more amazing than another (which I doubt), it is this equality of Bradshaw's genius.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Litigant.—You have certainly a good cause of action. The man's explanation that the dog mistook you for a mutton cutlet is unsatisfactory. To address the mastiff as Fido was undoubtedly provocative, but this is not fatal to your case.

Moths in Hair.—You forgot to tell us if it was your own hair.

Specialist.—Your question, "Are murderers highly strung?" has often been discussed. The evidence seems to show that generally speaking they are.

Dude.—The whisker is not so *démodé* as you seem to suppose, though nowadays the number worn seldom exceeds two. The colour you suggest would hardly match the lavender trousers.

Bookworm.—Yes. Daniel Defoe has practically given up writing books of Adventure.

HENRY'S IDEA.

II.

Of an "Emergency."

I have been reading a little book called *What to do in 101 Emergencies*, said Henry, and really it's a most comprehensive work. I don't know how the Editor can think of all the things.

Take the 95th emergency: "To exterminate ---s, &c., from furniture"—which begins: "Take of corrosive sublimate, 2 drachms." Now of course that's a jolly thing to know, but I can't imagine anybody waking up in the middle of the night and shrieking for help because he heard an earwig climbing up the oak dresser. I mean it isn't exactly an emergency—though no doubt a very regrettable business. Still, being launched on the subject of insects, one would expect the Editor to follow up the trail for a bit. But 96 is "To make a freezing mixture without ice," 97 "To render shooting-boots waterproof," and 98 "In case of the hair falling off." The presence of mind required to make a freezing mixture without ice must be enormous.

I should like to see this man setting a "Hard Case" for *Vanity Fair*. "A. and B. are seated together in the Club smoking-room, when A. suddenly notices a centipede on the mantelpiece. He remarks to B., who has on a pair of shooting-boots which have not as yet been rendered waterproof, 'Now if only we had a freezing mixture!' 'What?' replies B., 'without any ice?' A.'s hair then falls off. What should B. do?" Now that sort of question really would brings out a man's tact.

Number 53 interested me a good deal. It's called "In case of slipping down a declivity or hill," and the advice is, "In case of slipping down a smooth declivity or hill-side and being unable to stop, try and turn on the side or stomach, and there will be a chance of grasping some projection or shrub." Now I took a nasty banana-fall on Notting Hill yesterday, but without a moment's hesitation turned . . . as requested . . . . Probably it saved my life.

I'm not altogether sure that the man has chosen the best emergencies. I mean Number 75, "To prevent fly in turnips," isn't nearly so far-reaching as, say, "To prevent wasps in marmalade" would be. Personally I should be inclined to encourage fly in turnips.

It's a pleasant book, but I shouldn't trust it in the hands of a careless person. You see, he might mix the treatments. Number 81 is "To arouse persons from the stupor of drunkenness," and the treatment is to "Procure a large jug of water and pour it on to the head of the person intoxicated from a fair height, so as to give as great a shock as possible. If the first application is not successful repeat it." Now that's all right. I should like to do that. But suppose by mistake you gave your man the treatment "for exterminating cockroaches" (59). Or suppose "when the gas goes out" (50) you mistakenly endeavour "to remove a glass stopper that has become fast" (79). Or that when happily engaged in "blistering a horse" (88) you found suddenly that you'd really only been "removing grease stains" (65) all the time. It would be so jolly awkward . . . .

Of course now and then it wouldn't matter so much. "What to do to prevent dry rot" (19), and "Removing ink from paper" (76), have a good deal in common . . . which reminds me that a much more interesting book would have been, *What to Say in 101 Emergencies*. Don't you think so?



THE RULING PASSION.

Laden and perspiring stranger. "Could you kindly tell me how far it is to the Station?"
Sportsome Native. "About a full drive, two brassies and a putt."

More Commercial Candour.

From *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"The great success which attended the opening of this important sale makes it a matter of some difficulty to surpass what has already been done, but Mr. —— is determined to make this sale still more popular by giving bargains that any lady can see at a glance are genuine."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WAR MINISTER.

Berlin, August 31.—Breakfasted with General VON DER GOLTZ, to meet Generals BRAUNEBERG, VON INGELHEIM and Professor BERNKASTELER. Discussed the application of the Categorical Imperative to words of command, on which BRAUNEBERG holds rather heretical views. Found some difficulty in explaining to my host the exact meaning of the term "spatchcock," but on comparing notes discovered that it corresponds to a *frisch geschlachteter und zubereiteter Hahn.* After breakfast went to the tailor's to have my new German frock-coat—rather short in the skirts and with a high waist—tried on. Walked for an hour in the Thiergarten with Baron JOSTY discussing the indebtedness of S. T. COLERIDGE to SPINOZA. Lunched with the BÜLOWS to meet Frau KNUPFER-EGLI, Count EGGEBRECHT, General KRANZLER, and HUMPERDINCK the composer. Discussed SCHLEIERMACHER with Prince BÜLOW, who contended that altruistic Quietism was the only rational basis of a workaday philosophy. Explained to Frau KNUPFER-EGLI the true inwardness of the πάντα ῥεῖ of HERACLITUS. After lunch went with HUMPERDINCK to the Philharmonic to hear STRAUSS's new Symphonic Poem *Wanamakeriana.* Was introduced to Dr. MUCK, EUGEN D'ALBERT and Count KEMPINSKI.

Dined with the K. After dinner discussed President ROOSEVELT's new spelling scheme and its probable effect on the British Army. The K. was anxious to know whether it would apply to place-names, and suggested that the spelling of Jermyn Street cried out for emendation. Suggested that it might simplify international relations if Herr VON TSCHIRSCHKY were to get rid of a few superfluous letters from his name. Discussed FICHTE with General VON EINEM, who avowed himself a follower of SCHELLING. On returning to my hotel completed a paper comparing the three STRAUSSES—the Tübingen iconoclast, the *Walzerkönig,* and the symphonist—which I promised to send to Princess BÜLOW, who was one of LISZT's 143 favourite pupils.

Sept. 1.—Breakfasted with SUDERMANN to meet Dr. HANS RICHTER, Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF, and Herr RAIMUND VON ZUR MÜHLEN. We talked of the Byzantinism of modern art. Tried to extract a clear opinion from RICHTER as to the originality of the K. as a composer, but without success. Found to my surprise that Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF was an esoteric Buddhist. After breakfast walked in the Thiergarten with SUDERMANN and went on to the Zoological Gardens. Pointed out to SUDERMANN that the chest-swelling drill was clearly borrowed from the Penguin. Lunched with Count KEMPINSKI to meet BERNHARD PSCHORR, the famous vegetarian dramatist, Generals TÖPFER, BAUER and Baron JOSTY. Explained the Scottish Church Dispute to Baron JOSTY, who expressed a strong desire to become a "Wee Free." After lunch went with BERNHARD PSCHORR to inspect the Kunstgewerbe Museum. Took tea with the BÜLOWS and went in the evening to inspect CASTAN's Panoptikum with General BRAUNEBERG and Professor BERNKASTELER. Home late.

Sept. 2.—Realised this morning that I have been neglecting the real objects of my visit. Resolved to devote the remainder of my time to serious business. Professor HARNACK came to breakfast and remained till noon, discussing the credentials of Dr. EMIL REICH as a critic of the Higher Criticism. Lunched at PSCHORR's, and went thoroughly into the question of the feasibility of compelling regular troops to become vegetarians. PSCHORR, I am glad to say, is no uncompromising fanatic. He would allow TOMMY ATKINS an egg for breakfast, and once a week a dish of *Gänsebraten mit Leberwurst* or *Kalbsnierenbraten.* Went in the afternoon to Charlottenburg, the birthplace of Charlotte Prusse; thence to the Beuth-Schinkel Museum, and examined mediæval jewellery with Dr. THEODOR BARTH and HARNACK. Dined quietly with the K., and gave him a full account of the origin, decline and fall of the "Souls." Discussed the relative importance in the evolution of strategy of HANNIBAL, ALEXANDER THE GREAT, JULIUS CÆSAR and NAPOLEON. Discussed the novels of PAUL HEYSE, the philosophy of NIETZSCHE, the development of the steam turbine, the poems of RONSARD, VILLON, and ALFRED AUSTIN, and the flute sonatas of FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Sept. 3.—In the morning inspected a new patent sentry-box, invented by the K. Lunched with HARNACK and HUMPERDINCK, and discussed the possibilities of constructing the libretto of an oratorio out of the code of HAMMURABI. In the afternoon called on TSCHIRSCHKY at the Wilhelmstrasse to discuss the psycho-physiological basis of BÜRGER's *Lenore.* General VON EINEM, who happened to look in, had never heard of SCOTT's version, which I recited to his great satisfaction. Dined with PSCHORR at the Kaiserkeller off lentil soup, artichokes and botanic beer. Supped with the K. and discussed the apolaustic Hedonism of HARRY LAUDER as illustrated in his lyrics, which he had never heard of! Well, *non omnia possumus omnes.*

Sept. 4.—Paid farewell visits and left Berlin. PSCHORR, who came to see me off, said that the Press were beginning to think that I had seen too much of the brain of the German army. Humorous chaps, these German journalists. Read BRODRICK's article in the *Nineteenth Century* in the train. Slept well on the journey, and arrived safe at Flushing without any sign of a Red Eagle.

"O MY PROPHETIC SOUL!"

["Old Moore" (not to be confused with Mr. GEORGE) has issued his predictions for 1907.]

THE ancients were wont to rely on
The stars for advice and obeyed
The spheres when the Twins and Orion
Flashed forth in a twinkling their aid;
If things were at sixes and sevens,
They weren't in the least put about,
But called (with their trust in the heavens)
The local astrologer out.

Like Stoics they stifled their heart-ache,
And bowed to the astral command
Did any irascible star take
Offence at a marriage they planned;—
Ah! lover, who longed for her answer,—
Oh! maiden, who yearned for his love,
How sorely you suffered from Cancer
Refusing assent from above!

Ah! why is that science forgotten?
In vain do I pucker my brow,
And think why it is we don't cotton
To signs of the zodiac now;
Though still they have messages for us,
Our sceptics maintain they are sham;
They don't care a toss about Taurus,
They don't care a rap for the Ram!

Why, why did those seers of the past err,
And keep all their secrets intact?
For now I am minus a master,
Nor know in the least how to act;
If only the stars in their courses
Could telephone to me, I feel
That I could be "boss" of the Bourses,
And hold ev'ry trump in each "deal."

Then, since it is true that the scattered
Star-gazers are under a cloud,
One prophet, at least, should feel flattered
To note his success with the crowd;
For, though his perfervid narration
Is weak and his prophecy poor,—
Each year we are told that the nation
(Like *Oliver*) clamours for Moore!

"J. S. seeks a berth as hairdresser on board a liner. He has tried the various companies through the usual channels, but without success. Can any reader help him?"—*T. P.'s Weekly.*

As he has tried "the usual channels" without success, *Mr. Punch* can only suggest that he should now see what he can do with some Atlantic line.

"GENTLEMAN requires two well-furnished FRONT ROOMS, with piano, and carpeted over, fire and light included, also fire in bedroom all day; no extras; no children; terms 11s. weekly."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

IT is really rather generous of him not to insist on some children for his money, but after all you can't have everything for eleven shillings.



THE SILENT SOUND.

Mrs. O'Flannigan (to husband, who has had india-rubber heels to his boots). "Now you sound just like a policeman walking; for, bedad, I can't hear you at all, at all!"

CYCLES! CYCLES!! CYCLES!!!

Something Absolutely New.

The Little Handle-Bar Spring.

No more Accidents! No more Stolen Cycles!

All our bicycles are fitted with the Little Handle-Bar Spring, which, when pressed, causes the machine to fall into 114 pieces.

Anyone can press the spring, but it takes an expert three months to rebuild it, thus trebling the life of a bicycle.

We are offering this marvellous invention at the absurd price of

50 guineas cash down,

or 98 weekly instalments of 1 guinea. [Special reductions to company promoters and men with large families.]

We can't afford to do it for less, because when once you have bought one you will never want another.

Advice to Purchasers.

Don't lose your head when the machine runs away with you down-hill; simply press the spring.

Don't wait for your rich uncle to die; just send him one of our cycles.

Don't lock your cycle up at night; merely press the spring.

Don't be misled by other firms who say that their machines will also fall to pieces; they are only trying to sell their cycles; we want to sell you.

Note.—We can also fit this marvellous Little Spring to Perambulators, Bath-Chairs and Bathing Machines.

We append below some two out of our million Testimonials. The other 999,998 are expected every post.

July, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I bought one of your cycles in May, 1895, and it is still as good as when I received it. I attribute this solely to the Little Handle-Bar Spring which I pressed as soon as I received the machine.

P.S.—What do you charge for re-building a cycle?

August, 1906.

Gentlemen,—Last month I started to ride to Barnet on one of your cycles. When ascending Muswell Hill, I lost control of the machine, but I simply pressed the spring, and now I feel that I cannot say enough about your bike. I shall never ride any other again.

P.S.—I should very much like to meet the inventor of the "Little Handle-Bar Spring."

Even at the very end of the season bright things are happening at cricket. Thus in *The Cornish Post* we read:

"The Choughs' innings was most peculiar, the scoring board showing 170 for one wicket, and the whole side being out for 124."

Most peculiar. And *The Bristol Times*, writing of Dennett, observes with truth that "it was no small feat to send down 1,081 overs out of a total of 1,462 bowled for the county." There's keenness for you! Burning the candle at both ends, as one may say.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—No. 3.

(Told by a Member.)

"AS THE SUBJECT CHOSEN WAS 'THE OPEN SEA,' SOME OF US MADE AN EXCURSION FOR THE DAY. WE HIRED A BOAT, AND TOLD THE BOATMAN WHAT WE WANTED. THE RESULTS WERE DISAPPOINTING."

UNRECORDED EVENTS OF THE RECENT HEAT.

AT Moreton-in-the-Marsh a turkey-cock went mad and imitated the note of a guinea-pig.

At Sidcup a tramp on being presented with a Charity Organisation ticket burst into tears and thanked the donor.

At Clacton-on-Sea a troupe of burnt-cork nigger minstrels rushed into the sea and have not been recognised since.

At Leighton-Buzzard a bricklayer was so overcome by the heat that he laid 500 bricks in ten hours.

Mr. KEIR-HARDIE, having inadvertently removed his hat at an open-air meeting, was understood to say that the behaviour of the troops in Natal was all that it should be.

During the great heat on Saturday week a porter at Liverpool Street Station returned a sovereign which a short-sighted passenger had given him in mistake for a shilling.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, while playing golf on the Dornoch links, holed the last hole in one, and presented his caddie with a free library.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, the Poet Laureate, was suddenly attacked by a gad-fly, and for the space of four hours was unable to find a rhyme for *Veronica*. Finally he was reduced to wiring to Lord AVEBURY, who promptly suggested *Pyrus Japonica*.

On Sunday week Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON mistook his way to Brookwood Cemetery and inadvertently travelled to Gravesend before he discovered his error.

On the same day, as the congregation emerged from St. Paul's Cathedral they were confronted by the novel spectacle of a large number of the poorer residents of the neighbourhood using the stone-flagged steps of the sacred edifice as a grill, and cooking their dinners. Such an incident has not occurred for 667 years.

"Omnibus Horse runs down a Drain," was the somewhat sensational heading of a paragraph in one of our most advanced evening papers. In fairness to the public it should have been mentioned that the animal in question, having been accidentally drawn up at the hottest period of the day in close proximity to the furnace of a well-known restaurant, *fairly melted away* before the incident occurred.

Sunday visitors to the Zoo were privileged to witness a curious spectacle of which no example is known but that recorded in PLINY'S famous *Natural History*. The Polar Bear, which had been observed to show considerable uneasiness all day, as the feeding hour approached *took off its coat* and called loudly for an iceberg.

Doing the Thing in Style.

THE Law abhors punctuation. The following is taken from the Court Rolls of a Copyhold Manor in the Midlands:

"TO THIS COURT came Edward Blank Stone Mason of etc Eldest Son and Heir of Joseph Blank Stone Mason of etc who died on the 21st day of March one thousand nine hundred and five in proper person and in full court and desired to be admitted tenant of etc etc."



BERLIN ON THE BRAIN.

First Tommy (*following* Mr. Haldane *with a suspicious eye*). "WOT 'S HE AGOIN' TO DO TO US NOW? HE GIVE ME A AWFUL LOOK AS HE PASSED."

Second Tommy. "YUSS, AND TALKING TO HISSELF IN GERMAN SOMETHING HORRIBLE."



"Did you get his number?"
"No; but I saw exactly what she was wearing, and how much she paid for the things!"

THE TEA-BASKET.

When the sympathetic porter asked me if I would like a tea-basket I quickly assented, thinking in my innocence that its presence on the carriage seat would brighten the gloom of my return journey to London after the holidays. "And let me have some raspberry jam," I called to him out of the window, for I was alone in the compartment. But at that moment my attention was attracted to a train steaming up to an adjoining platform and disgorging a load of hot, flurried people. Before I realised the full significance of the incident some thirty-five people, with animals, vegetables and babies, precipitated themselves into the seclusion of my compartment.

When I recovered my breath and looked round, I saw that my first estimate was a little exaggerated, and that as a matter of fact only the legal number filled the carriage. Opposite to me sat a severe-looking lady in rusty black, nursing a toy Pomeranian of the same colour; next to her came an anxious young mother with a damp shining face, in a soiled white silk blouse with elbow sleeves. She was accompanied by a healthy-looking boy about two years old, also much travel-stained, who was eating a banana, or part of it, and plastering his face and hair with the rest. Further on sat a strenuous-looking man about fifty years of age, a Free Church Minister from his appearance, who, after depositing his soft black hat on the rack, immediately lost touch with his surroundings behind the pages of *The British Weekly*.

My view of the occupants of my own seat was entirely blocked by the ample proportions of the portly gentleman who had deposited himself at my side, or rather *on* my side, and whose left arm and shoulder had the upper berth of my right. He was wearing a summer suit of black-and-white check, and seemed to be suffering from some lung trouble. I was just trying to wriggle myself into a more comfortable position when the sympathetic porter looked in and plumped the tea-basket on my knee. I had forgotten it; and really it seemed the last straw, though in point of fact it was only the first. There was no time to demur, so I hastily found my skirt pocket and paid for the wretched thing; and next moment we had started, and the porter was complacently pocketing a tip which, in consequence of my agitation, consisted of half-a-crown and a penny. Presently, when the express had settled down into her stride and my companions had done glaring at me and my unfortunate burden, I lifted the lid with my only available hand and looked inside.

Oh, what an orgie I might have had under favourable conditions — dainty brown teapot, steaming at the spout, bread-and-butter, raspberry jam, and most tempting cake simply studded with currants! I could not resist the sight; and it is only due to my fellow-passengers to record that, as soon as I set about the business of eating and drinking, they all looked the other way in order to save me from embarrassment. All, that is, but the dog and the baby, and these took a passionate and unconcealed interest in my proceedings; the child being specially fascinated by my attempts to get the tea out of the cup into my mouth while travelling at sixty miles an hour, and the dog eying the cake with such pitiful entreaty that I felt impelled to present it with a chunk, which it snapped in and bolted in one movement.

"Oh!" exclaimed the severe lady, who had been studying the landscape, "what was that? You didn't give him any *cake?*"

I flinched before her and admitted the fact.

"Not *current?*" she gasped. "Then you've killed him! I had just taken him away for a change, and his diet is a matter of life or death. I have already paid the veterinary surgeon £2 18*s.* 6*d.* Heaven knows what the next bill will be!" It was at this juncture that the baby made a sudden dash at the basket, and took a handful of jam, which it spread lavishly on my neighbour's light check trousers on its way back to its mother's knee.

Luckily he was asleep, and the cries of the child under chastisement did not rouse him; and I believe he would have remained in that enviable condition for the rest of the journey but for the appearance of an importunate wasp, also after the jam, and the subsequent behaviour of the Free Church Minister. Evidently regarding himself as a champion wasp-killer, he emerged from his seclusion and went round the carriage flapping wildly with his folded *British Weekly*. The wasp escaped every time. Finding that the only restful place in the vicinity was the bald head of my sleeping neighbour, it settled there for a moment to review the situation. It was a fatal step. Down came the *British Weekly*, this time unerringly; the dead wasp tumbled into my teacup, while, with the trumpet of a wounded elephant, the portly gentleman went straight for the throat of the Free Church Minister. It was only his collar that saved him; his collar, and a natural gift of eloquence by which he succeeded in convincing his victim that it is better to wake with a start than to die of blood-poisoning.

Meanwhile there was still good tea in the pot, although the wasp had spoilt what was in my cup, and determining to get something for my money (I had just discovered the loss of the half-crown) I threw the half-cup out of the window as we sped along, and proceeded to help myself to more. We were slowing up, and I found drinking less precarious and almost enjoyable, when unusual sounds from the corridor at the other side of the carriage caught my ear—sounds of a man's voice raised in righteous indignation and a child crying lustily. Immediately afterwards a burly man of the artizan class passed down the corridor, leading a weeping child whose face and print blouse were streaming with a brownish liquid, while the body of a dead wasp dangled in its front curls. My blood froze. I looked hastily at my companions, who were all engrossed in personal matters. The Minister had once more retired behind his *British Weekly*, the rusty lady was massaging her dog's digestive organs, and the young mother was furtively watching my neighbour, who was gazing in a dazed apoplectic manner at the smear of jam on his trousers. It had only that moment caught his eye.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor," I heard the man in the corridor shouting to some unseen official—"I want the law on somebody. This nipper of mine was leanin' out o' winder—when all of a moment——"

I waited to hear no more. Extricating myself with a quick sinuous movement from my spreading neighbour, I rose resolutely, placed the tea-basket on my seat, and left the carriage as the train drew up at a busy junction; nor did I emerge from the concealment of the crowded waiting-room until it was once more on its way to London.

An hour later I caught a slow up-train, and the kindly guard who suggested a tea-basket seemed quite disconcerted at the bitterness of my refusal.

"HAVE WE LIVED BEFORE?"

I GOT up and dusted my knees. I wasn't angry: pained rather.

"I don't think you quite realise what it is you're missing," I said.

"What I've missed," said KATE decisively.

"To you," I went on, "I seem just an ordinary person; but four thousand years ago, let me tell you, I was a man of some importance. Do you realise that you are talking to—that, in fact, you have just refused—one who four thousand years ago was the King of BABYLON's favourite General?"

"Fancy!" said KATE.

"Yes. I don't want to boast, but that's what I was. I often have visions of those days, and I seem to see myself marching at the head——"

"Fancy you're being the General!" said KATE. "Why I remember him so well. A funny little man with bow legs——"

"*You* remember?"

"Yes. Why, I was the King's favourite daughter."

This was a little too much.

"The King had no daughter," I said coldly. "I distinctly remember him telling me. It worried him a good deal. There was an adopted daughter with red hair—you don't mean her, surely?"

KATE nodded.

"But it wasn't really red, you know," she pleaded. "Sort of chestnut. And in those days you used to say you liked chestnut—you know you did."

I waved my hand airily.

"After all," I said, "one never thought much of those Babylon days. Now, the Crusades. Now those *were* times."

"Weren't they? Do you remember how we——"

"Hang it, you seem to have followed me about through the centuries pretty freely. What were you doing in Palestine?"

"Oh—I don't know. Just looking round."

"Yes? Well, *I* was fighting. You may scorn me now, but let me tell you I was very popular with the ladies in those days. I used to wear—ahem—their gages in my—er—helm. As many as three at once sometimes. You've never seen me in a helm, have you? No—well then don't talk."

KATE was silent for a little, while I wondered how much more of the family history I should tell her. There had been an unpleasant episode about the sixth century (never spoken of in the home circle) when I had so far forgotten myself as to be a hippopotamus in East Africa; really the only time we went into trade, as it were. It would be folly to drag that up now.

"Were you in Rome about 550 A.D.?" asked KATE suddenly.

"Er—oh, no. Not Rome."

"Where were you?"

"Travelling abroad a good deal. East Africa, and so on."

"I didn't know Africa had been discovered then?"

"Oh, yes. *I* knew all about it. Funny thing," I added, "but I was a vegetarian in those days. It was all the rage with our set."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you'd have been in Rome, fighting. There was someone there rather like you."

"Tall? Handsome? Clever?"

"Oh, very. He knew Latin, and so on. But quite silly otherwise. Why I just happened to say 'No' to him once—more from habit than anything—and he never asked me again. So of course I had to ask *him*. You say you were in Africa at the time?"

"I'm afraid so." (I should like to have seen it through. But being stuck in East Africa—)

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"Oh—'Please will you marry me, Sir,'—or something like that."

"Only in Latin?"

"In Latin, of course. And he said 'Thank you,' or 'Yes'—I forget which."

"They had a very clumsy way of saying 'Yes' in Latin," I said. "I think the scene would have gone much better in English."

"I understand," said KATE with a smile, "that an English version is in the press. . . . Oh, were you ever an owl or a bat or anything like that?"

* * * * * *

KATE says she expects in her next existence she'll be a love-bird, and sit on a twig and coo. I do hope I shall be on the same twig.

THE WAR-SECRETARY ON HIS TRAVELS; OR, MORE HINTS FROM ABROAD.

Our Artist (absolutely unreliable) understands that Mr. Haldane is so delighted with the value of his visit to Berlin that he proposes to extend the scope of his inquiries to other lands as opportunity offers.









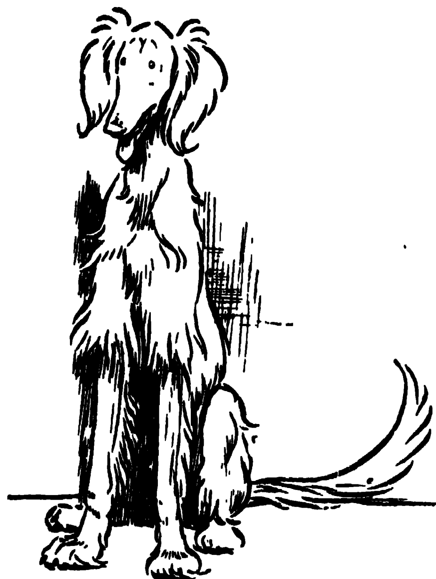
THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

VII.

Our Sunday Conversaziones.

Let us turn now from scenes of strife to the more pleasing picture of our Sunday conversaziones. At these social reunions there was scarcely a subject



The Looney.

that was not discussed, and when the Captain, with his wonderful culture, was present, no topic came up which was not illumined by his trite and shrewd remarks, so that I reckon it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been present on such occasions.

The Pretty Wit of the Captain.

What made the Captain's conversation especially charming was the fact that he was possessed of a pretty wit. He would say things which would even make a cat laugh. He was, indeed, first in peace and first in war. He has been called, with justice, one of the wittiest dogs of the century. Many of his sayings I have treasured up.

He was asked one day what he thought of the one-meal-a-day diet for dogs which was being advocated by the digestion reformers. He replied that he had no objection to it so long as the meal lasted all day.

A poodle was bragging of his pedigree. "My ancestors came over with the Conqueror," he said. "Oh," said the Captain, with his inimitable drawl, "from your appearance I should have thought it was Richard Cur de Lion."

To another conceited hound he once said, "Call yourself a stud dog! You look more like the missing link."

The Captain was not above a pun, if he thought it a good one—which, of course, it always was.

One night I returned very late from cat-scaring. The house had been locked up, and my master had to come down in his dressing-gown to let me in, and he made a fuss about it.

"What excuse did you offer?" asked the Captain.

"Couldn't think of any," I said.

The Captain's eyes twinkled. "You silly old Ears," he said, "why didn't you say you couldn't tell the time, as you didn't meet a watch-dog?"

Upon another occasion he recommended me to call a wire-haired terrier and send a telegram to say that I should be late for dinner. He made me roar sometimes with his remarks. And it was all done so easily, with no apparent effort. A member of the Club received a legacy under the will of his mistress. "I suppose you'll put the money in the Dogger Bank," remarked the Captain.

Again, talking of toy dogs, he remarked, "Sometimes I feel inclined to buy a pennyworth of weed-killer and dispose of the lot of them." And I have heard him frighten one of these almost out of his skin by saying, "Do you know, Sir, that my men eat two or three of you for breakfast every morning?"

He always put things wonderfully well. One of our members was guilty of some little peccadillo I forget now what it was and the Captain decided to give him one more chance. "You say," said the Captain," "you are the son of a retriever. Very well. Go now and retrieve your character."

Once he gave us a lecture on the subject of falsehoods. "Let sleeping dogs lie," he wound up; "*you* always speak the truth."

I could indeed fill a volume with the Captain's dry remarks. And if he could crush with a cutting word he could also comfort by a bright idea. For instance, when my ear was split in two and I was suffering great pain, I remember how he bucked me up with the words, "Never mind, old fellow, it has increased your value. You are by way of being a curio now. You are probably the only dog in the world with three ears." I smiled through my tears.

The Dog-Show Tale.

And the Captain was an admirable *raconteur*. No one could spin a yarn so well as he. His best tale, I think, was the one he told to demonstrate the value of Dog-Show honours. The Captain declared it to be true, and we were never tired of hearing it.

There was a gentleman, said the Captain, living in Ireland who owned an Irish terrier named Kathleen. One day Kathleen presented her master with two of the queerest-looking pups that ever saw daylight. Their sire, it was said, was a French poodle, and one could well believe that this was at least the truth. You never saw such freaks. About a year after their birth their master heard that a Dog Show was to be held in a village where he happened to be staying at the time. Being of a sportive disposition, he decided that, for the fun of the thing, he would enter his marvellous mongrels in the "Any Other Variety" class under the name of "Burmese Setters." To his intense surprise and amusement, they were promptly awarded first and second prize.

The man's appetite was now whetted, and when, some six months later, the announcement of a really important Dog Show, which was to be held in a neighbouring town, was brought to his notice, he resolved to let the twins try their luck once more. This time he decided that they should be "Thibetan Eel Dogs." Shortly after he had deposited them at the Show a note reached him from the Secretary stating that the committee were greatly interested in his exhibit, but unfortunately none of them was acquainted with the points of Thibetan Eel Dogs, and the Committee would be obliged if the exhibitor would kindly let them have a few lines about them. The exhibitor saw no reason why he should not oblige the Committee. So after dinner he wrote to say that a Thibetan Eel Dog was the means by which the Thibetan highlander secured his dinner. The dog waded into the shallow upland streams and knelt down. The eels then became entangled in the dog's long and shaggy coat, and when sufficient eels had been trapped the Thibetan whistled his dog out of the water and dined.

This explanatory note was printed in full in the official catalogue; the dogs



Judge of the pained surprise of The Man-Hater.

attracted a vast amount of attention, and carried off a second and third prize.

But they caused trouble.

Among the visitors to the Town Show was an individual who had been also to the Village Show. He wrote a most

indignant letter to the Press, saying that the Committee, for all he knew, might be nice amiable gentlemen, but they were certainly profoundly ignorant about dogs, for they had given two prizes to what were described as Thibetan Eel Dogs, while anyone who knew anything at all about dogs must have recognised at once that they were Burmese Setters!

The correspondence raged for a number of weeks, and there was scarcely a so-called authority on dogs who did not take part in it.

Lord, how we laughed!

THE LOONEY AND THE MAN-HATER.

Although the Captain was easily the most brilliant talker amongst us, he was by no means the only one whose conversation was worth listening to.

There was, for instance, The Looney.

The Looney was quite one of our most interesting members. This crack-brained fellow undoubtedly had a spark of genius in his composition. It was a pity that he was always so absurdly unpractical. He was essentially a dreamer, and not a dog of action. He was always thinking out wonderful schemes, which came to nothing.

For example, it was The Looney who proposed one Sunday that we should make horses honorary dogs, and so increase our numbers. He asked—and in this instance I consider there was perhaps something in his suggestion—why, if King Charles Spaniels and St. Bernards are both called dogs, the idea should not be carried a step further? But the Captain said it would be lowering ourselves, and that settled it of course.

One hot day The Looney lost such little reason as he had and was shot, after a cruel custom of the Humans.

The chosen companion of The Looney was The Man-Hater. He too was a fluent talker, and had ability of a sort, and might have shone in an assemblage where the Captain with his giant intellect was not present. Indeed, after the Captain's death The Man-Hater founded the only Club which had any measure of success.

For a long time a member known as The Socialist had been The Man-Hater's closest friend. But this miserable fellow became a backslider. We missed The Socialist one day, and when next we met him he who had always been the most disreputable of us in appearance was not only well groomed but wearing a coat with a crest in the corner, if you please! I need scarcely say that the coat was in shreds in a very few minutes. It seems, that The Socialist had been adopted by a wealthy maiden lady, and had openly renounced his former views on the subject of the redistribution of property. Upon the death of the old lady The Socialist inherited a large share of her property and became one of the wealthiest dogs in the country, and the last we heard of him was that he had been elected Vice-President of the Gentlemen's Club. May he die of fatty degeneration of the heart!

The Man-Hater was made of most curious material. It was not fur at all, but a kind of mixture of cotton and silk. He told us he was very valuable, and we never disillusionised him. It was wonderful how The Man-Hater fancied himself. The Captain said it proved that there was a Providence.

The Man-Hater had no master. He lived by his wits, and was a good one for rats. Originally he had belonged to a faddist, who held that dogs ought to have nothing but plain wholesome food, and that only once a day, and not too much then. Chafing under this inhumane treatment, The Man-Hater went off one day for a week's tour in the company of some dog friends with a view to bringing his master to his senses. On the third day his master came to the conclusion that his dog was lost, and judge of the pained surprise of The Man-Hater (who had always had a high opinion of himself) when, on his way home, he saw in a shop-window a notice headed, "Half-a-crown Reward," and containing a most insulting description of himself, which wound up with the words, "*Of no value to anyone except owner.*"

The Man-Hater turned back with an angry growl and decided that his master might keep his half-crown. Since then, as I have said, The Man-Hater has lived by his wits, and, like not a few of us, has known what it is to walk about with an empty pouch.

Adversity has soured The Man-Hater.



THE ? OF THE DAY.

SHOULD THERE BE A SPEED (AND DUST) LIMIT?

The Whitehaven News fills up a gap with a moral reflection and an item of news. The two appear thus:—

The lower we stoop to do a kindness the higher we rise.

The KING has appointed Colonel JOHN MOUNT BATTEN, C.B., to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of and in the County of Dorset.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

It is not given to every one to enjoy minute study of epileptic cases, followed at brief intervals by the story of four idiot children and a sketch of a stout mother who persistently sucks sweetmeats. These episodes suffered or passed over, *Profit and Loss* (METHUEN) is an excellent piece of work. So persistent is Mr. JOHN OXENHAM in gloomier mood that, when the epileptic has nearly murdered his tutor and disappeared in space and one of the idiot children has smashed a slate over the head of her sister so that the wooden framework fits its neck like a frilled collar, he quite casually throws in a nameless old lady who dies straight off. There is, however, method in this particular moment of mourning. It brings together the hero and the heroine, who, living through a stirring time, not only marry, but come into a fortune of £100,000, upon which they live happily ever after. The good people, like *Mrs. Barty*, are very, very good; the bad, like her errant husband and the banker's son (father of the four idiots aforesaid) are horrid. The plot is carefully elaborated, but, on the whole, I cannot say the story caught me with irresistible grip.

Many men have taken a tired brain to the country for rest and refreshment, but none have brought back a better harvest of quiet humour and natural pleasures than Mr. WALTER RAYMOND, whose record of his life in a Somersetshire village will be found in *The Book of Simple Delights* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Many old friends await one in his pages, for he has an eye for types. *Mrs. Critchell*, for example, scrubs in every village, although this book would pin her to one only. If we had to express in a single phrase our enjoyment of this *Book of Simple Delights*, we should say it's a simply delightful book.

A Persian Roseleaf does not treat
Solely of loves that flame and flicker
Beneath the bough, with music sweet,
A book, some bread, and jugs of liquor.

Partly it's thus, and partly not;
It tells of how a maid of Persia
Weds a young lairdling whom a shot
Has bull's-eyed into forced inertia.

His true love's course runs rough—in fact,
Lieut.-Col. ANDREW HAGGARD
Contrives to get it densely packed
With men beheaded, speared, or daggered.

The air's italicised with rays
Of local tint which stamp the scene as
Egypt—*e.g.*, *gallibiyehs*,
Medjidiehs, and *effendinas*.

The land is panting in the throes
Of military occupation;
The publisher is LONG, and so's
Much of the casual conversation.



VOLUMES.

Lady Gushington. "SO YOUR SON IS A REAL AUTHOR! HOW DISTRACTINGLY INTERESTING! AND DOES HE WRITE FOR MONEY?"

Practical Dad. "YES. I GET HIS APPLICATIONS ABOUT ONCE A WEEK."

I feel that I must review *Mave* in the manner of the new advertising:

Reviewer. Oh, I say, have you read *Mave*?

Subscriber. No. Who's it by?

R. Oh, nobody you've ever heard of. RANDAL CHARLTON is his name. It's his first book.

S. Good, is it?

R. Extraordinarily fine. I don't know when I've read a better novel.

S. That's rather fulsome, isn't it?

R. Well, one must be enthusiastic sometimes. And how better than over a "coming author"?

S. What's it about? What sort of style?

R. Well, it reminded me strongly of HARDY, and faintly, now and then, of *The Forest Lovers*.

S. Oh lord.

R. Yes, it sounds funny, but there you are. The first half is delightful, though one feels the tragedy coming. Then it passes over, and——

S. And all is sunshine again?

R. No. That's where the author goes wrong. The clouds come back. Heavy ones, and thunder and lightning. The tragedy of separated and broken hearts that one looked for does not happen——

S. Well, that's good.

R. Yes; but we have instead a purely factitious one of broken heads.

S. You seem annoyed.

R. I am. . . . Still it's a wonderful book. Oh, by the way, leave out the last chapter altogether. I can't think what it's doing there. If we must have tragedy, let us end on the tragic note. We don't want a new character introduced at the last moment to tell us that it's really all for the best, and the hero will soon get over it, and so on. However——

S. However, you advise me to read it. *Mave*, by RANDAL CHARLTON, I think you said?

R. Yes. A book in a hundred, and worth the other ninety-nine put together. By the way, METHUEN is the publisher.



THE EXCURSION.

Head of Family. "I RECKON SOME OF US 'LL HAVE TO STAND, OR WE SHAN'T ALL GET SEATS!"

THE "SILLY" SEASON.

THERE is a Season, by the Press termed "Silly,"
  When heated Justice doffs the wig and gown,
When Parliament is "up" (and Piccadilly)
  And a great wave of dulness floods the town;
  A time when all the springs of news run down,
And London's papers, curious to say,
Become more interesting every day.

At such a time, in punctual iteration,
  With a vivacity undimmed by age,
Sea-serpents of the largest circulation
  Drag their slow lengths across the middle page;
  And, where the Commons furiously did rage,
"Our readers" are politely drawn to share
The annual coursing of an autumn "hare."

'Tis then that we regale the mind o' mornings
  On strange, new foods wherewith our organ teems;
Mixed bathing, motorists, and ghostly warnings,
  Alcohol, hats, banana-skins, and dreams;
  Nor do we lack for those obscurer themes:
Are Husbands Selfish, Women worth their Keep,
And *can* one risk a Marriage on the Cheap?

Some will say one thing—others, *vice versâ*;
  The married man uplifts his tale of woe;
The hapless married woman puts in *her* say,
  And tells one much that it's as well to know;
  All are invited; each may have a go;
While many a lone soul sees his "borrowed name"
In print, and blushes not to find it fame.

These are the themes, not fleeting but perennial,
  Which in the Silly Season we peruse,
Grudging no price—assured that every penny 'll
  Return us something to enlarge our views,
  Something of interest, something to amuse.
Pity that, when they give such noble sport,
The boom in hares should be so very short.

For all too soon, the portent of the Session
  Drives out the foaming orator on stump;
Bronzed editors return, and start afresh on
  Some novel aspect of the Parish Pump;
  The last hare dies; the boom becomes a slump;
And the Sea-serpent slumbers, roll on roll
Coiled in an editorial pigeon-hole.

DUM-DUM.

The Sunday Times, talking of the crowd's verdict on the Boat Race, says, "Yesterday, however, they differed considerably; as indeed did nine experts out of ten." We should much like to know the exact position of the tenth expert.

A POLICE TRAP:

Or, The Renewal of Youth.

"Open her out!" my host had said;
And on the instant word
The mobile monster flew ahead
Like a prodigious bird.

Her thirsty throttle, gaping free,
Drank up the way like wine;
I almost felt that I must be
Upon the Chatham line.

From time to time she touched the earth
And pulverised its crust,
And I remarked, with impious mirth:
"We too shall soon be dust!"

Far off the cyclist heard our hoot,
And fell into the ditch;
We scattered man and fowl and brute,
Scarce seeing which was which.

Their curses followed, choked with grit,
While I, who paid no heed,
Composed a humorous song (or fytte)
Largely in praise of Speed.

* * * * *

A sudden whistle rent the air!
Instinctively she stopped,
For at the signal from his lair
A stealthy peeler popped.

As one whose joy comes doubly sweet
From triumph's long delay,
Slowly and trailing tedious feet
He moved upon his prey.

There sat we waiting, trapped and dumb,
And eyed that awful X
Like rabbits when the snarers come
To wring their little necks.

Two more arrived; their clothes were plain;
One from his hedge-row bower
Had timed us going like a train
At fifty miles an hour.

I looked the liar in the face.
Fearless of fine or quad,
"I should myself have put the pace,
Said I, "at eighty odd!"

And then as in a general hush
They took the chauffeur's name,
Over my cheeks there stole the blush
Of pleasurable shame.

I saw my truant childhood's years
In memory's vision rise,
And lo! the happy happy tears
Coursed from my goggled eyes.

How long it seemed since I was whacked
For trespass! ah, how long
Since I was taken in the act
Of doing something wrong!

Copper, my thanks! Through you I know
Once more those fearful joys
Which the Olympian gods bestow
On lawless little boys!

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

The Dragon.

I have never seen this Dragon, although he lives on a hill in my immediate neighbourhood, but I know him to be a very fierce fellow of the true old Dragon breed. There may be modern Dragons of a more refined and civilised type, but these are not of the kind that any properly constituted child would care to meet. Civilisation is all very well, but it doesn't suit the nursery. The nursery, as I know it, is a primitive institution and it revels in all the relics of barbarism. Its porridge, its bread and butter, its dolls' houses, its hours, its shoes and its socks are to all outward seeming the same as when I first remember them in another nursery more than a full generation ago. Its inmates display no greater tenderness of feeling towards one another than we used to, and they howl with all the old freedom and sustained power when they are thwarted or spanked. It is natural, therefore, that the pet Dragon should be of the same unredeemed ferocity and wickedness as the one who first terrified me. Probably he is the same Dragon, but, as I say, I have never seen him and cannot be sure.

This Dragon has a length of about eighty feet; he has green scales impervious to everything except an old cavalry sword, which, however, remains suspended from a hook on the wall and is never available for a death-thrust when the Dragon is bearded on the top of his hill or when his muffled roars are heard in the wood which forms his last retreat. I ought to add that he can be killed by a skilfully directed stone, if the stone manages to hit him in the centre of his right eyeball; but in this case he is only dead for the day, and infallibly revives in the middle of the night, unless it happens to be a wet night. On wet nights he prefers to remain dead. He has a forked tail, also green, and a barbed tongue, which is a very much prolonged and highly deadly weapon. He has been known to sting a boy in the protruding portion of his back round two corners at forty yards. The boy himself has often told me the dreadful story. The Dragon's eyes are red and he always breathes out fire. The girl who related this fact to me thought that fire might be comfortable on winter nights. In the summer, she said, he ought to breathe something colder. Ice might do, she supposed, if it wasn't so heavy, but then he was a very powerful Dragon and might be able to manage it. His wings are constructed of burnished steel painted yellow and pink and can carry him to immense heights, but he doesn't often fly for fear the local policeman (whose name is Stubbs and whose cheeks are red and plump) should shoot him. Stubbs is believed in the nursery to be a pattern of heroism and of all the sword-slicing and rifle-shooting virtues.

There is, I understand, a romance about this Dragon. He had devoured twenty-five selected Princesses and was about to devour the twenty-sixth when he was suddenly struck by her extreme beauty and the sweetness of her manners. He fell in love with her and proposed to marry her and abandon his wicked courses. The lady, however, could not accept him, for she was already engaged to be married to a Prince who wore a white feather in a red velvet cap and was always mounted on a chestnut horse. The Dragon, with a courtesy that never forsook him in his lighter moments, at once recognised the validity of the objection and the insuperable nature of the obstacle. He caused a golden cage to be built, and in this he confined the Princess, whom he feeds four times a day on cream, honey, strawberry jam and sponge cake. In spite of this generous diet she longs for her liberty, and some day the Prince will arrive, and, after defeating and definitely slaying the Dragon, will release her and marry her.

Dragon-hunts are organised once a week. The whole available infantry arms itself with sticks and marches up the



AU REVOIR!

Mr. Punch (to Summer). "MUST YOU GO, MY DEAR? THE MOST CHARMING VISIT I EVER REMEMBER!"



Mrs. Malone. "Why, Pat, what's that ye've got? Is it Moriarty that's insulted ye?"
Pat. "He has, begorrah! But he'll have to wait a week!"

hill in charge of a father or of an uncle appointed to that relationship for the occasion. The last uncle threw the army into confusion by hinting that the Dragon was himself a Prince in disguise. On that day the Dragon was not slain. Since then, however, he has expired (temporarily) with his usual regularity.

BUSINESS COMBINED WITH PLEASURE.

(Being the Diary of a Person who took some Work to the Seaside.)

Mon.—Needn't start the very first day.
Tues.—More to see in this place than I thought.
Wed. What decent people one meets in the hotel.
Thurs.—91° in the shade. Comment needless.
Fri.—One inch of rain. Quite fascinating to watch.
Sat.—Must make a fresh start on Monday.
Sun.—Day of rest.
Mon.—All the week before me.
Tues.—Couldn't politely refuse to join picnic.
Wed.—Neuralgia through sitting on damp grass.
Thurs.—Acquaintances luckily leaving to-morrow. Then *nous verrons!*
Fri.—Seeing them off.
Sat.—No use attempting now to mend a bad week's work.
Sun.—Day of rest, as before.
Mon.—Meditations on the vanity of human wishes.
Tues.—Out fishing all day, to avoid making fresh friends who think one as idle as themselves.
Wed.—Should work better in apartments. Looking for same.
Thurs.—Find can have private room in hotel next week.
Fri. Waiting for next week.
Sat.—Suddenly recollect must return to town on Tuesday. Hardly worth while engaging private room for one day.
Sun.—Day of rest, thank goodness!
Mon.—Waiting for Tuesday.
Tues. Return to town with work. Combination of business with pleasure thoroughly enjoyable.

Conclusive Evidence.

"A daring robbery has been perpetrated in broad daylight at the residence of Mr. ———. The police, who found the heel of a rubber shoe and a coat button in the room, are of the opinion that the burglar wore gloves."—*Droitwich Guardian.*

Narrowing the Field of Search.—"Lost, between Maidstone and Leeds, Gold Padlock off bracelet."—*Kent Messenger.*

"Should there be a Speed Limit?"

"The *Journal* states that M. Ernest Archdeacon yesterday experimented at Acheres with a motor cycle provided with an aluminium screw in front. A speed of 79,300 kilometres in the hour was attained."—*Reuter Telegram.*

It seems a lot of difference for one little aluminium screw to make, but perhaps they never explained to *Reuter* what a kilometre was.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN BRIGHTON.

The article on "Brighton's Needs" in *The Tribune* has naturally caused a great sensation. As our esteemed contemporary tactfully puts it, there is no suspicion of disloyalty to the "Queen of the South" in the cry for reform. In spite of everything, "Brighton still remains queen, and the complaints now voiced are only put in concrete form in order that she may retain that title undimmed." Anxious to associate himself with so laudable an endeavour, *Mr. Punch* has sounded a number of representative men, and is now in a position to present to his readers some of the most luminous and nutritive suggestions which have reached him.

A leading architect writes as follows:—"What Brighton needs is some substantial addition to her architectural features. Happily an opportunity presents itself of which the Brighton Council, if they are well advised, will not hesitate to avail themselves without delay. It is stated that the stump of the Wembley Tower is about to be removed. I would earnestly impress upon the City Fathers of Brighton the advisability of purchasing this splendid torso, re-erecting it on the sea-front and completing its superstructure according to the original design. I would further suggest that from one of its upper platforms there might be an aerial railway to the Dyke."

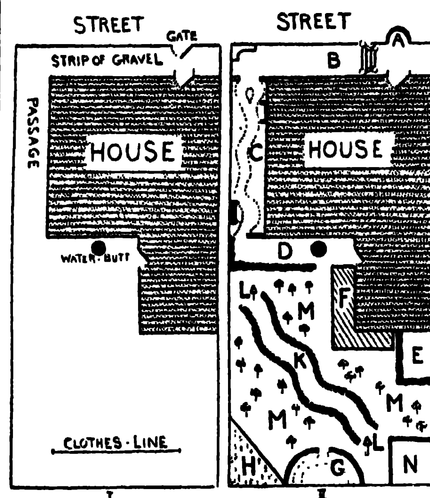
An eminent novelist writes:—"Brighton, in my opinion, has fallen into a groove of placid and undistinguished prosperity, from which she can only be extricated by the importation or unsolicited arrival of some commanding and stimulating personage. In the early decades of the last century she owed her popularity to the Prince and the Regency bucks. At the close of the same century another Prince did much to revive her faded glories. Now, however, that Prince Ranjitsinhji has become an Oriental Potentate, it is essential that a successor should be found without delay. The splendid examples of Stratford-on-Avon and the Isle of Man point clearly to the choice of some popular novelist. He (or she) should be given free quarters in the Pavilion with a suitable staff of liveried servants, state motor-cars, trumpeters, &c., and a salary of not less than £10,000 a year. The appointment should be for five years and carry with it the prefix of Beau or Belle, *e.g.*, Beau Caine or Belle Marie."

A leading engineer writes:—"The congestion of traffic on the front being admittedly the worst of Brighton's evils, I would suggest as an obvious remedy the construction of a tube which would relieve the pressure and enable visitors to avoid the glare of the sun during the dog days."

A leading archdeacon writes:—"Brighton has its Roedean and Hassocks. But its clerical equipment is clearly incomplete without a Bishop. This long-felt want should be made good without delay."

"WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH A BACK-YARD."

Dear Mr. Punch,—Stimulated by an article in *The Daily Mail*, I have decided to convert my back-yard into a country-house pleasaunce or demesne, and would like to ask your advice on my scheme. Sketch I. represents "Cornucopia Lodge" (semi-detached) as it is at present, and Sketch II. as it will be in a few years' time.



A. Moorish arch.

B. Terraced Italian gardens and bowling-green.

C. Passage trellised over, forming a shooting range and Lovers' Walk provided with rustic seats.

D. Sunken water-butt, forming artificial lake (to be stocked with trout), surrounded by lawn. Lawn might be used as a small golf-links with water-hazard.

E. Orchard, hedged in.

F. Raised verandah and hanging Babylonian gardens. Underneath it a pheasant-run.

G. Old English rose-garden with fountain and privet hedge.

H. Rabbit-warren. (Or should this be placed in the shooting-range?)

K. Tall blackberry hedges enclosing winding country lane.

LL. Motor-car warning signs.

MMM. Wooded park-land.

N. Tropical jungle.

Do you think my space could be laid out to better advantage?

Yours, &c.,
J. Plantagenet-Browne.

THE NEW BILINGUALISM.

[It is stated that Erse and Esperanto are to be taught in the schools controlled by the Education Committee of the L.C.C.]

Do not pack in your portmanteau
  Books of classic verse;
Purchase guides to Esperanto,
  Manuals of Erse.
Fogazzaro's tale *Il Santo*,
Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*,
Dante's most inspiring canto,
  Grow more fine, more terse,
Rendered into Esperanto,
  Versified in Erse.

From Lahinch to far Lepanto,
  If equipped with Erse,
And in fluent Esperanto
  Able to converse,
You will fare without confusion
  Over land and sea,—
Such at least is the conclusion
  Of the L.C.C.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE PARTY.

Battleaxe Towers.

Dearest Daphne,—*Whom* d'you think I'm staying with?—the Bullyon-Boundermere people! *Fact!* They've a big shoot here, engineered by Babs and her husband, who have got together quite a nice crowd. Several of them had never spoken to their host and hostess before, and don't seem in any hurry to do so now. The Clackmannans have been persuaded to come, and among others here are Lord Hurlingham, Hughie Mashem, Dolly de Lacy and his brother Piggy, Bosh Tresyllyan, the Croppy Vavassors, and Norty of that ilk.

I *have* to go back to something of the old footing with the latter. It's a *great deal too much trouble* to keep up even the most *righteous* indignation and *well-merited* scorn for many weeks. I've told Norty this quite plainly, and he says it's the *Zeitgeist*, and that *he* feels it too. As his *fiancée*, Aunt Goldingham, is still at Aix, and Josiah Multimill is seeing after his recent purchase, Broadlands, Bucks (which is being got up regardless, and is to be our chief home in the future), it's quite like old times.

My new shooting-dress is just as *chic* as they make 'em. None of your compromises, my dear. I'm one of those for whom gaiters have no terrors, and I can *honestly* wear threes in boots. Babs and I have been out with the guns twice. I've not killed anything yet, but Norty say he's quite sure I shall soon. Certainly there *was* a bird to-day that Babs said had fallen to *her* gun, and that I fancied had fallen to *mine*. We were *quite* sweet about it before the men, but after we got back we said one

or two little things to each other, and she was distinctly inclined to be *catty*. It's all blown over now, however. I can afford to forgive her and to be magnanimous, for our shooting-skirts have made it obvious to all and sundry that her feet are *quite* a size larger than mine.

And here's a scrap of philosophy from your BLANCHE *en passant*. I hear that some poky people are disquieting themselves over the question—Ought women to go out with the guns? Such drivel, you know! As if it was a question of anything in the *world* but *feet* and *ankles*.

When you hear a woman say, "Oh, the men don't want *us* with them when they're shooting,"—or, "Oh, the dear, pretty birds, I'd be sorry to kill any of them!"—observe that woman closely, and you'll find Nature has been having a little joke with her about *ankles*, and that as to *feet* she can't be comfortable in anything smaller than fives.

This place is so altered since I stayed here two years ago, before the BELFONTS sold it, that I should hardly know it. Renovated and modernised to any extent, with lifts and electricity everywhere.

The old Belfont Ghost, no doubt, has quitted in disgust. It was a cavalier, with lace collar and love-lock complete, and used to appear in the picture gallery on a certain night in the year when someone was killed or something, ages ago. NORTY says that if the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE people hear any whispers of a ghost being wanted, they'll have an electric one installed straight, and when you want it to "walk" you'll only have to press a button marked "Ghost."

My dear, it's the *funniest* thing! You must know, our so-called host and hostess have engaged the great PIERRE, who was chef at the Magnificent—and we're all obsessed with the notion every night that we're dining at the Mag. or some other big restaurant. The other night, when something was brought to Lord HURLINGHAM, he called out, "Take that away, and bring me my usual so-and-so." And NORTY says that he's quite sure he shall ask for his bill some evening,—"not that I could pay it, though," he added. He's an *absurd* boy, but he *does* make things hum. Last night he and I got up an impromptu cotillon. In one of the figures, all the men pretended to be different sorts of animals, and we had to guess what sorts by the noises they made. We guessed all but NORTY's, a queer, droning, monotonous noise. At last he had to tell us—It was "a *wild bore*, that is, not exactly *wild*, for it's kept in a kind of cage called a *Liberal Cabinet*!" We simply shrieked.



OUR WINSTON.

(*An unrecorded incident of the Manœuvres.*)

Winston (der Grosse). "NOW MIND, YOUR MAJESTY; IF ANY POINT SHOULD ARISE DURING THE MANŒUVRES THAT YOU DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND—THAT YOU CAN'T GET THE HANG OF—DON'T HESITATE TO ASK ME! REMEMBER, I SHALL NEVER BE THINKING TOO DEEPLY TO BE DISTURBED BY *YOU*. ANY TOPIC, MIND! STRATEGY OR TACTICS; ANYTHING THAT WORRIES YOU ABOUT THE EMPIRE,—ALL THE SAME TO ME, YOU KNOW—PUT YOU RIGHT IN A MOMENT."

(Mr. Winston Churchill attended the German Manœuvres in yeomanry uniform as the guest of His Majesty the Emperor.)

To-night he improvised a lovely toboggan for us, by opening out some folding screens over a flight of stairs, and we tobogganed till we were half dead. I'm afraid we destroyed the screens a good deal, especially a rather pretty black and gold one, but the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE people laughed and said it didn't matter. I thought they looked a bit troubled though.

We wound up the evening with hide-and-seek in the passages. I found the loveliest and most impenetrable "hidey-holes," but NORTY's so horribly sharp. He always seemed to know where I was.

BOSH TRESYLLYAN heard some bad news from WEE-WEE to-day. After her cure she went to Trouville, and she's lost her favourite diamond necklace bathing. BOSH says it serves her right, and that, though he's all for a bathing-dress being as smart and snappy as poss, the woman who wears her *diamonds* with it, deserves to lose 'em.

Good-night, dearest, I'm dead tired,

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—I heard from home to-day. I'm to be married next month. October, as of course you know, is the correct month for weddings.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CHESTNUT CLUB.

Old Masters' Night.

(With thanks to "The Strand Magazine.")

Like other and, it may be said, less humorous institutions, the Chestnut Club held its grand guest-night last month, and, to quote the elegant Latinism of Mr. Mo. Jiller, who was in the chair, instead of relying upon its own store of *nuces facetæ*, the President called upon their distinguished predecessors to furnish what they considered to be their funniest stories. The result was, as usual, inexpressibly facetious, and everyone seemed pleased.

Among the literary guests were Bickens and Mackeray (these being not their real names, but their real names with a slight disguise, after our usual habit), Dr. Bohnson, Oldsmith, Jibbon, Cobbaccio, Babelais, Hilton, Ervantes and Charles Ramb; while the artists (whose names we always give as they are, artists being more sensitive than authors) included Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, P. P. Rubens, Velasquez, Hogarth, Reynolds, Watteau, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, J. M. W. Turner, and Paul Potter.



P. P. Rubens's illustration to Archbishop Maud's story of the Curate's Egg.

The first to be called upon for a side-splitter was Archbishop Maud, who told an irresistible anecdote of one of his curates.

It seemed that this young man, who was of a shy and retiring disposition, unwilling to give either pain or trouble, was breakfasting with the narrator, and in the course of the meal was helped either by Mrs. Maud or someone else, perhaps the Primate's private secretary — the point is immaterial — to an egg.

On his opening the egg, which he did with some diffidence, the surrounding guests were aware of what might be called a new presence in the room — unseen, but not otherwise coy.

"I am afraid," gasped the Archbishop, "that your egg is not a good one."

"Oh, yes," said the curate, hastily consuming a mouthful; "I assure you it is excellent — in parts."

The company having returned to some kind of consciousness after their paroxysms of mirth, the Chairman called on P. P. Rubens to illustrate this capital story, which he did instantly, the rapidity of his strokes being equalled only by the blackness of the board. The result was by general consent one of the finest things ever produced in the Chestnut Club.

To the general satisfaction of the company, Jibbon was then called upon to tell, if possible, a story from his own experience. This he did with his customary lightness.

He was, he said, once travelling in the Midland counties in a stage-coach, when he and his fellow-passengers were a good deal troubled by a man in one of the corner seats, who might possibly have been a commercial traveller of some



J. M. W. Turner's illustration to Jibbon's story of the man who called a spade a spade.

kind, or possibly had retired from business and was endeavouring to obtain audience beyond his due by masquerading as a gentleman, and thus taking advantage of the sycophantism of the lower orders. No matter what his calling or profession, or even trade, this person was very offensive by his browbeating manner and his continual supply of highly seasoned expletives and lurid adjectives, with which he garnished remarks that lacked alike the interest of fact or the allurement of fancy.

At length, turning to Jibbon, he remarked with an air of finality, in the genuineness of which no one, however, could believe, "Sir, I am a plain man. I like to call a spade a spade."



Paul Potter's illustration to Bickens's story of the clerk who came late.

"Indeed," said Jibbon, "I am surprised. I should have thought you would have called it a sanguinary shovel."

Uproarious as had been the merriment on the conclusion of the previous story, it was nothing compared with that



Mother (who has been asked to suggest a game for a rainy afternoon). "Why don't you pretend you are me? And George can be Daddy. Then you might play at housekeeping."

Daughter. "But, Mother, we've quarrelled *once* already!"

which now shook the room from floor to ceiling. The appearance of J. M. W. Turner, chalk in hand, only served to intensify it, and he made his amusing drawing amid a very tornado of laughter.

Everyone having pronounced the picture a miracle of skill in the customary manner, the Chairman called on Bickens to supply, if he could, a better and more hilarious *conte* than either of his predecessors.

Bickens at once responded with the story of the witty clerk.

"At a certain Government office," he said, "there was once a clerk who, instead of coming at 10, when the others did, rarely reached his desk till 12.

"One day the head of the department stopped him as he made his tardy entry, remarking, 'Really, Mr. ——, you come very late.'

"'Yes,' replied the waggish fellow, with a quick presence of mind. 'But see how early I go.'"

Almost before the story was concluded Paul Potter was on his feet illustrating it for all he was worth, his effort being received with the thunders of applause that it certainly merits, for never was a more brilliant thing done, even for this club of masterpieces.

The meeting soon after broke up, the members all going home in each other's cabs, wondering how they could possibly exist until the next happy night came round.

LANDLADIES' "CONTROL."

[This year the occupier franchise turns upon the amount of control exercised by the landlord on the latch-key tenant.]

At Westminster Registration Court, Percy Cringer, bachelor, 33, claiming a vote as occupier of two furnished apartments in St. James's, stated his landlady had no control over him beyond reading his letters and using his wine for medicinal purposes. She never answered the bell, or admitted his friends unless so disposed. He believed she had legal powers to clean the windows and the staircase, but did not as a matter of fact exercise her rights in either case.

Cross-examined by the Conservative agent.—Her intrusion into his apartments when he entertained his friends was entirely *ultra vires* and unconstitutional. It was untrue to say he was in bodily fear of his landlady. He had reason to believe she held skeleton keys of the cupboards.

By the Liberal agent.—He was free to sneeze at any time he liked, and had taken a firm line on the matter of corkage. He was a passive resister in domestic politics and in favour of protection, his landlady being a free-fooder. Her "control" lay entirely in the power of the human eye. He could ask anyone to his apartments he chose—he did not say they could get in.

Claim disallowed by the Revising Barrister, who stated that such a person was not fit to have a vote of any kind.



American Cousin. "I RECKON THE SONS OF SOME OF OUR NEW MILLIONAIRES HAVE A PRETTY HARD PROBLEM TO SOLVE WHEN THEY CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO GO INTO BUSINESS AND LIVE UP TO THEIR FATHERS' REPUTATIONS, OR GO INTO SOCIETY AND LIVE THEM DOWN."

CHARIVARIA.

The Harvard-Cambridge race exceeded the wildest anticipation of at least one of our contemporaries. "The race," said *The Liverpool Echo*, "will start at 4.30 P.M. from Putney Bridge. The boats should reach the winning-post not later than 5.50."

Meanwhile we hear that the victory of the English crew caused considerable pain to several members of the Labour Party, and an apology may yet be sent to Washington.

A letter from Bagdad states that a recent mail has not arrived owing to the escape of the post-carrier's camel into the desert while the carrier was asleep. This is a satisfactory answer to those Orientals who are always wondering why we do not employ camels in London.

"Socialism is a matter of conviction," says the Countess of Warwick: and the land-grabbers are learning the same great truth from the magistrates.

Mr. Louis de Rougemont is continuing his experiments in turtle-riding. Meanwhile a correspondent informs us that some soup which was given him at a city restaurant the other day had undoubtedly been made from a turtle which had turned.

His previous play, *The Heroic Stubbs*, not having been too well received by the British Public, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has produced his new play, *The Hypocrites*, in America, and we are not to see it for at least six months. The nation is bearing its punishment manfully.

A man reported dead at a Coroner's inquest turned up alive last week. This comes remarkably near contempt of Court.

Certain members of the Humanitarian League, we hear, are about to draw attention to the needless severity with which carpets are beaten. Authentic instances have been brought to their notice where delicate moths have had their spines dislocated, and death has ensued, while others have been so maimed as scarcely to be able to crawl away.

In consequence of the "Impure Milk" scare, one Dairy at least, we hear, now exhibits a notice in its window, "We use filtered water only."

And, at another establishment, a customer, upon complaining of the weakness of the milk supplied to him, was informed by the Manager that this was due to the fact that he now washed his milk to ensure its cleanliness.

Now that *The Spectator's* militia experiment has been carried to a successful conclusion, and our contemporary has covered itself with glory, we shall no doubt have a crop of cheap imitations. Indeed we already hear whispers of the "M. A. Pioneers," the "Sketch Scouts," the "C. K. Shorter Sharpshooters," the "Comic Cuts Carabineers," the "Annie Swan Swashbucklers," the "Girl's Own Lancers," the "Tit-Bits Mule Battery," and the "British Weekly Dragoons."

The Daily Mail had a pretty little problem on wall-papering in one of its recent issues—just such a problem as would have delighted the heart of Todhunter or Lock. "If," it reported a manufacturer as saying, "an advance of 1*s.* 2*d.* per roll is made on 6*d.* wallpaper, the cost of papering a room will be from 5*d.* to 7*d.* more than it is now." It rather looks as though the manufacturer had neglected to buy *The Self-Educator.*

"A new arrival is expected at the Zoological Gardens in the shape of a Gnu."

But what an absurd shape to come in.



PIGS ON THE GREEN.

RT. HON. ARTHUR B. "SOME PEOPLE MIGHT BE PUT OFF THEIR GAME BY THESE LITTLE DISTRACTIONS; BUT, PERSONALLY, I DON'T SEEM TO TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THEM!"



Host of exceedingly harmless shooting party. "LOOK 'ERE, MAC. THESE GENTS 'AVE TO RETURN TO TOWN END OF THE WEEK. WOULD IT DO THE BIRDS ANY 'ARM TO DRIVE THE GROUND AGAIN DAY AFTER TO-MORROW?"

Macdougal. "DOD, MAN, YE MICHT DRIVE IT THE MORN'S MORN. FLEEIN' ABOOT CANNA HURT THEM!"

THE BURGLAR'S BURDEN.

["The prisoner went into the house in the absence of the occupier, and, on leaving, met the prosecutor's daughter, to whom he complained bitterly of the watch-dog being chained so close to the dining-room window."]

DEAR MR. PUNCH, I see as gents an' ladies
Is airin' of their troubles in the Press.
If *our* perfession don't wear shiny cadies,
We 've got our little worries not the less.
An' though I ain't a reggilar subscriber
There 's blokes 'oos 'eads is ringin' with yor name,
Becos I 've give 'em, under the "imbiber,"
One o' the same.

An' so I 'ope you 'll chalk that up to me, Sir,
An' let me fill yor collums for a space,
Exposin' of a low-down class o' geeser
'Oos conduck is a nashernal disgrace.
Now we 're a speshul quiet set o' fellers
Wot only wants to take things easy - see?
Roamin' at large from attics down to cellars -
Or *vice-v.*

But when we goes to pay a gent a visit
(You 'll 'ardly credit wot I 'm goin' to say),
It 's neether square nor gen'lemanly, is it?
To go an' stick obstructions in our way.
Yet there 's some 'alf-bred coves—I'd like to choke 'em! -
As rigs bell-wire-entanglements on floors;
But them as touch the bottom shred of oakum
'As *dogs indoors*!

An' calls theirselves a sportsman! What do *you* think?
'All-spaniels for retrievin' stolen goods!
(I ain't wot 's called a sinnick, but I do think
I 'd sooner throttle rabbits in the woods.)
The silver we must leave, an' face the copper,
Cornered by these disgustin' boodwor tykes!
Yors, 'oo can only arst you, "Is it *proper?*"
WILLYUM SIKES.

The Power of the Press.

"THE magnitude of the disaster is largely increased by the latest telegrams."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"*Troutbeck* made practically the whole of the running, and won by a head from *Prince William*, with *Beppo* a head behind *Prince William*, with *Beppo* a head behind *Beppo*. This, in cold, unimpassioned language, is how the St. Leger of 1906 resulted, but it scarcely quite conveys what occurred."—*Daily Dispatch.*

WE can well believe this.

"MR. HALDANE'S ONLY SAFEGUARD.
A NATION IN ARMS."
Daily Chronicle Headlines.

"A nation in arms" sounds excellent; but we do not think that it should be its function to safeguard Cabinet Ministers. This is the duty of the police.

TO MARGERY—FROM HER UNCLE.

My dear Margery,—When I heard that you really had arrived, I got out the broken tea-cup, filled it at the bath, and drank "To my niece" with the greatest enthusiasm possible. Had I been on the stage I should then have hurled the cup over my shoulder; and later on the scene-shifter would have come and collected the bits. As it was, I left that part out; and you will forgive me, will you not, dear Baby, when you hear that it was your uncle's last cup, and he in a bad way financially.

Personally I was all for coming to see you at once. But you wrote that you would prefer me to postpone my visit for a week; at the end of which time you would have settled down, and I should be more in a position to do you justice—the critic, rather than the mere reporter. I don't know if those were quite your words, but that at any rate was the idea. So, Baby, here I am a week later, and just returned from seeing you. What, you wish to know, were my impressions?

It is like your cool way, asking me what I think of you. It was *I* who came down to interview *you*. You were a stranger, one short week on our shores; and I wanted to ask you what you thought of the English Ladies, what were your views on Latch-key Voting, and (above all) what was your opinion of the English Press. My editor had heard of your landing, and those were the things he wished to know. Well—I shall say that your views were undecided. Two kicks, a cry, and something very like a sneeze—you haven't quite got the hang of our language yet.

You know, Margery, there was at one time some talk of your being a boy; and, in that case, your father and I had decided that you were to play for Kent. I was to have bowled to you every evening, and he would have stood by and said, "You should have come out to that one, Sir." At the public schools they call this "coaching." However, that dream is over now, and the most we can hope for is that you should marry some one in the eleven. Your father and I were discussing it last night (in front of you—oh, what would Father Vaughan say?), and we had almost fixed on Woolley; but your mother objected, because he was a professional. A trivial reason, dear Margery, but you know what women are. You gave a little cry just at that moment, and I know you meant, "Well, why not Mr. Hutchings, then?" Well, we *had* thought of him, only your mother says he will be too old. I do hope, Baby, that when you grow up you will be guided by what your heart says, and not by what your mother says . . .

Your mother—I think you must be careful in your dealings with that woman. Above all, do not let her prejudice you against your uncle. At one time yesterday we were discussing your personal features. "Her mother's mouth," said somebody; "her father's nose," volunteered another. "Look at the darling's eyes, just like her loving mummy's," was that shameless person's own contribution. Then I, in haste, "But, I say, what about her uncle?"

Margery, your mother looked at you thoughtfully. She looked at you every way. And then, suddenly, in triumph, she cried: "Why, nurse! Of course! Her uncle's hair!"

They tell me, Margery, that as a matter of fact your name is Marjorie; and they say that the other reminds them too much of margarine. That just shows how ignorant they are. I looked up "margarine" in the dictionary, and it is called so because of its "pearly lustre." If that isn't good enough for them, they must be a very proud couple. Anyhow you are Margery to me: I hope I have a mind above your commonplace Marjories.

There are many things that I have to say to you, but I feel quite sure that your mother reads your letters; so perhaps I had better wait till I can see you alone. I want you to insist on always wearing shoes, as a little girl, and not those ghastly thirty-nine-button boots; also on not going to a boarding-school. And I want—but I must talk to your father about it. I like to think he is still my ally. Time was when he too knew all about the bringing up of children, and though he has handicapped himself by marrying, yet now and then, when we are alone together, he is almost sensible on the subject.

Good-bye. Give my love to your mother. Perhaps we can trust her more than we thought, after all.

Ever your loving Uncle.

THE TYPEWRITER AGENT.

Our hero was a Tinker. Tinkers, reader, are as good as other men and better than most. What, to take a personal instance, is your calling? . . . . What? . . . . Well then, does it not seem absurd that you should blame our hero for being a Tinker, when you yourself are a—but no, we will not tell the others.

Our hero was a Tinker, for after all he is our hero and not yours. Tell us a reason why he should not be a Tinker. We are a nation of shopkeepers. A Tinker is not a shopkeeper. Our hero is therefore to be congratulated and respected for his originality in striking out a new line for himself. However, if you really object on private grounds to his being a Tinker, he becomes—such is our courtesy—from this moment a Tailor.

Our hero was a Tailor. (Yes, yes, yes.—We are quite aware that no man is a hero to his valet. But, granting for a moment that Tailors have valets, what has that to do with the point? Is not your interference somewhat unreasonable? First you insist on our hero being a Tailor and then you object to our Tailor being a hero! Perhaps, if you would allow us to tell the tale in our own way and not interrupt, we should get on better. Read it first, Sir, and argue about it afterwards, if argue you must.)

Our hero was—oh, but why keep up this farce? Why not admit at once, and have done with it, that we are our own hero? We are neither Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Richman, Poorman, Beggarman, nor Thief. We are merely an Occasional Contributor.

Some six months ago we mentioned to a man in the train—it was one of those unaccountable moments when one loses control of one's tongue—that we had noticed an advertisement for a new typewriter called "The Whew!" and added that we should advise anyone to have a look at this machine before buying any other.

Never talk to a stranger, least of all to a man in the train, about typewriters. If you value your domestic or official privacy you will avoid the topic altogether. Murmur the word "typewriter," and the agents for the makers will give you little peace till you have bought a machine. When you have bought one they will give you less peace till you have bought another. Then, when buying typewriters has become a habit with you, they will give you no peace at all.

As we mentioned the word "typewriter" we realised our mistake and made every effort to recover ourselves. "We never write," we said with breathless rapidity, "indeed, we cannot write. We have nothing to write, and could not spell it if we had. Even supposing that we had something to write and that we could spell it, we should never think of typewriting it. We have conscientious scruples against typewriters. But even supposing that we should permit ourselves to use a typewriter we have already one of our own, two in fact, and both in excellent working order. Finally, supposing that these two should get out of order, we have a large number of relatives who possess three typewriters apiece, and who are only too glad to get somebody to use them. So you will see"—and this, of course, was what we were driving at—"*There is not the remotest possibility of our ever wanting to buy this or any other typewriter.*"

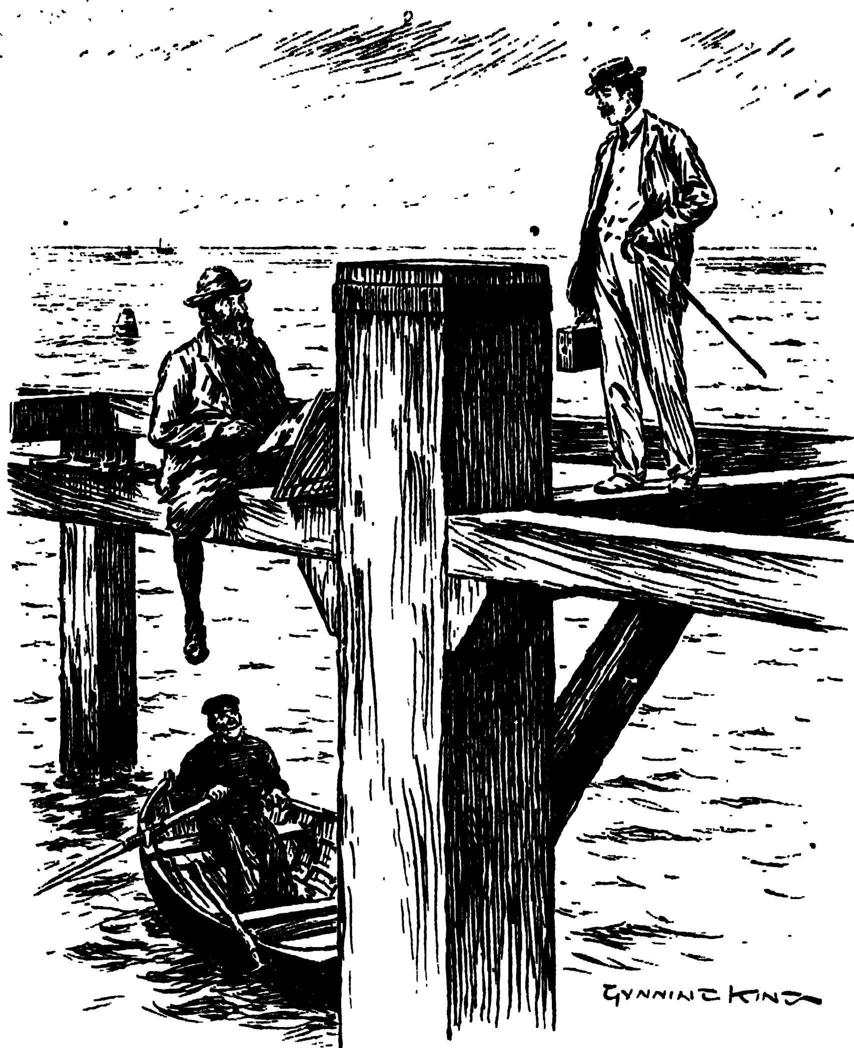
Any ordinary man would have left

off here, but we knew too much about the business to take any risks. We knew what these men are who want to sell typewriters, so we pursued the subject. "Supposing," we added after some considerable tautology — "supposing," we added with a smile that might mean anything—"supposing" (we really only said it once), "supposing that you were a traveller for typewriters—do not interrupt, it is only an assumption for the sake of argument—and supposing that you were to call upon us with a view to business, your action would be nothing less than suicidal. In the first place we dislike callers of any kind; in the second place the staircase which leads to our office is very precipitous; and in the third place when we are in a temper (our temper is easily roused) we become very violent."

The stranger assured us with some show of heat that he travelled for nothing but his own pleasure; had never met, seen or heard of a typewriter tout (his own word); would put himself to the greatest amount of trouble in order to avoid seeing our face again; and was, he was thankful to say, leaving England within twelve hours.

The stranger seemed to mean what he was saying, but still we felt that we were not out of the wood. We set a private detective to watch him from the time he left us till the moment his boat sailed. The stranger complained, he complained bitterly, he more than complained, but we had him watched all the same. We know that he communicated with no living being in this country. He made but one attempt, and that was to address a respectable old gentleman who was possibly a relative or a long lost friend. But our private detective was a thorough sort of person; if he did a thing he liked to do it properly. He stepped between them, took the old gentleman apart, and kept him apart till the boat had sailed out of hearing distance. He then obtained from the shipping office a written statement, accompanied by numerous unwritten and unwritable statements, to the effect that there was no wireless telegraphy apparatus on board the boat. On receiving his report we did, we must admit, feel partially secure.

The next morning at half-past ten, eleven, half-past eleven, and at twelve o'clock a person called to see us who would not give his name. On each occasion he was refused admittance. When we returned from lunch he was seated in our private room waiting for us, and within five minutes we were examining "The Whew!" typewriter, which, we learned, he had brought some fifty miles for us to see. This machine, we were further informed, we were going to keep on a month's free trial.



ART AND ENTERPRISE.

Inquisitive Stranger. "May one ask what attraction you find in this spot?"

Artist. "Firstly, I'm studying the movements of the public as they walk along those beams to look at me. Secondly, I'm jotting down the funny things they say. And, thirdly, the boatman and I divide the money he gets for rescuing those that fall in. So far we've done good business."

"I know," we remember him saying, "that your pursuits necessitate a great deal of writing, and am well aware that genius and legibility of hand-writing are rarely found in the same man." We also recollect his explaining that our inability to spell was no obstacle, because the machine, by an ingenious contrivance peculiar to that make, saw to the spelling itself; and that lack of subject matter was more of an advantage than a disadvantage, for that machine, unlike others on the market, wrote better when left to its own discretion. With final references to "ninety per cent. of the machines now in use," and "payment to suit the pocket of the purchaser" he left us.

When we recovered our mental balance we realised that we were alone with "The Whew!" typewriter. Obviously drastic measures were necessary. The machine should be packed up and despatched to the makers at once, and they should pay the cost of carriage. We know that it was, and we presume that they did.

* * * *

The last instalment on the machine (of course it came back and of course we bought it) has been due some weeks. We have held back as long as we dare if only to spite the "Whew!" Typewriter Company. But we have learnt by sad experience (this is the twenty-fourth instalment, and we treated them all alike) that when the solicitor's letter comes it is about time to give in. We shall go round to the solicitor and pay the last instalment to-morrow, but we will see ourselves in gaol before we will pay his charge for collecting the same, 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

VIII.

More about The Man-Hater.

Many of us were vegetarians, but The Man-Hater would not hesitate to bite a man, if he thought it necessary. I have met him more than once with a sample



The Captain merely smiled.

of trousering in his mouth. His hatred of humans amounted almost to a mania, and the Captain frequently declared him to be no more sane than The Looney. Myself, I must confess, I was very often much impressed by what The Man-Hater said. At times he would quite unsettle me.

The Man-Hater was never tired of dilating on the injustices which we dogs suffered at the hands of humans. He would refer to the insulting notices, "No dogs admitted," which one meets with everywhere. He had even seen one, he said, at a post-office—the very place where the taxes which are so unjustly imposed on us are paid. He was furious about this, and wanted to form at once a "Society for Biting Postmen." And you cannot take up a dog paper—all edited, to our shame, by humans—without finding its pages sullied by vile advertisements of disinfectants. In the largest city in the world there is only one periodical, *The Spectator*, which is run with the object of showing how clever dogs are. Then again he would draw our attention to expressions which humans frequently used in addressing one another, such as "You dirty dog!" "You hound!" "It's a night on which I wouldn't even send a dog out" (even!), "Leading a dog's life," and so on. In using phrases such as these, humans, he declared, let the cat out of the bag, and showed what they really thought of us, for all their hypocritical pretence of liking us.

And The Man-Hater made a good point when he said that the fact that humans tried to make us believe that they liked us proved how they secretly feared us. He was constantly urging us dogs to assert ourselves more than we did. Humans were only kept in power by our stupidity. If we liked to combine, he said, and sink our own little differences, we could carry all before us. He asked the Captain one day how many dogs there were in London. The Captain, whose encyclopædic knowledge was never appealed to in vain, answered, "About 100,000."

"Very well," said The Man-Hater, "there are 100,000 of us. Just imagine what we could do if the whole 100,000 formed a solid phalanx, and marched through the West End, biting all whom we met! Who could stand against us?"

I must admit that the picture appealed to me—but then I was always easily carried away by enthusiasm. The Captain merely smiled and said, "Well, bring me your 100,000 dogs, and then I'll consider the idea."

The only occasion by-the-by, on which I felt the slightest irritation against the Captain was when he threw cold water on some grand scheme like this. The Man-Hater, however, stuck to his guns, and said he was convinced that, if we only showed a bold front, the whole human dynasty would crumble to pieces. All that held it together at present was our own mis-judgment of our powers. *We* under-rated ourselves, while humans over-rated themselves. Human conceit, indeed, seemed to know no limits. At times it was actually amusing. He had seen, for instance, the other day, in a bookshop window, a volume entitled *All About Dogs*. Self-satisfaction such as that really made one smile. As though any man knew all about dogs! They knew, of course, just so much as we let them know.

Humans never seemed to guess, The Man-Hater would continue, how unfavourably they compared with dogs. Why, they could not even do such a simple thing as to follow you when you went out for a walk. He remembered that when he had a master and was running on ahead he would have to look round every other minute to see whether the fellow was following or not. Humans think they are intelligent, but they are really the crassest fools on the face of the earth. "Take, for instance, the question of food," said The Man-Hater; "they have as much to eat as they like. Yet—I have frequently watched them at meals—they will often leave something on the table. Show me the dog who would do that!"

Then note how much more quickly we mature than humans. Compare one of us when a year old with that squealing helpless mass of pulp known as a baby.

And so he would go on. There was, of course, a great deal in what he said. There is a large amount of make-believe about humans. Humans think they are very impressive and all that, but I happen to have seen them at their amusements. Once, for example, I peeped in at a "Dance." There they were turning each other round and round for hours together, with stupid expressions on their faces. And I have seen my master in pyjamas. Believe me, humans are not very fine fellows then.

And The Man-Hater would, with a view to weaning us from our respect for humans, impress on us our great value. Dogs, he declared, were frequently sold for as much as £100, and he would call upon us to show him the man who would fetch that price. He had even heard of the enormous sum of £800 being given for a dog, and by a characteristic piece of sharp practice the dog himself was never allowed to touch the money he had earned. The injustice of this he brought home to us by pointing out that £800 carefully invested would bring in £32 a year. "Think of the bones one could buy with that!" he cried excitedly. Statements of this sort would be received by the majority of us with loud yapping. Value, The Man-Hater held, should carry with it corresponding rights. At a moderate

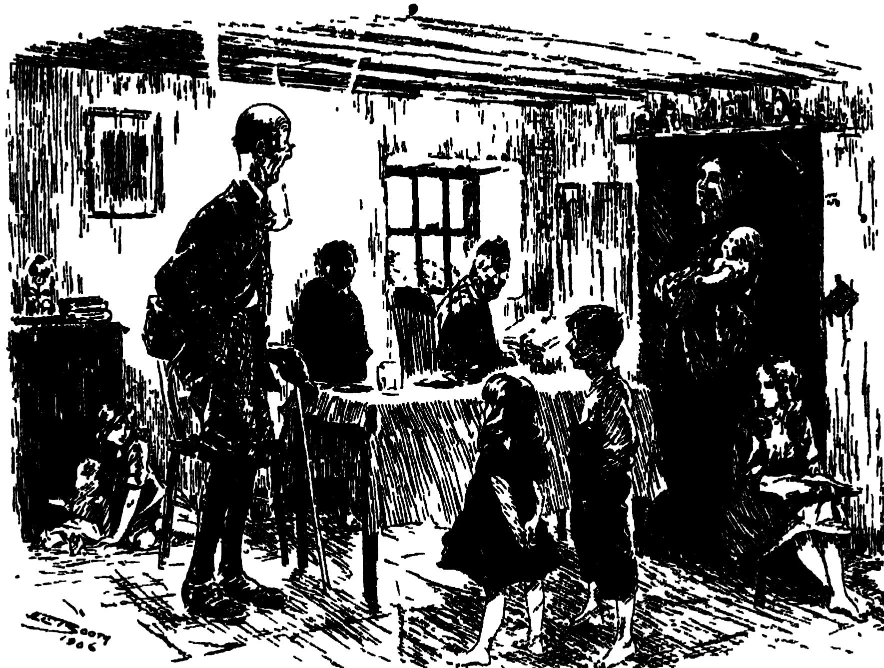


I have seen my master in pyjamas. Believe me, humans are not very fine fellows then.

estimate he calculated that the 100,000 dogs in London were worth £70,000,000. This figure he arrived at from the fact that he had seen it stated that a recent exhibition of 3,500 of the most worthless sort of dogs, namely show dogs,

had represented a value of £250,000. So much for their capital value. The earning capacity of dogs, too, was immense. At the Jubilee Show of the Kennel Club they had made £6900 in prizes—and it was significant that, when dogs did care to compete at dog shows, they invariably carried all before them.

"If only we dogs had a little better idea of our value, and showed a united front, we could get rid of all our disabilities," he declared again and again. "Let us not be afraid to demonstrate our power. On the few occasions when we have done so, we have always been successful. Some of us are old enough to remember the time when a law was passed that every dog was to wear a muzzle. But we dogs would not stand interference in such a private matter as dress, and what happened? The obnoxious statute was withdrawn. Moreover I would remind such of you as champion humans that, whenever there has been any anti-dog legislation, it has always emanated from humans. How long are you meekly going to put up with this? At present, we dogs—or some of us—protect our so-called masters. If you liked to put forth your power, all this might be altered, and the more pleasant picture might be seen of humans lying outside dog-kennels at night guarding their far more valuable occupants. Drive home your power, dogs. The humans already acknowledge it to a certain extent. Take, for example, the notice '*Cave canem*,' which the Captain will tell you is foreign for 'Beware of the Dog.' These mere words, with no dog behind them, are sufficient to inspire terror in the hearts of humans. There is a tribute to you! Consider what it means. Wake up, dogdom!" And I would growl, but the Captain would merely smile and shake his head.



Tourist in Highlands (*who has eaten about fourpennyworth*) "WHAT DO I OWE YOU FOR THIS MEAL?"

Gudwife "AWEEL, IT'S THE SAWBATH. SO WE'LL NO CHAIRGE YE ONYTHING."

Grannie. "NA, NA, WE WUNNA CHAIRGE YE ONYTHING. BUT YE CAN JUST GIE THE BAIRNS SAXPENCE APIECE!"

RECESSIONAL.

[For "After-holiday slackness" doctors are prescribing a process of "Toning down."]

My face is as brown as a bun
With the sun,
And healthily tanned
Is each hand;
My friends, when they meet me,
Effusively greet me,
Exclaiming, "You *are* looking grand!
I tell you, old chappie,
It makes a man happy
To see such a sight in the Strand."
The youth which I'd lost seems to strain
In each vein
With every deep breath that is drawn;
I throw out my chest and each moment
my figure
Grows bigger
With vigour
And brawn.

But when the long hands of Big Ben
Point to ten
And send me to fool
At my stool,
Despite the ozone that
I've breathed, I must own that
I find myself dense as a mule.
Thoughts fly through the doorway
Back, back to fair Norway
And Orkney and *ultima Thule*
I see the waves breaking once more
On the shore,
And the pool where the great salmon lurk,
And I feel I am fated to slack it forever,
And never
Endeavour
To work.

But courage! A change will no doubt
Come about;
My beautiful brown
Will tone down;
Already the colour
Has grown a bit duller,
I note, with a bit of a frown,
And I'll soon be the yellow
And livery fellow
I usually am when in town.
And when I no longer feel fit,
Lose my grit,
And cease to appear picturesque,
I shall hanker no more for the heather and fern too,
But yearn to
Return to
My desk.

A SILLY SEASON SELF-EXAMINATION.

7.30 A.M. Alarum goes off.—*Query.* "Is Lunacy Increasing?"

7.32 A.M. Drop off to sleep again.—*Q.* "Do We Sleep Enough?"

8.30 A.M. Wake with a start; take breakfast while dressing.—*Q.* "Do We Eat Too Much?" Rush to station, miss train through being knocked down by "Vanguard"—*Q.* "Are Motor Buses Dangerous?"

9.15 A.M. Arrive office late. Head of firm already there.—*Q.* "Are You Worth Your Money?"

1.0 P.M. Go to lunch. Give waiter penny.—*Q.* "Are Tippers Moral Cowards?"

1.45 P.M. Buy two bananas; rush up and down Fenchurch Street to find place to put skins, fail to do so. 1.59 P.M. One minute to get back to office; in desperation throw skins in street; policemen rush from all quarters. Owing to circuitous route taken to avoid them am late at office. Lose situation.—*Q.* "Is Alcohol Worthless as a Remedy?"

5.0 P.M. Leave office; have a "banana fall" on own skins.—*Q.* "Have We Lived Before?"

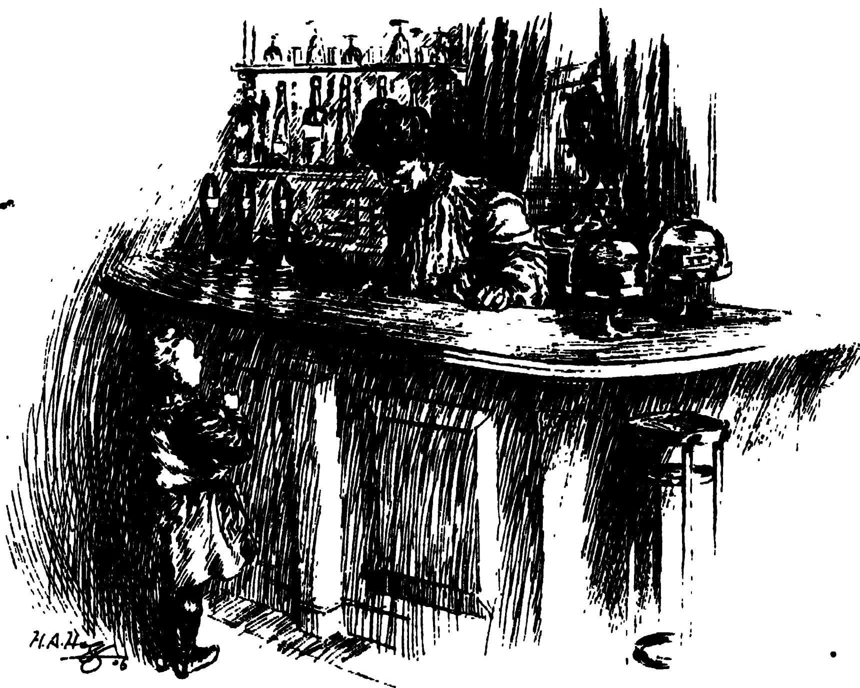
6.0 P.M. Arrive home, tell wife about my dismissal.—*Q.* "Does Woman Help?"

10.0 P.M. Retire to bed for the night, cursing my luck.—*Q.* "Are We Growing Less Religious?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A DANIEL come to Judgment! In *Charles Dickens* (METHUEN) Mr. CHESTERTON frankly states his views on the man and the novelist. It seems a little late to deal with the topic. But Mr. CHESTERTON is young, and what was said before his time doesn't matter. He certainly has something new to say. As with FORSTER, the first gleaner in this field, there is a good deal of himself mixed up with study of his subject. He is persistently irrelevant, fearlessly egotistical; but it is all excellent writing. His admiration for the author is unbounded, and never before was DICKENS so truculently treated, a paradox quite in keeping with Mr. CHESTERTON'S cultured manner. He takes the novelist in his arms, and dandles him after the manner of an impartial nurse. Tossing him up he calls attention to his hopeless defects, and when he thinks his audience is likely to agree with him, labours in elaboration of eulogy. Had he chanced to have known DICKENS in the flesh he would have approached and treated him as *Mr. Pumblechook* was used to deal with *Pip;* placed him with his back against the wall, ruffled his hair the wrong way, and, ignoring *Mrs. Gargery's* claim, reminded him how he (Mr. CHESTERTON) had brought him up by hand. Amid the gleams of paradox that shimmer on every page, with occasional tendency to tediousness, there are many shrewd sayings. Talking about the children born to DICKENS'S fancy he says, "Whatever charm they may have, they have not the charm of childhood. They are not little children; they are 'little mothers.' The beauty and divinity in a child lie in his not being worried, not being conscientious, not being like *Little Nell.* *Little Nell* had never any of the sacred bewilderment of a baby." Recalling the familiar fact that whilst *The Old Curiosity Shop* was in course of periodical publication some readers implored DICKENS not to kill *Little Nell* at the end of the story, he adds, "Some regret that he did not kill her at the beginning" a wicked suggestion with which I may whisper sympathy. Another shrewd observation:—"The *Marchioness* is much more of all that *Little Nell* was meant to be, much more really devoted, pathetic and brave." That remark would have shocked DICKENS, who, in common with parents, had excess of affection for the weakest of his offspring. Like many bold sayings in a delightfully unconventional book, it is true.



Infant. "PLEASE CAN I HAVE A PIPE FOR FATHER?"
Good-natured Landlady (who has had quite a lot of this sort of thing). "WHAT DOES YOUR FATHER WANT IT FOR—SMOKING OR BLOWING BUBBLES?"
Infant. "BLOWIN' BUBBLES!"

Of workmanlike, cold-blooded murders, devise
  For a start, say a couple of brace;
Performed by assassins whose excellence lies
  In leaving no tale-telling trace.

As one of the victims provide an old peer,
  And fix up a gentleman who
When the slaughter's proceeding is always quite near,
  Though he's never in time for a view.

Select a young heroine, get her intwined
  With the villains that hover about,
Then twist the whole lot into tangles, and find
  A quite unexpected way out.

* * * *

There's *one* can make readable stuff from a harsh
  Uninviting receipt as above,
His publisher's METHUEN, himself's RICHARD MARSH,
  And his book's *In the Service of Love.*

If it is true that one cannot have too much of a good thing, there can be nothing but satisfaction in the simultaneous appearance of *Court Beauties of Old Whitehall,* by W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE (UNWIN), and *Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century,* by ALLEN FEA (METHUEN). But whether or not these ladies were all good things is another question. Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., who has made some of them and their progeny his study, would say "No." Although our standards of female comeliness have somewhat changed, it is not difficult to look upon these many LELYS and believe that CHARLES THE SECOND was considerably tempted; but if handsome is as handsome does, then were my Lady CASTLEMAINE, and HORTENSE MANCINI and LA BELLE STUART ugly indeed.

I don't know how it got there, but the name *Dimmock* seems to be in the air just now, as *Elizabeth* was a few seasons ago. Messrs. HUTCHINSON issue *Mrs. Dimmock's Worries* by the late B. L. FARJEON, and FOX RUSSELL has written *The Escapades of Mr. Alfred Dimmock* (EVERETT). I cannot think that the two were related, for *Maria Dimmock* would very certainly have counted *Alfred* among her "worries" if she had been thrown into his society. He is actively annoying, while she is the victim of people and circumstance. Her lot is cast among a number of peculiarly hard individuals; his among a number of peculiarly soft ones. My sympathies are with the lady; and I hope it is some consolation to her to know that her woes are enshrined in much the better book of the two.

FOR THE LADY SOMERVILLE GIRL.—"Female Baker wanted, well up in Smalls."—*West Cumberland Times.*

GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(*By a Caddie.*)

V.

A LITTLE success at golf, as I've notised, jenerally makes a man wish for more. Like the appertite of a yung girl for chocerlates. I dunno if you remember that nice old Mister GIGGINGTON, of 'oom I told you. Under my skillfull gidance, and with the ade of a little inercent 'anky-panky, 'e kontrived to wander rarnd these 'ere links in an 'undred and twenty-nine. Well, ever since that serprising triemph, 'e 'as been 'ungering for fresh feelds to konker, as you might say.

"I want to meet someone, 'ENERY, as I can beat," 'e kep' saying, quite truckewlent like. "I don't pretend as 'ow I'm brillyent, but on my day I do fancy that there's wuss."

"You keep on practising steddy, Sir," was my invairiable words, "and one of these days we shall see you winning cups and medils."

As nice and kind an old jentleman as ever smashed a club is Mister GIGGINGTON, but I allus 'ave to 'andle 'im like eggs to prevent 'im losing 'art. I didn't think as 'ow even 'ENERY WILKS would be able to grattify 'is 'armless ambishun, but the uther day I saw my chawnce.

It was a Toosday morning, and the course was quite disserted, excep' for Mister G., 'oo was waiting to start a practice rarnd wiv 'is pashunt teecher. Which is me. And then a new member come along 'oo was wishfull for a game, and dirrectly I set eyes on 'im, somethink, hinstink I suppose, seemed to tell me that 'ere was the man for 'oom I 'ad been waiting.

'E was French, and I shall not attempt to rite 'is name, the 'ang of which I never reely kawt. 'E was a small, darkish, jornty man, and 'is garmints was a little briter and more cheerfull-looking than you see in England. 'E wore, among uther things, a deer-storker 'at, wiv a fevver stuck in it. But 'is manners was reelly bewtifull. It was quite a site to see 'im click 'is 'eels togevver and bow to my himployer, and in a minnute they 'ad fixed their match. I 'ad 'inted to Mister G. that 'e must hinsist on 'aving a stroke an 'ole, and that was 'ow they settled it. I never lerned what the Frenchman's 'andicap was, but if the Champyon 'isself 'ad offered to take strokes from 'im 'e would 'ave closed gladly wiv the offer. And yet there was reelly nuthing erfensive about the little man.

I could see as 'ow pore old Mister G. was trimbling wiv a sort of serpressed egsitement, and I wispered to 'im that 'e must play steddy and use the niblick whenever possibul. The niblick, from long practice in the bunkers, is 'is club.

Me frend CHAWLEY MARTIN was the Frenchman's caddie, and 'e took ercasion to remmark to me that we seemed in for somethink warmish. I checked the boy wiv one of my glawnces, and then we waited while 'is himployer took the 'onner. That jentleman danced up to the tee, waving rarnd 'is head the longest and the bendiest driver that I 'ave ever seen, and 'e didn't trubble to address the ball at all. 'E jest sprung at it and 'it it wiv all 'is might, and somethink fairly wistled past CHAWLEY's 'ead as 'e stood a little be'ind the tee box. The Frenchman 'ad sliced at rite angels, and for anythink I know 'is ball is still in the air. Certingly, we never saw it agin.



Aunt. "TOMMY! HOW CRUEL! WHY DID YOU CUT THAT POOR WORM IN TWO?"

Tommy. "HE SEEMED SO LONELY."

That slite misforchune appeered to egsite and dimmoralise CHAWLEY's himployer, 'oo may 'ave been quite a brillyent player on 'is day, and I may say at once that 'e never reelly found 'is game. On the uther 'and it seemed to put new life and vigger into Mister G. Our erponent was appariently trying 'ard to do each 'ole in a brillyent one, but we was quite content to win them in a steddy nine.

We 'ad our misforchunes, of course. 'Is deerest frend wouldn't 'ardly say as 'ow Mister G.'s game is a long one, and each bunker seems to 'ave a sort of magnettick attrackshun for 'is ball, but whilst the Frenchman's brassey remained unbroken we knew that there was allus a chawnce for the 'ole. For 'arf the rarnd it stood the crewel strane and then it didn't break. It jest seemed to sort of dissolve into small peaces. But we was two up by then and our tails was 'igh in air.

As for the Frenchman, 'is meffods at times was reelly serprising. After that first drive CHAWLEY lide 'isself down flat when 'is himployer drove, but even in that posishun it didn't seem 'ardly safe. That long, thin, bendy driver sent the ball to all 'ites and all angels, but never once in a strate line. After a wile 'e diskarded it, and guv a fair, 'onnest trial to every club in 'is bag in turn. I should never 'ave been serprised to see 'im drive desperit like wiv 'is putter, but even then CHAWLEY wouldn't 'ave dared say nuthink. 'E was quite a plessant, jentlemanly little man, but it didn't do to argue wiv 'im. 'E begun to scream and stamp at once, and CHAWLEY saw pretty soon that it was best and safest to let 'im play 'is own game.

It was on the fifteenth green that the great match was ended. Mister GIGGINGTON's pluck and stamminer 'ad been amasing for 'is age, but the strane and the joyfull egsitement was beginning to 'tell on 'im. The Frenchman tried to bring off a thirty-yard putt to save the 'ole, and failed by some forty yards. But 'e took 'is defeet like a nero. They shook 'ands on the green and 'e said that it warmed 'is 'art to reflect on the glory that 'is frendly foe 'ad won. I beleeve as 'ow there was tears in the old jentleman's eyes. 'E turned to me and I quite thort 'e was going to grasp my 'and, but instead of that 'e put a bob into it; which was pretty near as good.

'E 'll never make a golfer, but 'ENERY WILKS will allus be pleesed and proud to gide 'im rarnd the course.

MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE.—"A prisoner with an appetite named Edward Wood . . . ."—*Daily Mail.*

HIS EXIGENCY, SIR PETER.

For the central motive of *Peter's Mother*, Mrs. de la Pasture has left the dull turnpike of convention, and taken us down a pleasant little by-path of her own. The wonder is that nobody thought of taking us that way before. For *Peter* is a sufficiently common type. He is the sweet child whom "we all smile on for his pleasant want of the whole world to break up, or suck in his mouth, seeing no other good in it." He is the preposterous boy-egoist, who regards his mother (a pretty widow still on the right side of forty) as an antique, with nothing left in life to live for except his better comfort and convenience. Still he is, somehow, rather lovable; and now that he has had a few home-truths from the girl he wants to marry, and a fairly straight lecture from his guardian who talked to him like the stepfather he was about to become, I expect *Peter* will turn out a quite decent fellow.

I confess to being disappointed that a play so short as this, and with so excellent a motive, should have needed any superfluity to eke it out. There was too much tea-table tattle, and I could easily have done with less of the catty old aunts. I could even have dispensed with the whole of the First Act, and let *Peter's* mother start fair as an eligible widow. I suppose this Act was meant to serve a purpose by showing us from how noxious a husband the lady was about to be delivered before her capacity for joy had been permanently blighted. But a man may be very offensive (and the *Timothy Crewys, Bart.*, of Mr. McKinnel was surely every bit as offensive as the author's fancy had painted him) and yet seem something of a hero when we find him bravely facing the prospect of a fatal operation. At least he wins our sympathy, even as the anguish of the brutal *Mihrab Shah* moved *Ferishtah* to pity:—

"Tax me my bread and salt twice over, claim
Laila, my daughter, for thy sport,—go on!
Slay my son's self, maintain thy poetry
Beats mine—thou meritest a dozen deaths!
But—ulcer in the stomach—ah, poor soul;
Try a fig-plaster: may it ease thy pangs!"

And certainly—whether it was the author's bad judgment or a false note in Miss Marion Terry's otherwise charming performance—the odium seemed to be shifted from husband to wife when we saw her receive the announcement of his impending ordeal with unnecessary callousness. Anyhow it is a grim way of introducing a comedy to invite you to watch a man all through the First Act bracing himself to meet the surgeon's knife; and then, after the flavour of your *entr'acte* cigarette has been spoilt by the thought of the surgical horrors going on behind the scene, to lift the curtain and show you his widow already out of mourning and thoroughly pleased with herself.

The play had in it many touches of unobtrusive cleverness, and of that kind of humour which flatters the intelligence of a discerning audience. But there



Peter's Mother . . . . Miss Marion Terry.

was not enough to go round. I think perhaps that, as a playwright, Mrs. de la Pasture has not yet quite found herself.

If she failed here to do a perfect justice to her uncommon gifts, it was not for



Peter's Guardian . . . . Mr. Frederic Kerr.

lack of talent in the interpretation. In the part of *Peter's* mother, Miss Marion Terry, as ever, was delightful. Of course they had to choose a charming personality for such a part. Any mother of any *Peter*, on or off the stage, is always a charming personality. Very natural and spontaneous was the way in which she betrayed the division in her dear heart between sacrificial devotion to the exigent *Peter* and her own claim to a share in the romance of womanhood.

Mr. Fred Kerr, as the boy's guardian, had nothing like the opportunity that his workmanlike methods deserved. What a chance for a brilliant dialogue (the irony all on one side) was missed in the scene where he instructs his incredulous ward in the strange truth that the world was not solely designed for his (*Peter's*) delight. Instead, he had to throw off one of those protracted homilies which had come to be regarded as the prerogative of Sir Charles Wyndham. Indeed, there was a Wyndham air about the house. The theatre was his, to begin with; there was the voice of Mr. Bucklaw as the *Doctor*; and there was this moral lecture by Mr. Kerr.

Mr. A. E. Matthews was *Peter*. No one else of course can play this kind of part so well; but he talks far better than he listens. It would be a graceless thing, however, to cavil, even ever so slightly, at the performance of an actor who has sacrificed so much in the cause of art. Others, ere now, have laid a love-lock, a moustache, a whisker on the altar of Thalia or Melpomene; Mr. Matthews *had his right arm amputated.*

One critic, I believe, was impatient of allusions to the Boer War, which he regarded as *vieux jeu*, and could not quite remember whether it occurred before or after the Flood. I am not in sympathy with him, though I know that many things of very vital import have happened since then. Hayward's record, for instance.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan, in an incongruous red wig, represented *Sarah*, the girl whom *Peter* loved next best to himself. To be frank — but not unkind, for who could be unkind to the adorable *Wendy*?—Miss Trevelyan was not built for the part of a smart society girl. Next time I see her I hope she will have her own hair hanging down her back and be making love to that other *Peter* whose surname is *Pan*.

O. S.

A Record Gate.

"From the kick-off it was plain Leeds meant business. They were constantly making headway, and hovering round the Fosse goal, encouraged by the shouts of between eleven and twelve excited partisans. What an ear-splitting yell Yorkshiremen can raise!"

Leicester Daily Post.

One would give much to have witnessed the enthusiasm of these $11\frac{1}{2}$ tykes.

"A specimen of the Common Dasyure, one of the Australian 'native cats,' is the gift of Mr. W. B. Robinson, of Linthorpe, and has been placed near his cousin the 'Tasmanian Devil.'"

At least so says the Curator of the Middlesbrough Museum, according to *The North Star*. We hope Mr. Robinson's cousin will pardon our familiarity—but *que diable (Tasmanien) allait-il faire dans cette galère?*



A BLOATED PLURALIST.

Burglar Bill. "ONE LATCH-KEY ONE VOTE, EH? WHAT PRICE THIS 'ERE SKELETON-KEY, AS 'LL LET ME INTO *ANY* 'OME? W'Y, *I* MUST BE A BLOOMIN' CONSTITUENCY!"



Fond Mother (leaving her boy at school) to Head Master. "And whatever game he plays at, will you kindly see that he *cools slowly?*"

CŒLUM *ET* ANIMUM.

At home, ere I sailed o'er the billowy brine,
A large and a liberal outlook was mine,
The faults of the Briton
Appeared to be written
In letters remarkably fine.
The virtues of all other nations I sang
And glib from my tongue-tip their qualities rang.
It pleased me to praise the more civilised ways
Of Russia, Japan, Honolulu,
And to write myself down, while I lingered in town,
Pro-German, pro-Boer, or pro-Zulu.

But now 'twixt my far-away country and me
Lie leagues upon leagues of the stormy North Sea,
And the further I travel
The less do I cavil
At England, the home of the free.
In matters of food, I observe with concern,
Norwegians have much—very much—still to learn;
And when, after nights on the pine-scented heights,
My appetite 's rampant and skittish,
I 'm startled to find that my once open mind
Is growing aggressively British.

I wake feeling starved, and they try to cajole
My ravenous maw with an underdone roll,
Which, greedily swallowed,
Is instantly followed
By tortures that harrow my soul.
And when that is finished they ask me to cope
With *mysost*—a mixture of Cheddar and soap.
Then I think with a groan of the breakfasts I 've known;
My scorn of old England is shaken,
And I know I would give half the years I 've to live
For that food of the gods—eggs and bacon.

At evening when, weary with travel, I feel
That dinner 's the one thing that 's earnest and real,
Norwegians waylay me,
Attempting to slay me
With *aftens*—detestable meal!
Crab pie and sardines and a sausage appear,
With a pot of pale tea and a bottle of beer.
Then I long with a sigh for the Carlton and Cri.,
Or wouldn't old Jimmy's be jolly!
And I cease to run down the luxurious town,
As I used, in my radical folly.

Then what though the fragrance of Eden be rolled
Down the fjord from its girdle of pine-trees untold?
What though through the shimmer
Of evening there glimmer
Some myriad islets of gold?
No trifles like these can afford me relief.
One thought and one only possesses me—beef!
No longer I 'll praise the rude, barbarous ways
Of nations that curdle my marrow;
Henceforward my oat shall resound with a note
That 's rampageously British and narrow.

CHARIVARIA.

The International Peace Conference at Milan passed off without serious disturbance.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company, it is announced, has abandoned speed competitions, thereby following the example of the S. E. & C. R.

Scotland Yard has drawn up some admirable regulations for motor omnibuses. The only one to which serious objection can be taken is to the effect that all vehicles must be fitted with two independent brakes. Brakes of this sort are sometimes so independent that they refuse to act.

We have lately read of a mechanically propelled vehicle which consumes its own smoke and is fitted with silent machinery. This sounds like a description of the Ideal Politician.

Although women have not yet got the franchise, they are, according to *The Daily News*, making advances. In its account of a case in the Courts, our contemporary says, "The accused had been anxious to marry the prosecutrix, but she was courting someone else."

It was characteristic of the late General Trepoff's alleged contempt for popular aspirations that he should have died a natural death.

The latest autobiographical item from the pen of Miss Marie Corelli is the following statement in the *Rapid Review*: "The great are invariably maligned."

There is no doubt that Mrs. Longworth has now obtained a permanent place in the affections of the American nation. The other day she was mobbed by thousands of her fellow-countrywomen, who rent her clothes in their enthusiasm.

There is an old legend of an American prisoner who, upon being asked "Guilty, or Not guilty?" replied, "I guess that's for you to find out." A second chapter was added to this legend the other day at the Old Bailey by a thief who made an eloquent speech in his own defence, and then, when the jury found him guilty, admitted, with a smile, that they had got the answer right at the first guess.

More Commercial Candour.

From Aberystwyth:—

"Clearance Sale of Antique Oak Furniture to make place for Fresh Stock."

TO HER UNCLE—FROM MARGERY.

My Dear Uncle,—Thank you for your letter. I was just as glad when they told me about *you!* And I said to myself, "I must be very nice to him, because mother and I have been here for years and years simply, and he's quite new." And it's unkind of you to say I kicked, I was only stretching, and one must stretch or one will never grow. I heard nurse tell mother that, and you *know* you'd like to have a tall niece.

I think I shall like you, if you're sure you won't mind my being only a girl. I don't think father minds, although he looks very sad about something every now and then. He came back late from the office the other day, and mother told me he'd done an awful lot of work, and was so tired, and I cried all night about it, I was so sorry for him.

Mother *is* a funny person. This morning I did my trick of opening one eye and keeping the other shut, and she got fearfully excited, and called out "Nurse, nurse, what's the matter with Baby, she can't open one of her eyes!" And then I simply had to open it, so as I could wink at nurse to show her what a silly mother we had. But I have given up my other joke—of pretending to be dead. I used to do it every night, and she would creep out of bed, and come and listen at my cradle, and . . . . Well, I'm only a girl, and I shall never go to a public school, but still I know when a joke ceases to be a joke and becomes bad form. So I have given it up.

Oh, talking of bad form, some chemists who had read about me in the papers sent me a sample of *tooth* powder. In rather bad taste, I thought . . .

I want you to come and see me have my bath. Mother asks all her friends, so why shouldn't I ask mine? Of course I would rather keep it private, but if mother is going to make a show of it we may as well have the right people there. Do you know, uncle, they actually do it in a *basin*, although there's a proper bath just next door! I know I'm small, but is it quite fair always to be harping on the fact? (Twice a day, if you will believe me.) Of course mother and nurse are only women, and they wouldn't understand this. But I am sure *you*, uncle, would be more careful of people's feelings.

I am very sorry, dear, but I don't think I shall be able to marry either Mr. Hutchings or Woolley; you see they *are* rather old for me, *aren't* they? Mother told me yesterday that there is a dear little boy of four or five playing about somewhere, who will come for me one day and take me right away from her and father. *Fancy!* What fun!

About my name. Well, I'm afraid it will have to be Marjorie after all. Of course I should prefer it to be Margery, but mother assures me that the owner of the name is *never* consulted, so I can't say anything. But I will always be Margery to you, and we won't say anything more about it to the others. Do you see, dear?

And now I must say good-bye, as mother says I want to go to sleep. She is writing this for me, and some of the things she didn't want to say at all, but I threatened her with my joke, and then she did. But we both send our love. Your affectionate niece,

Margery.

P.S.₁—I shouldn't be a bit surprised if mother didn't alter the signature to "Marjorie" when I'm asleep. If she does you'll understand.

P.S.₂—I was weighed yesterday. I weigh quite a lot of pounds.

P.S.₃—Come to-morrow at four and I will show you my toes.

TABLE TRIOLETS.

(The Bard, like the Verb, has moods.)

I.—At Someone Else's Dinner-Table.

Was it really your own?
  How delightfully clever!
Did you make it alone?
Was it really your own?
'Tis the best joke I've known,
  I'm prepared to say, ever.
Was it really your own?
  How delightfully clever!

II.—At His Own Breakfast-Table.

I asked for the bread,
  Why pass me the butter?
Oh, do use your head.
I asked for the bread.
You heard what I said.
  Do I mutter or stutter?
I asked for the bread,
  Why pass me the butter?

Our great statesmen are soon forgotten, and the devoted work of a lifetime tossed aside for the novelty of the moment. In the *Bradford Daily Argus* we read that "one of the military novelties of the season is to be the 'Camille Clifford' hat, a smart little felt, mounted somewhat on French sailor lines, with a double rosette and quill."

"The Emperor then drank to the Sixth Army Corps, and General Von Wayrach replied on behalf of the Sixth Army Corps, thanking his Majesty for the sentiments expressed, and calling for a "hock" for the Emperor."—*Reuter*.

We confess to rather liking this homely picture of the Sixth Army Corps standing its Kaiser a bottle of the wine of the country.

SEPTEMBER MUSINGS.

(*From "The Peasqueak Papers."*)

How interesting London is! I cannot tear myself from it. Day after day brings invitations to this country-house and that; but even in August and September I find myself reluctant to leave. Had I, for instance, accepted an invitation to Surbiton for this week-end, as I must confess I was tempted to, for there was talk of a great romancist being in the neighbourhood—no less than one of *The Daily Mail's* feuilletonists in fact—within call, I should have missed a most interesting *rencontre* in the park on Sunday with Mr. COLGROVE, the tragedian, whom I had once or twice met before, but never to such advantage.

Finding ourselves on adjoining chairs we began to talk—or rather he talked and I listened, unwilling to interrupt such a flow of shrewd commentary on men and things. I could not very well take notes at the time, but as soon after as might be I set down the substance of his remarks. Referring to trouserings for men, he said that the back buckle has gone right out. In his experience the turn up of the legs was a mistake, its tendency being to impair the fluidity of the line. On my venturing to ask if he preferred cigarettes to a pipe he said he preferred a pipe, and was much interested when I told him that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE had once said the same in an interview in *Great Thoughts*. I asked him what part he was thinking of appearing in next, and he said he was undecided between *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. At the moment he has no theatre, his plans for taking one of the large West End houses having broken down. His return to the stage will, I am sure, be a red-letter event, for he has not been seen on the London boards for fifteen years.

To say that there is no one in town in these months is ridiculous; for only yesterday I met one of the latest additions to the Knightage in the grill-room of a famous restaurant. Hereditary honours are no doubt very interesting, but to force one's way into Debrett by sheer capacity for soap-boiling is to my mind a finer thing. That is the difference between the Baronet and the Knight. The Baronet may of course have been created, but in many cases he is merely the son of his father; whereas a Knight must have exceptional qualities or he would not be a Knight at all.

It was my privilege not only to meet this eminent man, but to meet him in a curious and unforgettable way. As a matter of fact I had my toe trodden on by him, and was handsomely apologised to. That nothing happens by accident a long life has convinced me. Everything is pre-ordained. Judge, then, of my satisfaction that I, probably the one person in that sumptuous room most capable of understanding and appreciating this master mind, should have thus come into contact with him. I could not see, in spite of his countless opportunities, as he moved about from table to table exchanging greetings with the leaders of intellect and finance, that he honoured any other toe in the same way. I necessarily had but a limited time in which to make my compliments, and I fear that he did not hear all I said, but I managed swiftly to express some of the pleasure which it has given me to use his influential soap every morning ever since it was established. There was no time in which really to study this very capable man, but any one can see with half an eye that here is a force, a tremendous energy, one of the great ones of the day. I noticed that he drank only water and partook sparingly of the *haricots verts*.



Lady. "AND YOU SAY YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS BY YOUR WIFE?"

Tramp. "YUSS, LIDY. I GOT 'ER THREE GOOD JOBS, AND 'ER BLOOMIN' INDEPENDENCE LORST 'ER THE LOT OF 'EM!"

One crowded day of glorious life.

"ON Monday next week, His Majesty will have two days' grouse and hare driving over the Tulchan and Advie moors, and also a day on Lady SEAFIELD'S Castle Grant Moor."—*Daily Mail.*

THE POWER OF SOUND.

To the interesting collection of anecdotes recently published in illustration of the magical power exerted by certain singers and players over their audience, *Mr. Punch* is happy to add the following supplementary budget.

Chirgwin or Paganini?

An extraordinarily moving incident is narrated by Mr. Chirgwin in connection with a visit which he paid to a well-known lunatic asylum. "I was asked by a titled friend one day—in brief, by the Duke of Plumstead"—so he relates, "to accompany him to a home for non-compots in which he, as a member of the hereditary *noblesse oblige*, was deeply interested. I may say at once that I was very deeply touched, not to say titivated, by the evident patience and forbearance from complaint of the inmates on my arrival, and I readily consented, at the Duke's request, to do my best to furnish them with a little temporary pleasure by extemporising to them on my one-string jamboon, which as you know is a sort of violoncello played with the feet and having a trumpet attached to the hurricane bridge.

"I accordingly sat down on my instrument and played several little *recherché* tit-bits from my classical répertoire which I thought most likely to please my audience, but after about forty-five minutes my own thoughts became so melancholy at thinking of the tragic infirmities of my listeners that I unconsciously began to play music which reflected my own highly strung mental condition. When I finished, and as I sat still for a moment, myself deeply affected by the emotions which had found expression in my nimble and, so to speak, lilywhite tootsicums, a member of the audience, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, rushed up, and flinging his arms round my neck thanked me most effusively and said he was certain I could only be the great Paganini, of whom he had heard so often in his childhood. I should add in conclusion that none of the inmates of the institution had been told of my identity."

How a Great Basso turned the Milk Sour.

Signor Enrico Bombinante, the redoubtable Italian basso, kindly sends us the following illuminative anecdote:—

"I had a most extraordinary and thrilling experience a few years ago while touring in Tierra del Fuego. During a recital at one of the chief towns in that picturesque region I was singing Mozart's *Qui sdegno*, an aria which, as you are doubtless aware, gives a bass singer exceptional opportunities for wallowing in the abysmal profundities of his lowest register. The climate—possibly also the stimulating effect of the knowledge that most of my audience were cannibals—spurred me to unusual efforts, and I was agreeably conscious of having never before emitted tones of such thunderous sonority. You will imagine my satisfaction when I learnt subsequently that *all the milk in the town had gone sour during the performance*, and that I am still remembered by the grateful Fuegians as 'Pongchamburrawurra,' or 'the man thunderstorm.'"

Polkovitch and the Dying Alderney.

Bronislaw Polkovitch, the illustrious child violinist, who has not yet completed his fifth year, kindly furnishes the following charming narrative:—

"Not very long ago an old Hungarian lady of high rank who had been to many of my recitals and frequently expressed enthusiasm for my performances, sent me an urgent prepaid telegram begging me to come at once to her country seat. She explained that she had a priceless Alderney cow which was suffering from meningitis, and knowing my love of animals expressed the hope that I would come forthwith to soothe the suffering quadruped with the magic strains of my violin. The request was one which I found it impossible to refuse, and I at once repaired to her residence by special train. I found that the cow was indeed in a precarious condition, but she was still conscious, and by eloquent pantomime made it clear that she wished me to play her favourite piece. My surroundings—the cow was propped up with pillows on a four-poster—and the solemn nature of my errand fired me to unparalleled efforts, and I played as I never played before. I am glad to have done this, since my listener passed quietly away before the last bars were reached, and I rejoice to think that I was able to give her pleasure and secure her a tranquil euthanasia."

Mr. Ben Wyvis and the Man in the Motor-bus.

"Some ten years ago," relates Mr. Ben Wyvis, the famous Scottish baritone, "when I took the part of *Bill Buttercup* in the comic opera of *The Midshipmite*, I had abundant opportunities for observing the influence of melody over mind. For over 4,000 nights did I appear in the part named, and I soon began to recognise familiar faces in the audience. One old gentleman, with a red wig and Piccadilly weepers, came regularly once a week, always occupying the same seat, until I came to look upon him as an old friend; and one night, in the ballad which I used to interpolate in the Third Act, I inadvertently altered the last words to 'Down among the dead-heads let me lie.' After I had been performing in *The Midshipmite* for about five years, I happened to return home one night in a motor-bus, when an elderly gentleman who was sitting beside me said suddenly, 'Mr. Wyvis, you owe me an apology,' and he went on to explain that he had been so greatly fascinated by my singing that he had been to see *The Midshipmite* ninety times, until the night when my unfortunate mistake had so wounded his feelings that he resolved never to go again. 'I am not a dead-head,' he exclaimed in a voice that rang through the bus. 'I have kept the counterfoils of the tickets, and I paid every time.' I had some little difficulty in convincing him that I never intended to apply the phrase to him, but in the end we parted good friends. I never saw him again, and I have no idea who he was or where he came from, but it is evident that he was one of those over whom music had cast her magic spell."

FOR THE SMART SET ONLY.

(Inspired by the horrible revelations of Country-House Horseplay in "Vanity Fair.")

To Let.—Hooligan Hall. Noble Elizabethan Manor-house, replete with every modern convenience. Finest banister-sliding in the South of England. Special dark nooks on every landing for jumping out on unsuspecting friends. Doors fitted with J. Miller's Special Brainy Booby-Trap Apparatus (1906 model). References invited to fashionable preacher and satirical novelist.

For Sale.—Stout Dining-Room Table. Admirably adapted for modern country-house. Formerly in the possession of the usual "well-known hostess." Has borne the weight of three fourteen-stone heirs to earldoms, dancing the Mattchische simultaneously after dinner. It was on this table that the Sportington Manor house-party beat the butler's team at the Eton Wall Game.

Pillow-fights.—The Sangazure Pillow-fighting team (strong) would like match, away, early in October. Hon. Sec. Lady Claude Footle.

Leap-Frog.—Seats to witness the final of the Home Counties Families Mixed Leap-Frog Championship in the Baronial Hall at Cheeryble Castle may now be booked.

Squirts.—Try our long-distance squirts. No visitor to a country-house should be without them. Invaluable to indifferent conversationalists. Awkward pauses at the breakfast-table filled up in a manner causing great fun and laughter. Squirts!

The Beginner's Jiu-Jitsu.—Price 1s.



'Arry has purchased a "Round Tour" (Hotel coupons included) to the Italian Lakes, Venice, &c., and has got to know, en route, a wealthy American momma and her daughters. At breakfast his friends indulge largely in jam. 'Arry promptly orders some.

Head Waiter. "Is Monsieur aware that Jam is an extra?"

A handy hand-book. Learn the holds, and practise them after dinner in the drawing-room.

"Novice" writes:—"A week ago I did not know a Half-Nelson from a grape-nut. I bought your book; and to-night I have just laid out one Duke, four Baronets, and five sort-of-cousins of a Marquess."

Chairs! Chairs!! Chairs!!!—Try our patent collapsible chairs. All guaranteed to let the lightest person down on the floor. The speed of the fall can be regulated. Why pull your friend's seat away when you can buy a patent Collapsible Chair? The Duchess of Blank writes, "I use no other at Ribtickle Towers."

A large wall map, issued by the "Bakerloo" Railway, indicates the Theatres and Places of Amusement by marking them in red. The places so coloured include The Bank of England, Tattersall's, University College, and the Royal Courts of Justice.

Yet there are people who are bored.

AN ANNUS MIRABILIS.

It has been a record year for misuse of the word "record." We cannot open a newspaper (says *The Liverpool Post*) without learning that something is a "record." Matters, in fact, have come to such a pass that a new wing of the Record Office in Fleet Street is about to be opened for the purpose of enshrining full particulars of recent achievements and statistical discoveries. So many superlative results have been lately brought to light that there is a record difficulty in making a selection. Among them we may note that:—

The date of the present year (1906) is the highest as yet recorded by the Calendar before the initials A.D.

"Volume CXXXI." never appeared on the current issue of *Punch* before the beginning of last July. This record, we believe, still holds the field.

There has been a record number of failures to swim the Channel this season.

A record swarm of jelly-fish was encountered by. Burgess in his last attempt.

Cambridge hold the record (viz. 1) for victories in Cambridge-Harvard Boat-races on the Thames in September this year.

There is a record Liberal majority in Parliament, and

Some people think they are making a record mess of Imperial and Colonial affairs.

The record in "pro"-ness, out "pro"-ing the defenders of the Zulus, was reached by the honourable member who stood up in the House of Commons on behalf of ruthlessly slaughtered (man-eating) tigers.

Mr. Stead has paid his record (namely, first) visit to the Music Hall, and in consequence of his record "ad," all the other "dreg"-shops are imploring him to sample their "drivel."

Six leading legitimate and variety actresses have simultaneously beaten each other's record in salary.

The Recorder of Plymouth's Prize Hen has acted up to her owner's title and outstripped all past and present rivals in egg-laying.

Jumpy Jones, the "Wobblers'" centre-forward, has already been whistled at a record number of times by the referee.

Zig-Zag.



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

Umpire (to part of "Skeleton" Army). "WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT?"
Private. "I DUNNO, SIR. I'M CARRYING THIS 'ERE FLAG."
Umpire. "WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, YOU REPRESENT A COMPANY IN EXTENDED ORDER. UNDERSTAND?"
Private (after deep cogitation). "AND DO I DRAW THE BEER FOR A COMPANY WHEN I GET BACK TO CAMP?"

TO A BOSTON GIRL.

THERE never was a fortnight that spun itself away
So fast as yours in England, which ended yesterday.
We could not stay your parting, though each did all he knew,
And now we fill the void, dear, with memories of you.

It seemed to be our birthright—we used it with a zest—
To set to work at guessing when pretty MARTHA guessed,
And when we marked with rapture her voice's rise and fall
We aimed at speech like MARTHA's, and missed it one and all.

And now you're on the sea, dear, while I am on the land;
I cannot see your glances, I cannot grasp your hand,
And, oh, the waves that toss you they cannot injure me,
Since I am on the land, dear, and you are on the sea.

You crossed the great Atlantic to view the Harvard boys;
With pretty *rah-rah-rahings* you swelled the Putney noise;
And if your cheeks flushed crimson when Harvard missed the prize,
The heavenly blue of Cambridge was shining in your eyes.

Next week you 'll land in Boston; the gilded Statehouse dome
Must robe itself in sunshine to bid you welcome home,
And Beacon Street and Boylston must sing for joy once more
When calm and undefeated our MARTHA steps ashore.

But now old Neptune sways you. You do not like him much:
He adds to lack of humour too boisterous a touch.
You cannot wheedle him, dear, as once you wheedled me,
Who linger here lamenting while you are on the sea.

SPRINGBOK SUITINGS.

WITH regard to the widely published descriptions of the motley football kit displayed by the South African team in their first practice at Richmond we are in a position to state that although two of the players (see *The Sportsman*) appeared in grey flannel trousers, not one turned out in pyjamas; that CAROLIN's stockings were *not* scarlet but a shade between crushed strawberry and flamingo; and also—we have the exclusive rights of this information—the collar of the official jersey is to be 2·004 inches deep.

ACCORDING to Dr. CHARLES FERNET, in *The Leicester Daily Mercury*, moderate tea-drinkers are liable to excitement and insomnia, "while a stronger dose rarely fails to produce acute 'theism.'" Upon enquiry of a well-known Harley Street specialist *Mr. Punch* learnt that the practice of coffee-drinking created a tendency to Pan-Islamism, while cocoa, in an undiluted form, encourages a Confucian habit of thought.



"A POLICEMAN'S LOT...."

Policeman Roosevelt. "NOW THEN, YOU TWO, STOP THAT GAME!"
Cuban Combatants. "WHAT 'LL YOU DO IF WE DON'T?"
Policeman R. "GUESS I 'LL MAKE IT MIGHTY UNPLEASANT FOR YOU—(*aside*)—*AND* FOR MYSELF!"



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

(The ownership of the dog is apparently in doubt.)

Tramps (in chorus). "IT'S MINE! MY DOG KILLED IT!" *Tramps (in chorus).* "ALL RIGHT, THEN! *YOUR* DOG KILLED IT!"

LOVE IN A CAR.

["I have personal knowledge of marriages resulting from motor-car courtships." —The Hon. C. S. ROLLS. *Daily Express.*]

WHEN REGINALD asked me to drive in his car
I knew what it meant for us both,
For peril to love-making offers no bar,
But fosters the plighting of troth.
To the tender occasion I hastened to rise,
So bought a new frock on the strength of it,
Some china-blue chiffon—to go with my eyes—
And wrapped up my head with a length of it.

"Get in," said my lover, "as quick as you can!"
He wore a black smear on his face,
And held out the hand of a rough artisan
To pilot me into my place.
Like the engine, my frock somehow seemed to miss-fire,
For REGINALD's manner was querulous,
But after some fuss with the near hind-wheel tyre
We were off at a pace that was perilous.

"There's BROWN just behind, on his second-hand brute,
He thinks it can move, silly ass!"
Said REGGIE with venom, "Ha! Ha! let him hoot,
I'll give him some trouble to pass."
My service thenceforth was by REGGIE confined
(He showed small compunction in suing it)
To turning to see how far BROWN was behind,
But not to let BROWN see me doing it.

BROWN passed us. We dined off his dust for a league—
It really was very poor fun—
Till, our car showing symptoms of heat and fatigue,
REGGIE had to admit he was done.

To my soft consolation scant heed did he pay,
But with taps was continually juggling,
And his words, "Will you keep your dress further away?"
Put a stop to incipient snuggling.

"He'd never have passed me alone," REGGIE sighed,
"The car's extra heavy with you."
"Why ask me to come?" I remarked. He replied,
"I thought she'd go better with two."
When I touched other topics, forbearingly meek,
From his goggles the lightnings came scattering,
"What chance do you give me of placing this squeak,"
He hissed, "when you keep up that chattering?"

At that, I insisted on being set down
And returning to London by train,
And I vowed fifty times on my way back to town
That I never would see him again.
Next week he appeared and implored me to wed,
With a fondly adoring humility.
"The car stands between us," I rigidly said.
"I've sold it!" he cried with agility.

His temples were sunken, enfeebled his frame,
There was white in the curls on his crest;
When he spoke of our ride in a whisper of shame
I flew to my home on his breast.
By running sedately I'm certain that Love
To such passion would never have carried us,
Which settles the truth of the legend above—
It was really the motor-car married us.

WE are sorry to see that *The Toronto Mail and Empire* gives an account of the Grasmere Sports under the heading "Wrestling in Scotland." We shall be told next that WORDSWORTH habitually wore a kilt.

FORM "C 2."

From the moment that he heard the bell ring he expected trouble. It may have been instinct, or it may have been that he always expected trouble when he heard the bell ring. However that may be, from the very first he expected trouble.

He was an Articled Clerk. An Articled Clerk is a creature that grows in a solicitor's office, wears a blue suit, and bears a close resemblance to the Office Boy. Unlike the latter, he has no pay and no responsibility; unlike the latter, he cannot be promiscuously cursed. He has less commonsense, and certainly less knowledge of the law (and the profits) than the Office Boy. He is also less useful than the Office Boy, for he is an amateur and the Office Boy is a professional; he is a nuisance, and the Office Boy is an indispensable. He is in every respect except dress the inferior of the Office Boy. To have compared him to the Office Boy in the first place was a mistake.

Facing him there is an electric bell. Beneath the bell there is an indicator. When the bell rings and the indicator points to No. 4, he goes to see what the Senior Partner wants. He comes out of the Senior Partner's room, repeats to a clerk all that the Senior Partner has said to him, and gets the clerk to tell him what the Senior Partner really does want. Then he goes and gets (or does) exactly what the Senior Partner does not want.

When an Articled Clerk is not writing letters to his friends on official notepaper he is reading the daily papers. When he is not reading the daily papers he is playing with the typewriter. When he is not playing with the typewriter he is working. When he is not working he is learning shorthand. Our Articled Clerk was learning shorthand and had just impressed upon his mind that "x" was short for ".", when the bell rang. He welcomed the interruption. Why did he welcome the interruption? Study a shorthand manual for five consecutive minutes and you will not ask foolish questions.

The bell rang and the indicator pointed to No. 4. The Articled Clerk was glad. But he was not glad for long, for an unaccountable fear took hold of him. Something told him that there was trouble ahead, and whatever that something was it did not tell him wrong.

The Senior Partner wanted an "Inland Revenue Form for the Assessment of Estate Duty." That was in itself bad enough. Inland Revenue forms are like submarines, for they are numbered "A 1," "A 2," "B 1," "B 2," and so on. (They are nothing like submarines to look at; indeed, the critics may suggest that the comparison is a weak one. I am not, I admit, proud of it, but at any rate it is better than the comparison between Articled Clerks and Office Boys. Why I ever said that an Articled Clerk was like an Office Boy, I cannot think. But let it pass.)

The assessment form with the long name that the Senior Partner wanted was numbered "C 2." It is useless to try to explain to you what these forms mean. After six months in the office the Articled Clerk knew what they looked like, but had no idea what they were. After thirty years in the office the Senior Partner knew what they were, but had no idea what they meant. The Articled Clerk once went so far as to say that even the Inland Revenue people themselves did not *quite* understand them; but an Articled Clerk with no responsibility will say anything!

He approached a clerk and said to him, "The Senior Partner wants an Inland Revenue Form No. C 2." This clerk, who had met other Articled Clerks and knew the species, told him with the utmost deference that he "would find one in the cupboard." The other clerks, on being approached, answered in much the same manner, except, perhaps, the Confidential Clerk, who considered that his twenty years' connection with the firm entitled him to say exactly what he thought. Nothing was left for the Articled Clerk but to get the form for himself.

Possibly in the distant past these forms might have been kept in some sort of order, but that can never be known for certain now. At the time of this narrative they lay in a heterogeneous and chaotic pile about five hundred deep. It has never been definitely stated how many sorts of Inland Revenue forms exist, but the Articled Clerk thinks that he met upwards of fifty and not less than five of each sort before he lost his temper. He started favourably with the "A's," and after some loose play among the "K's," he was soon back with the "B's." Then there followed a long and irritating series of all the letters on the other side of "D." The climax was reached when he suddenly came upon four "C 1's" in a row which promised much but led to nothing....

No one could pretend that five hundred forms looked pretty strewn on the floor. No one could suppose that there was any pleasure to be got from picking them up again. Furthermore, anyone with any experience of assessment forms knows that that violent sort of treatment only amuses them and merely serves to increase their obstinacy. And yet the Articled Clerk has often told me that the momentary feeling of personal triumph (purchased at however great a cost) alone saved him from permanent insanity.

At any rate at this point the Confidential Clerk, in whose room all this was taking place and who had work to do, intervened. "A muttered oath now and then I do not mind," he said, "but this is positively deafening." He then led the Articled Clerk aside and explained to him in a hurried whisper the one and only way to get the form he wanted. The Articled Clerk listened attentively, and as he listened a smile of devilish cunning spread over his face. "What?" he whispered back. The Confidential Clerk, who was a tolerant person, re-whispered his advice, and the Articled Clerk proceeded to act upon it.

He replaced all the forms, shut the cupboard, and then in low and distinct tones soliloquised thus:—"I have changed my mind. I think, nay, I am sure that I do not want Form C 2 after all. I will devise a form for myself. I have nothing to do, and this will afford me pleasure and instruction. Besides, the form that I shall devise may be better than Form C 2, and it certainly cannot be worse. I never did think much of these assessment forms. No, I would not take Form C 2 now if I were paid for it!" .... Then he re-opened the cupboard quickly and took the first form that came to hand. Of course—What a fool he had been! Why ever did he not think of this before?—of course it was Form C 2.

* * * *

This, you must admit, is an edifying story with an instructive moral. You say, "It is not true." That may be, for I have only the Articled Clerk's word for it, and Articled Clerks are (as I have admitted) an unpaid and therefore an irresponsible class. After all, what does it matter whether it is true or not?

You say that "it is impossible." There you show your supreme ignorance of the nature of Inland Revenue assessment forms. Obviously, you have never met an assessment form in your life. To be perfectly candid with you, I am afraid that you do not even know what the Inland Revenue is.

The Little More, and how Much it is.

"Hotel Cecil.—Bedroom with Ham and Egg breakfast, 1s. 8d."—*Scotch Paper.*

"The entire company and accessories, numbering in all no fewer than 709 pieces, weighing about fifty tons, and costing £250 to transport, have already been shipped."

Daily Chronicle.

We can imagine the numbering of the pieces as they came on board. "706, Mr. Jones—707, Front of Castle Wall—708, Small dagger—709, Miss Brown, and *that*'s the lot, Bill."

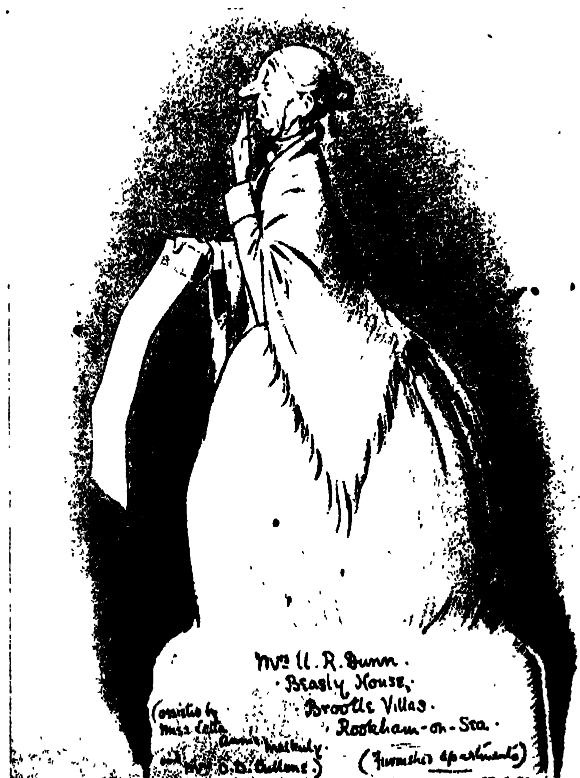
ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT—No. 6.

Further designs for statues of more or less private individuals who might otherwise have escaped national recognition.









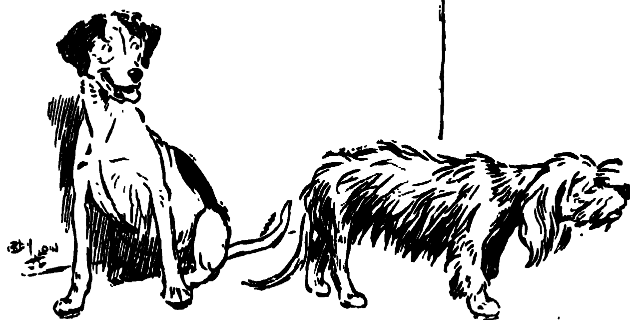
THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

IX.

The Captain's Attitude to Humans.

Unlike the rest of us, the Captain would always refuse to be impressed by the Man-Hater. He let him make speeches, he said, because it amused him. But the Man-Hater, he held, ranted, and did not talk practical politics. One day I recollect, after The Man-Hater had delivered an impassioned oration proving conclusively the inferiority of man, the Captain said to him quietly, "By-the-by, my young friend, were you not thrashed within half an inch of your life last night by a butcher for stealing a chop?" and The Man-Hater slunk off. The Captain had a way of making one feel small like that.



The Man-Hater slunk off.

And one of the Captain's trite sayings was, "Recognise things as they are. Never forget that the Isle of Man is bigger than the Isle of Dogs."

The Captain himself was strangely tolerant of humans. He was indeed inclined to spoil them. For instance, if, when I was out with my people, we were to meet the Captain, he would always say "How do you do?" to my people before passing the time of day to me. And he would behave in the same way when he came to my house. I always felt it, but the Captain held that politeness cost nothing, and might mean a biscuit. "Never quarrel with your food," was one of his rules of life.

The Captain further had a theory that the majority of humans were really well-meaning, and that most of the mistakes they made were due to ignorance rather than to malice. We must remember, he said, that even when they thrash us for attacking other dogs they probably have not heard what had been said to us; and we should at the same time remember this, that we are sometimes called good dogs when we are not that. "Think of the hundreds of whackings you have all earned and not received." And we should not forget that they often take considerable pains to make themselves understood by us. For example, when they are going out for a walk they put on hats. To show us it is dinner-time they don evening dress. When they are leaving town they put themselves to the trouble of taking huge boxes with them. And even the fire-engine men, against whom so many dogs rail, have the decency to shout themselves hoarse to give us a chance of getting out of the way.

But, just as the Captain held that it was unfair to hate humans, so he considered it absurd to envy them to the extent that some dogs did. Beyond the fact that humans have unlimited food and need not take baths unless it is their hobby, he considered that all the advantage was on the side of the dogs. "It might, in fact," he once remarked, "almost be said that humans are our slaves. They earn our food, and even wait on us, while we sit at home in luxury and ease."

One of the Captain's maxims was, "Let dogs be dogs, and let humans be humans." Nothing riled him more than to see dogs copying humans, especially in matters of dress, and he told me that once he was frankly sick when his mistress read an article from the paper on "Fashions for Dogs," in which it appeared that many dogs now wear seal-skin jackets with pockets for perfumed handkerchiefs, and carry any amount of jewellery, while some little fops are actually dyed to match their mistress's dress, so that a scarlet fox-terrier or a squash-strawberry bull-dog may yet be seen. By-the-by, the next issue of the paper contained an anonymous letter protesting strongly against all this tomfoolery, and I have a pretty shrewd idea as to who wrote it. It certainly contained the word "degeneracy," which I have heard the Captain use more than once; and when I asked the Captain if the letter were his he did not deny it.

The Great Food Question.

There was only one respect in which the Captain would unreservedly allow that humans left much to be desired. I refer to food. The Captain had a fine appetite, and he frequently found it thwarted.

Humans are undoubtedly the greediest animals in existence. They have four meals a day, and make a fuss if one of us asks for a mouthful.

And not only do we starve in the midst of plenty, but the price we have to pay for such crumbs as we get is loss of self-respect.

Even the Captain sat on the floor during meal-time waiting servilely for scraps from the rich man's table. It would irritate *me*, so the effect on one of the Captain's dignity may easily be imagined. It was an insult to his position.

And then the uncertainty of the thing. We never know how much we are going to get. When they give us something from the table, they never say whether more is coming. Consequently, we bolt what is thrown us, so as not to keep them waiting if they should want to give us a second bit. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that second bit never comes. All you have in its place is heart-racking remorse at the thought that you might have lingered longer over the first bit.

And at times insult is added to injury. Constantly my master, on offering me something from the hoarded store on his plate, has said, "Now, don't snatch!" Let him practise what he preaches. I have frequently heard him say that he himself had snatched a hasty meal during the day.

And some people seem to think, amusingly, that empty praise can take the place of food. They will admire my alert expression when they are talking to me, and studiously ignore the fact that I am straining every muscle of my brain to try and hear some mention of eatables. A remark that is frequently made is, "How intelligent he looks, sitting there! He takes in everything." But they seldom give you a chance of showing how you could take in a lump of the pudding the greedy beasts are eating.



Humans are undoubtedly the greediest animals in existence.

Humans starve you, and then, if, maddened by the pangs of hunger, you become a thief, you never hear the end of it. The wonder is that so few dogs join the criminal classes. I only stole once. It was game. Some dogs like biscuits, others bones. I would sell my soul for game. There was wild duck for dinner, and none was given me. So I helped myself afterwards to its entire carcase. I was whipped for it. But it was worth the whipping. I got the best of the bargain.

The Captain held that, to obtain food, almost anything short of murder was justifiable. He even went through the performance known as "begging" for it—though I fancy this was never known to the other members of the Club. The scandal that one in his position should be forced to such humiliating means of earning his bread must be patent to all.

As for myself, I was often reduced to eating flies. They make unsatisfactory food, but they are better than nothing. They say that fly-eating makes you thin—but don't you believe it; that idea was cleverly set on foot by the flies themselves. I became in course of time something of an expert at catching them. I would lie down by the fire and sham dead. The unsuspecting flies would then think themselves safe and try all sorts of dare-devil tricks with me—and pretty fools they would look when I suddenly ate them!

Talking of flies reminds me of a whimsical idea of the Captain's. He was asked one day, when a youngster, what he would like to be if he were not a dog. He answered promptly, "A fly." Pressed for his reason, he stated, "Because it is so jolly to be able to get a ride on horse-back whenever you want to."



"OH, HERE'S AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK BOWKER! DO YOU KNOW, I MET HIM THE OTHER EVENING, AND HE'D GROWN A RIDICULOUS MOUSTACHE. I WAS NEVER SO TICKLED IN MY LIFE!"

CHURCHYARD SHOOTS.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—Having read with interest of the gallant stand made by the Vicar of Gorleston in defence of church and plate, we beg the hospitality of your columns to announce that for the convenience of the hundreds of sporting parsons who are certain to desire to follow his noble example we have prepared a complete outfit, at a reasonable price, which shall ensure the maximum of comfort with the minimum of risk. Devotees of the new churchyard sport would do well to write for our illustrated catalogue (post free); but with your permission we will mention briefly a few of our specialities, without which no church-burglar hunt can nowadays be regarded as complete.

Our leading line is our Family Vault Stalking Horse. Armour-plated, bullet-proof, and yet easily portable, this contrivance is certain to be extremely popular. The Stalking-Horse is hollow, and has the outward shape of a Family Vault; it is fitted with straps and peep-holes, and for a small extra charge can have a heating apparatus attached, for winter use. It is safe, it is warm, it is dry. With our Family Vault Stalking Horse strapped to his back, the clergyman has only to crawl about on his hands and knees, his eyes at the peep-holes, until he discovers the most advantageous position from which to fire. Should he, by any misfortune, be compelled to retreat, he can do so in perfect safety with this excellent cover at his back.

To the hardened clergyman of mature age, accustomed to canons and other heavy artillery, we recommend our Fox Terrier Teaser Pistol—dainty and deadly. For inexperienced curates we suggest our Noiseless Airgun, with which we supply a written guarantee that it will not bang when fired.

We supply also a fully-equipped ambulance shed, at a very moderate figure, which can be connected by telephone with the Stalking Horse. This should prove useful in the deplorable event of retaliation on the part of the burglar.

For parishes in which the churchwardens and sidesmen are not in sympathy with the clergy, and are therefore not prepared to join in the sport, we can supply our own specially trained beaters, who are experts in bringing the quarry within range, by low whistles and other devices. These men are also skilful grave-diggers. The unwisdom of allowing the victims to dig their own graves is apparent, as they are liable to dig where they fall, and not always in the most convenient places. The beaters also act as retrievers; they pursue the partially disabled burglar, and bring him back, so that the sporting parson may know for certain the result of his fire.

In cases where the sportsman is not of a literary turn of mind, we can supply graphic accounts of the hunt, for communication to the Press. Our Illustrated Personal Narratives are particularly suitable for parish magazines.

We have only to add that one Sunday's special collections would place within reach of the poorest clergyman a more or less complete equipment for the comfortable pursuit of the new and fascinating pastime of burglar-hunting.

We are, Your obedient servants,
THE CHURCH DEFENCE STORES
(Sports Department).

The Dangers of London.

"LOST, September 7th, 1906. Pair of Gold-rimmed Eyeglasses, in Black Leather Case, between Oxford Street and Rutland Street and L. and N. W. R. Station, seeing the 10 A.M. train off."—*Swansea paper.*

It is deplorable that a pair of steady and respectable eyeglasses should not be safe in our streets at 10 o'clock in the morning, even though unattached.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I am deep in the debt of Mr. Hichens for his new novel *The Call of the Blood* (Methuen). I love at times to wallow in pages and pages of description of nice easy scenes which I know, such as the neighbourhood of Etna. It is true that Mr. Hichens gives me no credit either for a knowledge of Sicily, or for the meanest gift of imagination, or even (and here he seems to depreciate his own power of producing an impression) for being able to realise a picture till he has done me a dozen replicas of it. But then how few authors give the reader credit for anything except an extreme patience.

However, apart from this habit of indefinitely multiplying the right word or phrase (for Mr. Hichens employs no other kind) there is hardly a fault to be found in his book. It is really a great, even a noble, achievement. He has chosen a theme - the effect on character of a strain of exotic blood which is perhaps not too novel; and the main issue, frankly exposed at the very outset, is simple to the verge of obviousness. But to the working out of his scheme he brings so delicate a taste, so careful an observation of types, so fine a feeling for form and colour, and a technique so easy and accomplished that he holds us always bound by the spell of his artistry. He has succeeded in avoiding melodrama where the descent that way appeared most facile; and by the gradual and leisurely development of his processes he gives to each situation an air of naturalness and inevitability. Perhaps there is one exception: *Maurice's* childish desire to be present at the Fair of *San Felice* seems to furnish a rather inadequate motive for that act of discourtesy to his wife on which the tragedy is made to turn. For, after all, he is supposed to be a gentleman; and when a gentleman, educated at Eton and Oxford, wants to pursue an intrigue during his honeymoon he is always careful not to select a moment when his wife is expecting him to meet her at the station.

The book is less a study of character than of heredity and environment. Yet in the loyal *Gaspare* the author has created a type whose reality is as unquestionable as its charm. Between the two men, *Artois* and *Maurice*, the one born to analyse life, the other to take and enjoy it, he has drawn an admirable contrast. *Hermione* is an exquisite character. Akin to her husband by a nature made for happiness, she is yet more closely akin to *Artois* by her intellectual gifts; and in her relations with these two men we remark once more the arbitrary methods of sex in the matter of selection—how small a value it sometimes attaches to affinities of mind and soul.

Under any conditions, and in whatever form it came, one feels that *Hermione's* marriage with *Maurice* must have had a tragic end. She only hastens it by drawing his heart to Sicily whose blood was in his veins; Sicily, with its heritage of Greece, where Fate, as the Greeks knew it, had a way of moving very surely to its goal.

From Libau to Tsushima (John Murray) is the diary of an engineer constructor who accompanied the Russian fleet which, on August 30, 1904, left Kronstadt bound for the relief of Port Arthur. It takes the form of letters to his wife, written of course without expectation of their extending beyond the family circle. That adds considerably to their value. When the fleet had been out some months M. Politovsky writes: "If you could but imagine what is going on, if it were possible for me to tell you exactly all about it, you would be amazed. Should I live, I will tell you afterwards. No, there is no use our fighting. Things have come to such a pass that I can only wring my hands and feel assured that no one can escape his fate." The hapless Russian did not live to tell all. What he has written suffices. Among terrible stories of the sea this is unique. In sentences whose graphic power Defoe did not exceed, he jots down from day to day what he sees and suffers. This mighty fleet, equipped at boundless cost, moved slowly to its doom, officers and men in a blue funk. From Kronstadt to the North China sea, night and day they trembled with apprehension that the Japanese were upon them. Some of the crew, in the madness of terror, jumped into the sea and so got inevitable death over. The officers drank heavily and played cards recklessly. By day they saw Japanese cruisers in every cloud. By night they traced a suspicious light on the horizon and found it was a star.

The story of the sinking of the British fishing boats in the North Sea is told with superb simplicity. At 10 p.m., on October 8, "the *Kamchatka* reports she is attacked on all sides by eight torpedo boats." Three hours later, the hapless fisher-folk being now within close range, the frenzied fleet opened fire upon them. "All the ships of our division were ablaze; the noise of the firing was incessant; the searchlights were turned on. I was on the after-bridge and was positively blinded and deafened by the firing." No fishing fleet could stand that. We know what happened, and also know how, after tremulously feeling its way across the seas, the fleet came in touch with the Japanese and was itself destroyed. Politovsky, hard at work in the hold of his battleship, went down with it.

Miss Marjorie Bowen is just seventeen
 (So I read), yet so brainy and gifty,
And, judged by her book (Alston Rivers), so keen
 She might be a widow of fifty.

With colours that suit an ambitious design
 She paints, in *The Viper of Milan*,
A certain *Visconti*, the last of his line,
 And a regular out-and-out villain.

On exquisite homicides, artfully planned,
 His pleasure in life is dependent,
Until he is finally scotched at the hand
 Of his meek confidential attendant.

The story's well-balanced; the stuff of its scenes
 Is neither too lavish nor thrifty,
And that's why I said that this maid in her 'teens
 Might well be a widow of fifty.

Mr. Bernard Capes must be tired of hearing that his style is stilted, that he over-elaborates, that the way of his novels is beset with awkward mannerisms, and the thousand and one other things that reviewers tell him. I suspect that, if his next book were no more difficult than "The cat is on the mat. Where is hat, O rat?" he would still be told that "the plot of this story is obscured by unnecessary verbiage." As I read *A Rogue's Tragedy* (his latest novel, that Methuen has just published) I found, to my surprised delight (or my delighted surprise—the two emotions came together) not only that I understood all the long words, but that I was in the middle of a real romance, full of loves and hates and fights and deaths, and that (if I may say so) one had no difficulty in being in at the deaths. In other words, I found that Mr. Capes could tell a story as straightforwardly as anybody. He has, of course, a style and a manner—let us be thankful that he has. But, to judge from this book, he is certainly not over-weighted with his style. He carries it off easily.

"Though Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, has reigned for thirty years and is now nearing his 646th birthday, Europe is only gradually discovering what manner of man he is."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

These Orientals take a lot of knowing.

CHARIVARIA.

AN Official Report, just issued, states that the Irish and other Celtic races are more liable to lunacy than other peoples. Mr. JOHN REDMOND, however, is of the opinion that there is nothing to choose in this respect between the Irish and the English, and is confident that the present Government will grant his country complete Home Rule.

"A Clergyman in Armour" was the sensational headline which caught our eye in a newspaper last week, and we were relieved to find that it did not refer to another Potted Meat Scandal.

A contemporary, in its report of Mr. STANSFIELD'S speech at the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference, made that gentleman say that by the year 1950 our average height would have increased by 10¾ inches. It now transpires that the figure should have been 1¾ inches. We thought at the time that the journal in question was pulling our legs.

The real meaning of Mr. HALDANE'S reduction of our army is now becoming apparent. He has realised the importance of speedy mobilisation: and the fewer the troops the easier they are to push about.

A correspondent writes, suggesting that the franchise shall be granted to all women who declare their ages to be over thirty. Such a measure, he says, could do no harm, as it would be found that only a handful of women would have the necessary qualification.

Miss EDNA MAY has severed her connection with the *Belle of Mayfair* owing to the fact that, although she was paid a higher salary than Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD, that lady's name appeared in larger type on the sandwich boards. But could not the injustice have been rectified by a reduction of Miss MAY'S salary?

Paris, it is stated, is to have its boy-messengers. A *Société des Petits Messagers* is in process of formation. It is rumoured that, with a poetic fancy characteristic of our neighbours, a number of the lads will be clothed as Cupid, and employed solely for the conveyance of love-letters.

A playwright who was also one of the leaders of a gang of coiners has recently been arrested in Paris. This only confirms our suspicions as to the increasing difficulty of making money in literary circles.

In a West-end hatter's window, according to *The Daily Express*, there is now being displayed a new motoring cap named The Algernon Ashton. The connection between motor-cars and tombstones has, of course, always been pretty close.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

SCENE.—*A station on the Highland Railway.*

Imitation Highlander (with quantity of gun cases, &c.). "LOOK HERE, I SAY—DASH IT ALL—JUST STAND A LITTLE FARTHER OFF, WILL YOU. PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THAT ANIMAL BELONGED TO ME, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

"Whether the bear was too strong for the cage, or the cage too weak for the bear, may be a subject for investigation."—*Daily Mail.*

Mr. Punch guesses the answer: *They both were.* But it looks so easy that he thinks there may be a catch somewhere.

NEW NAME FOR MISS EDNA MAY.—Miss Edna Won't.

The Great Motor Mystery.

AT Lancaster two motorists were fined, according to *The Manchester Evening News*, "for driving a motor-car over a trap near Carnforth, at twenty-nine and thirty-four miles per hour respectively." We are of the opinion that the action of the second gentleman in driving at so high a speed over the poor trap when it was already down was not quite in accordance with the best traditions of English sport.

TRUTH will out, even in a misprint: "The motor-car has come to slay."

THE GILT-EDGED BONDMAN.

I have always been convinced that Mr. Caine is on the side of the angels, but I believe he would be still more useful to them if he spread his unction with a smaller trowel and painted virtues less appallingly heroic. The effect of his method is to repel one from the path of sacrifice. Clear in the limelight I see the immensely better course, and approve it; and then in sheer discouragement I go out and pursue the much, much worse.

If Mr. Caine would only make as simple demands of my soul as he makes of my intelligence! Intellectually I have no difficulty in following him: I experience no strain of the mental organs; his characterisation is never too subtle for me, never too analytic. Mr. Caine's target is the broad bosom of the average British god; and every time he hits it plumb. Yet, for all the transparency of its purpose, his new play contains several obscurities, and one statement so unreasonable that the mind revolted against it and all its issue. *Michael*, the Manxman, betrothed to *Greeba* (not of Greeba Castle), sails to Sicily to repair the wrong done by his late father to a Sicilian woman and the son she bore him. In *Michael's* absence that son (*Jason*) arrives at the Isle of Man on a counter-mission of revenge, is kindly entreated, and remains for three years as a servant on *Greeba's* farm. Meanwhile there has been no letter from *Michael*. What with revolutions and one thing and another, he has been too distracted to write; but now, at the end of three years, he finds himself President of Sicily, with leisure for correspondence, and sends a note to *Greeba* inviting her to come out and be married to him. This letter reaches her at the moment when, in pardonable doubt of *Michael's* fidelity, she has yielded to *Jason's* importunity and consented to marry him instead. She now, very properly, cancels this second engagement in favour of the original. *Jason* resents this, and at once resumes his discarded scheme of revenge, saying in a clear and bell-like voice, and with a large oath, "First he robbed me of my birthright and now he robs me of my wife!"

Now I do not blame him for being chagrined, but I do protest against the unreasonableness of this second statement; for, if a robbery had been done, he was clearly, in intention, the robber himself. *Jason* subsequently performs many heroic acts of reparation, including the saving of *Michael's* life in various tight corners; but after this preposterous argument one was tempted to regard his actions, noble and base alike, as those of an irresponsible imbecile. This view was encouraged by a burst of maniacal laughter to which he gave vent on being arrested as a spy. I could find no rational ground for this bitter hilarity. He had been introduced by a spy into the service of the President, and their common object was that gentleman's murder. Yet on being arrested as a spy he laughed ironically, saying, "A spy! Ha! Ha! A Spy! Ha!! Ha!!" As if it made all that difference whether you wanted to murder a man for political or for private reasons. No: it was the laugh of a madman.



Half-brothers in adversity.
Michael . . . . Mr. Henry Ainley.
Jason . . . . . Mr. Frank Cooper.

As for other difficulties, I never could quite understand why nobody took the trouble to impress on me till quite the end that the Governor (as distinguished from the President) of Sicily was the illegitimate grandfather of *Jason*. I should like to have had this interesting relationship in my mind all through the last Act but one. And again, I never gathered why the two Manx belles in the Second Act were described in the programme as "1st Callow Girl," and "2nd Callow Girl." They were not at all callow really; they seemed to know quite as much as most fully-fledged chickens.

As long as the scene was laid in Mona things were fairly realisable as belonging to a human order of things; but when *Jason* went argonauting off to Sicily it was no longer the Isle of Man, but the Isle of Devil and Saint, with scarcely anything in between. *Jason*, possibly feeling "the call of the blood," was first one and then the other. As my neighbour put it, he was like a Stilton cheese, growing better and better with keeping. The sulphur mine, which was his Purgatorio, was not near so terrible as I had been given to hope. It was open to the sky, like the charming quarries at Syracuse; and the fumes, which the audience was invited to share, just as when Mr. Pinero "brought the scent of the hay across the footlights," were far less offensive than what you breathe on a pleasure excursion to the crater of Vesuvius.

Mr. Frank Cooper, an actor after Mr. Caine's own heart, was superbly in his element as *Jason*. The same cannot be said of Mr. Ainley in the rather anæmic part of *Michael*; but this only makes his performance the more creditable. Mr. Melford was all that a drunken priest should be, and he was as good as ever even after his regeneration. As for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, simply to watch her face and hands and to hear her voice was amends for the rest; yet how pathetic a thing it was to see her trying to live down to the part of *Greeba*, and politely tolerating the *Fairbrother ménage*. What had this pale, sensitive creature in common, one asked, with yonder rudely healthy dairymaid milking a live cow in the middle of the road? with these uproarious harvest-homers? with these farmer-children, almost insufferably gay, who bounded about the place intoxicated with their own innocence, or prattled comic prayers at her knee? One felt how much she would have given for just one glimpse of *Pelléas*, one touch of Ibsenian *finesse*, one symbol out of Sudermann.

With regard to her gowns, in the early scenes they gave a note of Parisian urbanity to her bovine surroundings. Later, she had no difficulty in assuming, at a moment's notice, a more elaborate confection, proper to the wife of a high Sicilian official. As a marine deserter Mr. Cooper was picturesquely dressed; but,



THE HALF-WAY HORSE.

Mr. Bryce. "HERE'S A GIFT-HORSE FOR YOU, MY BOY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?"
Master Johnny Redmond. "BAD CESS TO YE, UNCLE SHAMUS! I'LL NOT SO MUCH AS LOOK IT IN THE MOUTH. I HATE THE SIGHT OF IT!"



WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Uncle (to little Bertie, aged five, who is being taken off to bed). "GOOD NIGHT, BERTIE. OF COURSE YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR AUNTS AND UNCLES IN YOUR PRAYERS?"

Bertie. "OH YES, UNCLE FELIX. SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT I SAY? I SAY, 'GOD BLESS AUNTY KITTY, AND MAKE HER THIN; AND GOD BLESS UNCLE JAMES, AND MAKE HIM FAT; AND GOD BLESS UNCLE FELIX, AND ——' WHICH DO YOU WANT TO BE—FAT OR THIN?"

as a convict, his regulation shoddy (so different from the other *Jason's* Golden Fleece) gave him no chance; and his subsequent costume, that of a cyclist as far as I could place it, was without distinction. Mr. AINLEY was not happily suited either with his tawny wig or his Manxman's clothes: but the costume of a successful Sicilian revolutionist went extraordinarily well with his lithe figure.

Between Mr. HENRY NEVILLE'S yeoman garb and his sterling moral platitudes there was a pleasant harmony; but the Leander hat of the small boy *Danny* struck me as rather precocious. Finally, *Grandfather* (sublimely played by Mr. LIONEL BROUGH) was very smart in a rakish reefer suit, which lent an air of great jauntiness to this cheery old dotard.

O. S.

Ships that pass in the train.

"HIS MAJESTY'S cruiser *Gladiator* has left Madrid for Gibraltar and England." From "Service Intelligence" in *The Evening Standard.*

STAGE ACTUALITIES.

THE introduction of real cows (*not* by CLARKSON) and a genuine working milkmaid on the stage at Drury Lane has, as might have been expected, led other managements to bestir themselves.

At the Aldwych Theatre next Friday Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, who spares no pains to keep abreast of the times, will introduce real pink snakes into the drunken scene of *The Beauty of Bath.*

A real polar-bear is about to join the cast of *The Winter's Tale* at His Majesty's Theatre.

The property crocodile in *Amasis* has, we understand, been replaced by a genuine saurian, kindly lent by the Zoological Gardens. Owing to the mysterious disappearance of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, the part of *Pharaoh* is now (at the time of writing) played by an understudy. The veteran comedian was last seen talking to the crocodile in its dressing-room; and it is significant that the reptile refused an invitation to sup at the Carlton that night.

To give further realism to *The Man from Blankley's*, a genuine native of Bayswater will be added to the guests.

Bedford, the detective in *Raffles*, will, after Tuesday next, be assisted in his hunt for the Amateur Cracksman by a quartette of brindled bloodhounds. We hear, from one who has witnessed a rehearsal, that the scene at the Albany, when *Bedford* calls, is impressive to a degree; and that Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER has opened negotiations with the Rev. E. THORNE, of Peckham, for the loan of his suit of mail. As our readers are aware, the part of "Bunny" is now played by a real rabbit.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES promises a real plot in his next musical comedy.

THE South African Football Team, if their minds are as agile as their bodies, should trace a happy omen in the following passage from *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"Furthermore, the teams playing away from home again enjoyed as much success as those competing on their opponents' ground."

THE NEW CHILD.

[Recent pedagogic literature and science appear to suggest that the child is not the simple and innocent creature that it was once supposed to be.]

Dame Science happened to cast her eye
On a little child as it toddled by.
"Aha!" cried she, "I'd like to see
What this may be made of. It's new to me.
My sister, Sentiment, loves to cling
To sugary fantasies, poor fond thing!
She never fails to tell me tales
Of the clouds of glory the infant trails,
And the wonderful whiteness which you find
In the spotless snow of the baby mind.
But I have my doubts of the brat—at least
I'd like to study the little beast,
And to analyse those clouds of glory—
No doubt they are merely some old wife's story."

She caught up the bantling and called a cab,
And drove it away to her up-to-date lab.
She tested its strength in health and sickness,
She measured its length and breadth and thickness,
Its eyes, its nose,
Its fingers and toes,
Its thoughts and passions, its joys and woes;
She reckoned its tears in decilitres,
And the length of its smiles in millimetres;
She calculated in parts of a gramme
The extra strain
On each vein
Of the brain
When the youngster formed the concept jam;
And when she had thoroughly mastered the brat
With a formula pat
For this and that,
When she'd studied each bit from sole to crown
Both right side up and upside down,
And outside in and inside out,
And through and through and round about;
And when she had measured precisely what
The babe could do and the babe could not,
Its powers of attention,
Invention,
Perpension,
And anything else you might happen to mention,
She wrote a long and a learned tract,
"The Child as a Scientific Fact."

"The child," she said, "henceforth must rank
With protoplasm. Its mind is blank.
It cannot concatenate chains of thought
Or ratiocinate as it ought.
Nor is its non-intellectuality
Made up for by anything like morality.
It loves excess in its food and drink,
And its 'little white soul'—as we used to think—
As a matter of fact is black as ink.
It is blind in passion and cruel in sport,
Pugnacious, given to lies—in short,
An amalgam of envy and hatred and malice is
Found to result from a searching analysis."

To be as a child would not appear
So hard a task as I used to fear.

ÆQUAM MEMENTO.

Following upon the escape of a pet bear in the neighbourhood of King's Cross Station, and the ineffective attempts of the panic-stricken populace to recapture it, a well-known naturalist has published some advice both as to how wild beasts should be packed for transit and also as to the quiet manner which it is well to assume upon unexpectedly meeting a wild beast. For one or two situations, which seem to us to be treated with scarcely sufficient detail, the following additional hints will be found useful:—

On meeting a Rhinoceros walking in Pall Mall.

If the animal should be approaching along the pavement, you should begin by crossing, though without any undue confusion, to the other side of the street. When there, try to look as if nothing unusual had occurred, or rather, though this is a little more difficult, to look as if nothing unusual were likely to occur. Stare, with an assumption of interest, at the Crimean monument or examine a shop-window. Twirl your umbrella carelessly, at the same time studiously avoiding any suggestion of menace. It is unnecessary to salute the rhinoceros by taking off your hat to it as it passes, if it does pass. Once out of earshot you may direct the attention of the nearest policeman to the occurrence, and leave him to deal with it.

On encountering an Alligator in the club smoking-room.

This is a position requiring more delicate handling, especially if, as may happen, the alligator is sitting upon the evening paper which you wish to read. However, do your best, and let your manner be as natural as possible. It will be useless to observe that you thought there was a rule about strangers waiting in the hall, or to remark pointedly that the club was far more select when you joined it. Sarcasm of this kind will be quite wasted. The best thing to do is merely to light a cigarette and ring for a lemon-squash. After a decent interval it will be possible for you, without wounding the alligator's feelings, to retire to the card-room. A complaint might at some later period be inserted in the book kept for that purpose.

On finding a Bengal Tiger in the stalls of a theatre.

Your conduct must depend to some extent on whether you are alone or accompanied by a party of ladies. In either case an unruffled courtesy will probably be your safest course. Some humorous observation, to the effect, for instance, that you did not know you had come to the Hippodrome, might be attempted, but you should be guided in this by the mood in which the tiger appears to be. If the play is a dull one and the tiger shows signs of being bored, seize a chance of slipping out between the acts. We think you would be justified after the performance in preferring a charge of carelessness against the management.

On being shut up in a first-class compartment with a Boa-constrictor.

Make some polite enquiry as to whether the boa-constrictor would prefer to travel with its back to the engine, or would like the windows half up. Offer it a newspaper, *The Spectator* for choice, and conceal your surprise if it swallows it. These civilities completed, we think you should in fairness to the railway company furtively summon the ticket-examiner. If the boa-constrictor has only got a third-class ticket and refuses to pay excess, you should as a matter of principle insist upon its removal to another compartment.

On detecting a Puma under your chair at a popular restaurant.

Here again we think some remonstrance with the waiter would be justified by circumstances, and could hardly offend the puma. Explain that you wish to deposit your hat under the chair. Point out that, with evening shoes and socks on, it is impossible to do yourself justice as a conversationalist while the puma remains under the chair. The least that the waiter can do is to give your party another table. Avoid, of course, any disturbance, but quietly insist upon so reasonable a request being conceded.

Note.—In sending a Leopard as a present to your aunt, it is absurd to put it in a bandbox on the top of a hansom cab, and instruct the butler to drive down to Blackheath with it, though this is better, perhaps, than going yourself.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

The Prize Competition.

I.

Miss Bristowe to her niece, Miss Grace Bristowe.

My dear Gracie,—Your Aunt Sophie and I have been thinking so much of late about your brave resolve to earn a little money for yourself and be independent of your dear father, who has burdens enough on his purse, Heaven knows! We have not heard what you have decided to do, but have grave doubts as to the lasting lucrativeness of poker work, unless done on a very large scale. And book-binding, we understand, needs a long and rather expensive apprenticeship. Sweet-pea growing, I read somewhere recently, can be profitable, but that needs not only knowledge but land, and I doubt if your father could spare you that; and I believe all the glebe is let. Poor man, he will soon need all the rent the glebe brings in if these terrible Radicals have their own way much longer, with their dreadful views about the Church. But what I wanted to tell you was that your aunt, when at a garden party at the Hall yesterday, met a very attractive girl who had already received three guineas in prizes from *The Westminster Gazette*, and is quite confident of making much more. I doubt if you ever see the *Westminster Gazette*, which is certainly not your dear father's colour at all, but it is in other ways quite a nice paper, and really tries to be fair, I think, even if it fails. We see it whenever your uncle comes here, as he always brings it with him. It seems that every Saturday there is a prize competition, with quite good prizes, for literary people, and you were always so clever with your pen. Your aunt says that the one for next week is quite easy—to write a poem of four lines, the first two lines of which end with the words "editor" and "coastguard." The prize is a guinea. Surely you could do that. I will write for a *Westminster Gazette* and send it to you as soon as it comes, with all the particulars. With love.

I am your affectionate Aunt Meta.

II.

Miss Grace Bristowe to her aunt, Miss Bristowe.

Dear Aunt Meta,—How very good of you—just when I was getting so desperate, too! Of course I will try—in fact I have tried already, but it is not as easy as you think, because there are so few rhymes to either of the words. Jack is going to try to get me a cheap copy of a rhyming dictionary when he goes to town to-morrow, and I am writing to Uncle Basil to help me too. Mr. Rainey-Spong is also interesting himself in it. As he nearly won the Newdigate and is just bringing out a volume of poetry he ought to be very useful. We have been having some ripping tennis this summer.

Much love. Your loving, Gracie.

III.

Miss Grace Bristowe to her uncle, Basil Heriot, All Souls' College, Oxford.

My Dear Uncle Basil,—You are so very clever, will you help me with a piece of literary work that I have on hand? I am trying to write a poem the third line of which must rhyme to "editor" and the fourth line to "coastguard." If I do it better than anyone else I shall earn a guinea, and that is a good deal in these hard times, especially as I want a new driver, and a brassie too. Please write by return of post if you can.

Your loving niece,
Grace.



'ARRY ABROAD.

Guide. "Monsieur finds eet a vairy eenteresting old place, les eet not?"
'Arry (who will speak French). "Pas demi!"

IV.

Basil Heriot to his niece Grace Bristowe.

My dear Niece,—I fear you have applied to the wrong source, nor even if I had any of the mastery of *bouts rimés* with which you are kind enough to credit me should I care to waste any time on such frivolity just now, when all my strength is needed for the completion of the tenth volume of my commentary, and even this letter to you is making sad inroads on the day's routine. I gather from your hurried note that you are competing for some newspaper prize. If you must do such things I wish you would make an effort to win one of *The Westminster's* guerdons offered for skill in transliterating from the English into Greek. That would be worth doing; but possibly you, with your unfortunate addiction to manly pursuits, are of a different opinion. I wish you would try to be more like your aunt Frideswide, who had written an essay on the *Chanson de Roland* before she was your age and still knows nothing of golf. If ever I can help you in a more serious and worthy difficulty I shall be glad to make the time; but before you propound your queries I hope you will be quite sure in your mind that it is I, and I only, that can answer them.

Your affectionate uncle,
Basil Heriot.

V.

Miss Grace Bristowe to her aunt, Miss Bristowe.

Dear Aunt Meta,—I am not having such an easy time as you expected, and I am beginning to believe in the saying that nothing good is ever done except by hard work. Jack could not get a rhyming dictionary second-hand, and it seemed absurd to spend much on a new one, and the stupid boy hadn't the sense just to turn to those two words in the shop. Uncle Basil, too, was not very helpful. He seems to think that light poetry is hardly worth writing in English at all. As for poor Mr. Rainey-Spong, I happened to mention to father that we were composing a poem in collaboration, and he was furious, and said he did not pay curates for that, and made him visit all kinds of old frumps as a punishment. But I think it will be all right.

Your loving Gracie.

VI.

The Rev. Athol Rainey-Spong to Miss Grace Bristowe.

Dear Miss Gracie,—I am sending you by Gibbings's boy the fruits of my industry. I wish it could have been more worthy, but I have had an unexpected number of small duties to perform during the past two days.

Yours most sincerely, A. R.-S.

VII.

Miss Grace Bristowe to her aunt, Miss Bristowe.

Dear Aunt Meta,—Here it is. Will you please send it in for me so as to save time. Your loving niece,
Gracie.

P.S.—I have already spent half the money on a perfectly adorable puppy—an Aberdeen, quite pure.

VIII.

Miss Bristowe to her niece, Miss Grace Bristowe.

My very dear Gracie,—I have such sad news for you. *The Westminster Gazette*, which was delayed in the post, has only just come, and I find, to my great disappointment, that there were certain very restricting and, I think, very unfair conditions to that competition. The rules say that neither "creditor" nor "post-card" may be used; and this, I fear, disqualifies your really very excellent poem, which therefore I return. I am so very sorry to have raised your hopes so groundlessly.

Your affectionate Aunt Meta.

P.S.—I hope you will be able to induce the people to take back the dear little doggie.

IX.

The Rev. Athol Rainey-Spong to Messrs. Peter & Co., publishers.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose one more trifle which I should like printed at the end of the book, in the section entitled "*Leviore plectro.*"

Impromptu.

Written at the request of a young lady who supplied the author with the terminal words of the first two lines and challenged him to complete the quatrain.

Station is naught. This man's a brilliant editor,
And that a simple, plain, unlettered coastguard;
Yet this one's life's made sad by many a creditor,
While that one beams at but a picture post-card.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
Athol Rainey-Spong.

Horrible Sacrifice to Art.

"The Berlin sculptor, Herr von Mechtriz, has received a commission to carve a monument to Heinrich Heine from the wife of one of the best known and wealthiest Berlin merchants."—*Daily Mail.*

WAKE UP, LONDON!

[It is understood that, two or three months ago, Messrs. Gilbert and Cecil Chesterton started the Anti-Puritan League, to oppose dull respectability and bring mirth and movement into London life. Up to now they have held a meeting and written several letters to the newspapers.]

G. K. C., when do you think
You will give us those surprising
Festivals of Dance and Drink
Which I see you advertising?

When will you begin to wear
Giddy garlands of symbolic
Vine leaves in your curly hair?
When do you propose to frolic?

When will Cecil (beamish boy)
Lead us, in a mirthful measure,
To that miracle of joy
People call a Life of Pleasure?

It is not enough to send
Letters to the daily papers.
Fling yourself about, my friend!
Cut disreputable capers!

When some months ago I read
In the Press that you intended
Waking London up, I said,
"This is absolutely splendid!"

I was half inclined to write
In a burst of exultation
To inform you that you might
Count on my co-operation.

Eagerly, with mind inflamed
By your overtures, I reckoned
We would soon excel the famed
Giddiness of Charles the Second.

I could close my eyes and see,
In a glad, prophetic vision,
Dull respectability
Hailed with popular derision.

But as yet no pagan larks
Have been vigorously started
In the County Council parks,
And I feel a bit down-hearted.

So permit me to remind
You again that I am waiting
For the Rowdy Life, and find
Hope deferred exasperating.

Therefore, if you mean to go
In for ostentatious sinning,
Will you kindly let me know
When you contemplate beginning.

Criticism in a Nutshell.

Much sympathy will be felt for Mr. Kipling, who has been the victim of a very painful eulogy. In the correspondence evoked by *The Evening News* on the subject of The Most Popular Novel, appears this damning appreciation:—

"At school the most popular book among we boys (*sic*) was *Stalky & Co.*—Wadham."

Never perhaps have the merits of this work been acclaimed with a more appalling candour.



Short-sighted Golfer (having been signalled to come on by lady who has lost her ball). "THANKS VERY MUCH. AND WOULD YOU MIND DRIVING THAT SHEEP AWAY?"

THE ELF-KING'S HUNTING.

OH, the Elf-King went a-hunting (and I was there to see):
He rode a chestnut hunter and he sat him fair and free.
His cap was ruby satin; his coat was green and gold;
And his breeches they were red brocade, a wonder to behold;
And his merry eyes were gleaming, ever gleaming as he rode;
And he glittered and he glanced,
As he caracolled and pranced,
With a word of careless kindness to the hunter he bestrode.

And his grooms came prancing after, and I saw the huntsman pass
Very cheerfully and briskly as he rode across the grass.
They were all as neat and tidy and as speckless as a pin,
And the hounds came trotting gaily with the whips to whip them in.
Then they paused before the laurel-hedge; the huntsman laid them on,
All the merry little pack,
While the whips were going crack
Round the laggards as they lingered, till the lot of them were gone.

So they feathered through the laurels, but they drew the laurels blank;
And they cantered round the cabbage-patch and straggled up the bank;
And the King he called the huntsman, and he said, "We'll try the roots:
It's not for drawing blank all night that I've put on my boots.
We must find a mouse in no time, or you'll answer with your head."
And the huntsman said, "Ay, ay,
We must try, Sir, we must try;
But you'll be no better off, Sir, for a quarry when I'm dead."

Then they took a strip of beetroot, and I saw them flash away,
All the rout of little riders, but I thought it best to stay.
And the horn was sounding fainter as it tooted here and there,
And I trembled for the huntsman, though he spoke the King so fair.
But there came a sudden yelping all the beetroot leaves among,
And I heard a tally-ho,
And the music seemed to grow,
And I knew that they had found there, for the pack were giving tongue.

Then they had it through the garden, through the Lovers' Walk and all,
Through the orchard to the tool-shed, where the Elf-King had a fall.
But he didn't mind a bit, not he; he stumbled to his feet—
With his satin cap all battered in he didn't look so neat—
And they caught the royal chestnut, and they tightened up his girth,
And the King said, "Try again!"
But the huntsman: "It's in vain!
While your Majesty's been falling every mouse has gone to earth."

R. C. L.



THE DIGNITY OF ART.

Manager. "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

Stage Manager. "WHY, THAT BIG RESCUE SCENE WILL BE A PERFECT FARCE! HERE'S MISS BELJAMBE ABSOLUTELY REFUSING TO BE HAULED UP OUT OF THE DOCK BY THE STEAM DERRICK."

OUR STRENUOUS AUTHORS.

(*With acknowledgments to various writers of "literary pars."*)

As the result of a non-stop run from Cape Chelyuskin to Monte Carlo, Mr. FERDINAND FUNNIKIN has just completed a short story of about 2,000 words. It will appear simultaneously in New York, London, Hammerfest, Yokohama, and Bournemouth.

Mr. PERCY POTT-BOILEAU, who makes a point of travelling 50,000 miles every year, is at present on the top of Popocatapetl, correcting the proofs of his new short story for *The Monthly Paralyser.*

It is stated on good authority that one of our younger novelists, who has in his time played the *rôles* of chimney-sweep, pirate, cinematograph-operator, bull-puncher, and steward of an L.C.C. steamboat, is about to visit Patagonia, Dawson City, and Peckham Rye, in order to obtain material for his autumn volume of 1907.

By a ludicrous printer's error we were made to do unintentional injustice to the literary gifts of the great romantic-realist, Mr. MAKYAR SITTUP, in our last issue. It was stated that he had travelled 1,600 miles in his motor-car, and had interviewed 217 provincial rate-collectors, before writing the first chapter of *The Ratepayers' Rebellion of 1911.* The figures should have been: 16,000 miles, 2,117 rate-collectors.

Mrs. BANBURY CROSSE, who is suffering from nervous prostration in consequence of seeing her forthcoming volume of poems—*Harmonies of Rest*—through the Press, will go five times round the world before essaying a new lyric.

There is an interesting paper in the current monthly issue of *The Three-Weekly Review,* entitled "Was LAMB Really Great?" The writer points out, with some cogency we think, that it is rather an ungracious task to attempt any estimate of the work of an author who was never a deck hand, never owned a motor-car, and whose travels seldom took him further afield than Hertfordshire or Hampshire. Had he lived in this age of cheap travel he might have acquired a prose style of real merit. In the same paper the well-known deficiencies of Addison's style are attributed to the fact that he never visited Peru or the Tibetan highlands.

THE lady attendant on the Cornish Riviera Express has been confiding to a *Westminster Gazette* representative her methods of dealing with train-sickness. Besides physical remedies, such as smelling-salts and soda-water, she has medicine for the mind. "Often," she says, "a reference to the beautiful scenery has the desired effect; the mind just has to be switched off the subject and kept diverted, especially through the tunnels." We have particular pleasure in recommending this idea of scenic distraction to travellers on the Tube or the Metropolitan.



A PRETTY PAIR.

Nurse Europa. "I'VE GOT A NICE HANDFUL!"
Nurse Columbia. "WELL! LOOK AT MINE!!"

THE HOLIDAY KIDS.

(Invited by Helen and Cecil.)

I.

DAD brought back the most ripping sketches from North Wales, for the bazaar.

But CECIL says it 's jolly hard luck for Dad to have to pay for his paints, brushes, boards, and the hotel bill, and then have to give all his work to be bought in by Mother at ransom prices on the first day.

But Mother gets so frightfully keen on any bazaar that Lady MONTFORT worries her into. She always wants to break the record at her stall.

"It 's so specially mean of you to grudge them for the Children's Holiday Fund, after you 've had such a *delightful* time yourself!" Mother said to Dad. "Besides, it isn't as if I did not pay for them out of my own money!"

Then Dad laughed, and asked Mother if she knew what her overdraft at the bank was, and when she would like him to fill up her account.

"HAL, dear," she said, "I do *wish* I could induce you to talk more wisely before the children."

But it was while we were waiting at Chester that we saw two kids on a seat, with labels round their necks and bundles on their knees.

Mother made a rush, and *nearly* embraced them. Then she made Dad whip out his sketch-book, because she thought they would make such a *delicious* design for the front of the bazaar programme.

CECIL gave them the rest of the butter-scotch packet. I 'd eaten my share.

But afterwards, when Mother was gloating over Dad's sketch with Lady MONTFORT, CECIL said in his slow way:

"Why can't we have two live kids to our place at once, and give them a jolly time?"

"Oh, my *dear* boy!" said Mother.

"It 's all very well," he went on severely, "to mess round with bazaars. *We* would prefer the real kids themselves! We could lend them to you for the bazaar—one shilling entrance to see them alive and jolly! Do, Mummy!"

When CECIL calls Mother "Mummy," and stretches his eyelids wide off his eyes, and twists his fingers about, Dad says she is always at his feet like a shot grouse.

But Lady MONTFORT nearly sickened me and CECIL when she cried out:

"Oh, Mrs. LISTER, what sweet precious children you do possess! How *dear* of him to think of such an idea! And you know it would be charming to have amongst us the real thing, as dear CECIL says. And who knows but what we might cut at the roots of some incipient Socialists!"



AN ILL-TIMED ALLUSION.

Ferryman (to gentleman, who is going out to meet his bride-elect just arrived from New Zealand). "IT 'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WHY, CHEER UP! WE 'LL SOON BE THERE! LOR' BLESS YE, SIR, I THINK I SEE 'ER NOW A-WAVIN' A 'ANKERCHIEF NO BIGGER NOR A SLICE O' BACON!"

"What is an 'incipient Socialist'?" asked CECIL.

"Oh, my dear child, how can I explain? A quite terrible being. Ask your father."

Well, anyhow, they sent for the kids. We insisted on having boys, and the Tweenie Groom took us to the station to meet them. They were awfully clean, and had their labels all right, but they seemed small somehow.

We watched them have their tea at the coachman's, and it was awfully hard to think of things to say at first. But CECIL knows about Manchester, and he asked the one with the broken nose and the sticking-out teeth whether he had ever been on a tram. He just winked, and said:

"When the blooming conductor's on top, you bet!"

Then we couldn't think of another thing to say.

It was better out-of-doors, and we found that the one with the broken nose was called CLINKER (he got his nose in a fair up-and-down fight, he told us). The other was called BRASSY. He has such a weird face—like a sick monkey. We thought he must have the hump about something.

As we dashed across the lawn towards the park, they both looked round like eagles.

"Lost something?" asked CECIL, politely.

"Park keeper on the snooze, eh?" asked CLINKER.

"Oh, *we* go where we like!" I said, gasping.

Then CLINKER winked such a smart little wink at BRASSY, and said:

"Clean forgot as we was toffs now!"

"Can you jump?" asked CECIL, as we came to the seven-foot sunk fence.

"Have I ever been up a lamp-post with a bobby wearing out the pavement not ten yards off?"

Of all the things we showed them that night, they liked the wild rabbits best.

"What an awful waste of good eating!" said CLINKER at last. "Don't you keep no dogs?"

Then I whistled with two fingers, and *Bedlam* came scuttering up. His moustache was all thick with cold gravy.

"He ain't got a deal of blood in him," said BRASSY, scornfully. "There was no five-pound notes floating around when he was put up to auction, you bet." He really was the grumpiest boy.

That night, as we went in, the sun was all on one side of the old house, shining along the lawn into the copper beeches. CLINKER looked at the shine, and the phlox, and the clematis, and the roses and geraniums, and then he said:

"I say! Cheer up, matey! Same old sun there as pinks up the whitewash in our city mansion."

But BRASSY scowled round on us as if we had been motor-cars.

"This ain't no show to brag about!" Then he pulled at CECIL. "I say, youngster! How many *Evening Mails* could you get shot of in a place like this here?"

"You're a business man?" asked CECIL, with his Bench look.

"Who would float the Company if I wasn't, eh?"

"What's the Company?"

"Oh, now you're asking, ain't you?" He wouldn't say another word.

After three days, though I adored CLINKER, I told CECIL that BRASSY was an ungrateful young cub, and that I wasn't going to bother with him any more. But that very afternoon we were sitting against a hay-stack, looking miles and miles over the country into the sky.



DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF "JOHN BULL'S OTHER PLAYWRIGHT."

AFTER CERTAIN HINTS BY "G.B.S."

Dad had had sports with us, and BRASSY had won five shillings for the obstacle race.

"You're a mighty chap at running and dodging!" said CECIL, as he watched BRASSY counting the money over.

"You learn to dodge and toddle in Manchester, you bet!" laughed CLINKER. "There ain't no time to hang up there, with a job at one end and the traffic roaring after you, and an empty stomach prodding at you to buck up!"

"It's a long sight better in Manchester than here, anyhow!" snarled BRASSY.

Then CECIL turned on him.

"I say, you ain't an 'incipient Socialist' by any chance, are you?"

"What's that, when it's at home?"

"I asked the gardener, and he said it meant a bear with a sore head," I broke in.

I was quite scared at the way he turned on us.

"Then I'll ask you one. Why did you go writing to say as there was no females admitted here, eh? Come—out with it! What have you against our POLLY?"

'POLLY?"

"You've no call to say her name like that! She has prettier hair and bluer eyes nor her!" and he pointed his thumb at me. "It's not her fault as she fell off the back of the tram! It's not her fault as she can't dance no more because of her inside! It's not her fault as her cheeks is gone as white as as tripe! It's not her fault as she was born a female!"

"But tell me," said CECIL quietly; "who is POLLY?"

"The Company, of course! Look here, young 'un!"

He suddenly jumped up and stretched out his arms right into the view.

"What's the good of all this here blooming show when POLLY can't see it?"

Then CECIL got up slowly and put out his hand.

"I say, old chap, I'm sorry. Come along and tell Mother about POLLY."

* * * *

I'll finish this next week.—HELEN.

A Prehistoric Peep

"Old Students and Scotsmen in general take a natural pride and interest in the four hundredth centenary of Aberdeen University."—*Daily Dispatch.*

THE NEW ARCHÆOLOGISTS;

OR, THE GENTLE ART OF SELF-ADVERTISEMENT.

(*Vide* correspondence on "The Oldest Room in the World" in *The Daily Mail*.

SIR,—Some time ago I was staying in a friend's house, the major portion of which was built by King Alfred the Great. In my bedroom the Venerable Bede conducted his orisons, and it was in the same apartment—measuring only 12 ft. by 8 ft.—that King Canute was prostrated by the first epidemic of influenza that ever decimated these islands. The buttery hatch was erected by Ethelred the Unready; the beautiful rococo dado in the drawing-room was put up by Anselm; while in the splendid study, with its massive pre-Mycenæan mullions, some of the most impressive symposia in the annals of England have been held; and when the moonbeams stretch themselves athwart the ancient staircases and corridors there can be seen flitting restlessly to and fro—I myself interviewed her the other night—the winsome wraith of sweet Anne Boleyn who, with bluff King Hal, spent the early days of her *lune de miel* beneath this storied roof.

But there are, I fancy, rooms in England more ancient than these romantic apartments in the massive castle of W——, wherein for more than 800 years the household fires have been daily lit, and wherein to this day men live and pray and ply the busy quill.

Faithfully yours,
ROLAND BLATHERSKITE.

SIR,—Some time ago I was staying in a titled friend's house where I had the privilege of drinking some port which was taken from the hold of one of the great galleons of the Spanish Armada. It was almost colourless, except for an unusually large quantity of beeswing, and the taste was most peculiar, but as the butler assured me afterwards that it was only brought out on special occasions and for exceptionally favoured guests I fully appreciated the delicate compliment involved.

But there must be, I fancy, port in England even of a more remote antiquity than that stored in the sumptuous cellars of the Duke of R——, under whose hospitable roof for more than 800 years the *élite* of rank, fashion and intellect have been entertained by a continuous succession of high-souled as well as princely hosts.

Yours faithfully,
T. HUNTER-TUFTE.

DEAR SIR,—Can some of your readers tell me which is the oldest fowl in the world?

I am prompted to put this query by a recent experience while lunching at the house of a friend, when the *menu* included some curried chicken of such extraordinary closeness of grain that my hostess, though endowed with a splendid *suite* of teeth, was obliged to abandon her heroic efforts to finish her helping. Her eldest son, a bright young Oxford undergraduate, humorously suggested that the chicken must have been hatched in the Ark. This, of course, was an exaggeration; but the fowl, to judge by the stringiness of its fibres, must certainly have attained to a good old age.

But there are, I fancy, hens in England even more ancient than those which disport themselves in the splendidly equipped poultry-yard of the episcopal palace of D——, wherein for more than 800 years simple laymen like myself have been entertained by the great princes of the Church.

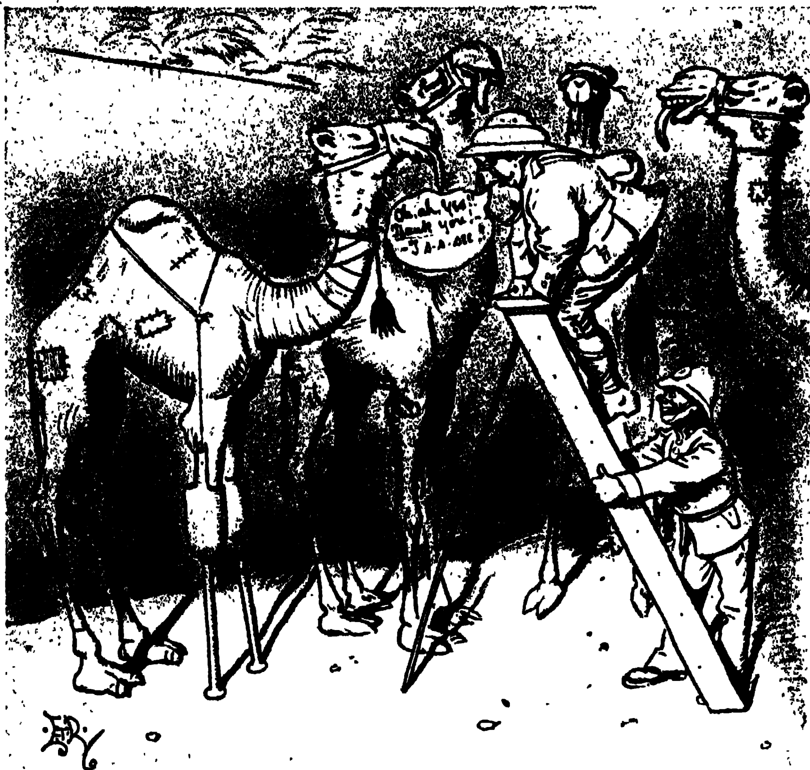
I am, Sir, yours obediently,
PAUL PRIOR.

SIR,—Can any of your myriad subscribers tell me which is the oldest riddle in the world?

While I was recently staying with a friend who is the owner of one of the stateliest homes in England, a fellow-guest, who had not previously taken much part in the conversation, suddenly availed himself of a pause in the conversation at dinner to ask, "Why is a hammer painted yellow like a bird?" On pondering the matter over, it occurred to me that here in form, if not in the exact words, one had a perfect example of the primitive palæontological conundrum—the *Urräthsel*, as the Germans would doubtless call it.

But there may be, I readily admit, riddles even more antique than this which convulsed an unusually representative house-party in the banqueting hall of a baronial mansion, standing in a ring-fence of 2000 acres in the garden of England, whose owner's rent-roll runs into six figures, and who numbers amongst his intimates the highest in the hierarchy of intellect as well as in the inner circles of Mayfair.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
R. D'OYLY BATHER.



THE INDIAN VET. GOES HIS MORNING ROUNDS.

"Lord KITCHENER is revising the present Army Veterinary System, one result of which has been that veterinary doctors, whose experience has been limited to horses, have frequently been placed in charge of a couple of thousand camels."—*Reuter*.

A correspondent points out that the author of an article recently appearing in *Punch* was hasty in his judgment when he said that he could find no flashes of wit in the work of *Bradshaw*. What of this explanatory note culled from his page?"—"The term cab fare means a two-wheeled vehicle, constructed to carry not more than two persons. The wheeled vehicle constructed to carry four persons is 1*s*. a mile."

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

X.

My People.

I, no less than the Captain, had to perform parlour tricks for my food. It was hard on a warrior to be forced thus to bemean himself; still, as the



I cured her of her love for the trick.

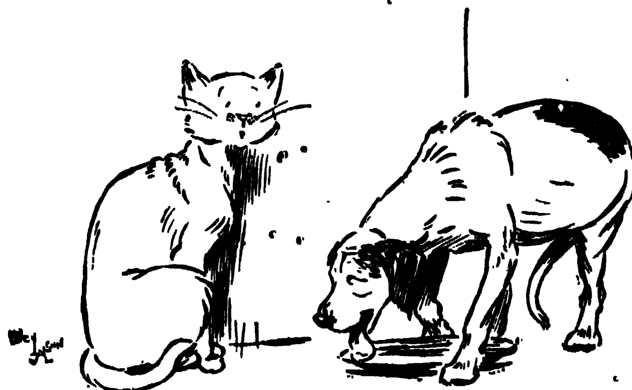
Captain said, this is a world of compromise. My mistress even made me salute, with an absurd three-cornered paper cap on my head. The only redeeming feature of this tomfoolery was the slight military touch about it. She tried, too, to make me "shake hands" whenever I entered the room in the morning. I did this at first when it meant a lump of sugar, but when she dropped giving me the sugar, I cured her of her love for the trick. It was one of the Captain's smart ideas. I would go out into the road before my mistress came down to breakfast, get my feet thoroughly dirty, and, when she said "Shake," she would find a damp, muddy paw in her hand. Another of her tricks was to plant a biscuit on my nose, and refuse to let me eat it until she gave me permission. Sometimes she would keep me like this for several minutes; and I often wondered what would become of my *prestige* if a member of the Club were suddenly to come in. Sometimes, for a lark, my mistress would press her fingers on my nose for a second, and make me believe a biscuit was there, and at the words, "Now you may have it!" I would throw up my nose; but of course nothing would come off. The first time my mistress did this, I remember, I growled at her when I discovered the deception. I also remember that the next moment I was so ashamed of myself that I went under the table of my own accord. After that I always humoured her, and made her think that I believed that there really was a biscuit there, even when I knew there was none.

For I have always been fond of my mistress, even though her opinions and mine as to what constituted over-feeding did not coincide, and even though she sometimes whipped me for fighting other dogs without considering what the provocation had been.

My master, for all I know, may have been an admirable citizen, son, husband, and all the rest of it, and he certainly worked hard for my mistress and me, but he never succeeded in gaining my affections. He had silly ways. For instance, he had a cowardly method of punishing me when I had done wrong—or, I should say, mispleased him. He would say, "Ah, that's a pity now, old man. If you had not done that I was going to have allowed you to walk about on the table this evening when dinner was laid, and you would have been permitted to take anything you liked," and so on. I half believe it was not true; still it might have been, and the thought would madden me. If it was an attempt at being funny it was in very bad taste. I like a joke as well as anyone, but I do not consider food a fit subject for jest—in which I fancy all dogs will agree with me. And I shall not forget in a hurry the silly fuss he made when I stole the duck's skeleton. When I appeared in the hall the next morning ready for a walk he declared that he could not go out with a thief—that he should not care to be seen in my company—that everyone would point their fingers at him as being the friend and associate of bad characters, &c., &c., until finally I turned round and went back to the kitchen, for his meanness over a piece of dirty duck fairly disgusted me, and I decided that *I* should not care to be seen out with *him*.

By-the-by, at times I would have fun with him. I would start for a walk with my mistress and him, and if my mistress was carrying the whip I would, when we had gone some way, leave them. Then, as my mistress still had the whip, but there was no dog with her, everyone must have imagined that she was carrying the whip because her husband was liable to be troublesome.

I have even known my master stand between a cat and a dog. There was a yellow beast named Tabby Ochre who lived near us, and one day, when The Torpedo had almost done for her, my master coolly interfered, and The Torpedo lost the chance of a lifetime. This cat, who was a well-known sprinter, had for long merited extermination for a treacherous attack on the Captain. One day the Captain found her just about to tackle a saucer of milk. "Let's share it," said the Captain, who, when he wished, could fascinate anyone or anything. Tabby Ochre consented, and the Captain actually persuaded her to let him have first go-in. Now the Captain was never one to lose an opportunity, and before Tabby Ochre realised what was happening the Captain had wolfed the lot. Tabby Ochre was furious and demanded an explanation. "It's all right," said the Captain; "I've left you the saucer as your share"—which was witty; but show me the cat who can take a joke; and the Captain was an awful sight when Tabby Ochre had done with him. She was promptly placed on our execution list, but she escaped again and again owing to her fleetness of foot.



"Let's share it," said the Captain.

Still, no one, I suppose, is all bad, and I once had occasion to admire even my master. One afternoon when I was out for a walk by myself I was, to my huge surprise, suddenly arrested by a constable and dragged to a police-station. My master—it was smart of him to smell where I was so quickly—appeared in the evening and demanded the reason of my arrest. "He was wandering about not under control," said the smooth-tongued officer. This, of course, was a lie. It is true that I almost lost control of myself upon hearing this mis-statement, but at the time of my arrest I had myself under perfect control. To my master's credit he defended me with some heat, declaring that I could find my way about anywhere, and the upshot of it was that we left the police-station together better friends than we had been for some time, and the lying constable looked pretty small.

GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(*By a Caddie.*)

VI.

'ONNESTY is the best pollicy, and, 'Evin knows, 'ENERY WILKS 'as allus tried 'is levil best to live up to them golden words. But I reckon there is certain excepshuns to the cast-iron 'onnesty of all of us, and every yumin being 'as 'is little weakness. Mine is golf balls.

Tips is well enuff in their way, and I 'ave nuthing at all to say agin them, but the present of a good ball is far more plesing to the 'art of 'ENERY WILKS. Praps it's becos of 'is allmost inkonquerabul pride which shrinks at times from taking munney from them 'oom 'e feels to be 'is equils or hinfeeriors; or praps it grattifies 'is artistick nachure to be given the himplements of that great sience which 'e onderstands so well. Any'ow golf balls is my temptashun, and one which once or twice in the course of my 'onnerabul karcer I 'ave allowed meself to yeeld to.

Some golfers will ercashunally 'and you tuppence or an 'arf-used ball, wif a jenial word of thanks for your attenshuns which is worth more to a proud nachure than the gift itself. And there's uthers 'oo never think of doing nuthink of the sort. Among *them* is Mister SCHWABSTEIN, 'oo is not French or Scotch, as you might think from 'is name, but German, wiv praps a touch of Jentile.

'E's a man what catches the eye on the links, it being 'is constant and hannoying 'abbit to were a peaked yotting cap, large specks, and a white silk coat which was once a good deal whiter. An egselent sort of person, I dessay, in the 'ome sircle, but 'ardly what you'd call a brillyent success upon the links. They say as 'ow 'e 'as more munney than 'e ritely knows what to do wiv, but I fancy 'e's made it by never giving any of it away. 'Owever, 'ENERY WILKS 'as done 'is best to put that rite.

Let me diskribe to you a rarnd which 'e played the uther day wiv Mister 'ERMINIUS BRELLETT, our litterry member, 'oo allus seems to go out of 'is way to play wiv kurious peeple. I 'ave taken Mister SCHWABSTEIN in charge before, but never 'ave I seen 'is pecooliarities so noticeabul as on that day.

'E took the 'onner, and for about three minnutes 'e addressed the ball wiv 'is 'uge, thick, ugly driver, which 'as allus rarsed my perfessional hindignashun. 'E swung at last, quite slow like, but wiv all 'is great weight and strength piled into it. I shall never know egsackly what 'e did, becos the tees was dry and for the moment I was 'arf blinded by the dust. But there was a thud and a krackling snap, and two things was flying through the thick dusty air. Them two missils was the ball and the 'ead of the driver, and they fell togevver thirty yards from the tee. 'E said somethink which I couldn't catch and didn't want to, and walked rarnd in a slow sircle, smiling to 'isself. 'E's a man 'oo allus smiles. It often seems to me that it is 'is misforchune.

Then Mister BRELLETT took one of 'is yusual springing drives, which 'appened to come off, and 'e won that fust 'ole on 'is 'ead. Mister SCHWABSTEIN kontrived to redooce 'is brassey to fragmints at the second 'ole; and after that 'e took out 'is niblick, and nuthing wouldn't perswade 'im to put it back. 'E drove wiv that niblick, and 'e played 'is many shots through the green wiv it. And the way that thick strong niblick eat into the turf was enuff to brake the 'art of 'ENERY WILKS. We moved slowly forward, leaving be'ind us a line of crewel deep kassims, which nuthink wouldn't fill up. And 'is stile of bunker play was equilly distrucktive.

'Is noshun of getting out was to distroy the wall of the bunker wiv reppeated blows, and then to force 'is ball throo the rewings. I wouldn't 'ave belleeved that meer wood and iron could 'ave done the work that that one German niblick did wivout turning an 'air.

'E only smiled 'is slow smile when Mister BRELLETT or meself venchured a remmonstrance, and 'e would never pick up 'is ball. 'E persevered wiv each 'ole until at last 'e 'ad pushed the ball into the tin, and then 'e would turn and pat my 'ead wiv 'is large 'and. After the fust time I jenerally dodged, and once 'e turned and patted Mister BRELLETT's 'ead by accerdent. Like most litterry jents, the latter is rather touchy, and there was neerly trubble; but some'ow, thanks to Mister SCHWABSTEIN's apparient onconshusness of offense, it was erverted.

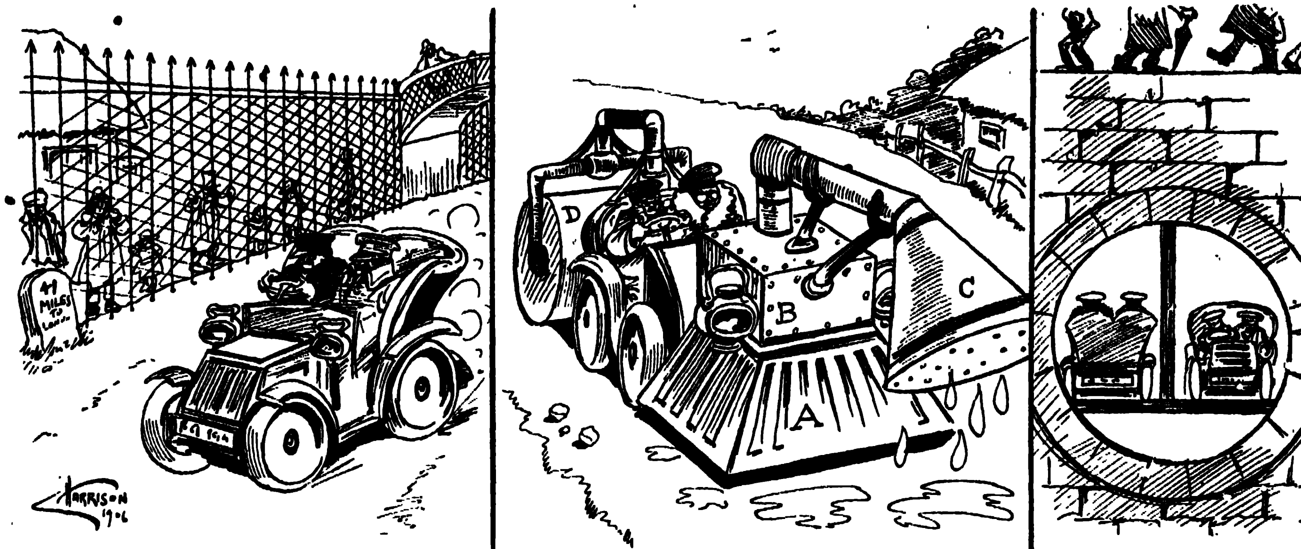
At the thirteenth 'ole Mister BRELLETT was five up. Mister SCHWABSTEIN put down a new ball, wiv a sort of groan, and pulled it wiv 'is niblick right rarnd into the rough. For a long two minnutes we 'unted 'igh and low, but nowhere could we find that ball. If I'd seen it I would 'ave 'anded it over at once, sich being my boundin dooty. But I never did see it. There was jest one little place in that rough where some'ow it didn't seem worth while looking. We 'ad to erbandon it at last; and Mister SCHWABSTEIN lost the 'ole and the match.

Later in the day I wandered down on a sort of ferlorn 'ope to that bit of rough, and kuriously enuff I walked bang on to that ball. There was severil courses open to me. I might 'ave 'anded it over to the orthorities, or I might 'ave kep' it as a memmentoe of Mister SCHWABSTEIN's unfaling jenerosity and kortesy. But 'ENERY WILKS didn't see 'is way to doing either of them two things. 'E jest disposed of that fine new ball to the very best hadvantage.



Ethel (her first sight of the Thames). "OH, MUMMY, ISN'T THE WATER DIRTY! DON'T THEY EVER CHANGE IT?"

MORE SOLUTIONS OF THE GREAT MOTOR PROBLEM.



Solution No. 2.—A. Man-and-beast catcher. B. Tank for dust-laying liquid. C. Sprinkler for same. D. Roller for correcting displacement of surface.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

With every new public school story that is written every reviewer gives his new reason why it is impossible to write a successful public-school story. Perhaps, then, I may mark the appearance of *The Etonian* (F. V. White) by advancing yet another theory. I see that *The Etonian* has been condemned as having nothing of the "Eton spirit," although it is full of the right Eton customs and language. Now, if there is one thing the public-school spirit ensures it is this: that the possessor of it will not talk about the public-school spirit. Not only is it impossible to express the public-school spirit, but it is also impossible to want to try to express it. In fact, a book "embued with the true Eton spirit" would be as offensive to an Etonian as a problem-novel "dealing with a delicate sex question" must be to a refined and sensitive woman. *The Etonian* is written by Alice and Claude Askew; and of course I cannot say how they arranged it. But if I had been taking part in such a collaboration over such a book I should have said frankly to the woman: "Now, look here; *Basil* doesn't get to Eton till page 133. You have got 132 pages in which to amuse yourself. Also, he goes home for the holidays now and then, and of course you may come in there. And when his father comes to see him you may put in the fatherly advice part, and any hints about his underclothes. And . . . well—yes, I don't mind your doing the partings, and the feelings of the father as he travels back in his lonely carriage. But *while Basil is at Eton, he's mine* body and soul—and don't you dare to come near." And really, you know, I think something of this sort must have happened; for when it is not dramatic or melodramatic *The Etonian* is quite good.

The Wickhamses (Methuen) is a story of efforts after high life on a level far below the stairs on which Society loiters. Mr. Pett Ridge finds his men and women in the lower middle-class stratum which Charles Dickens revealed and revelled in. Here and there, alike in character and in incident, there is reminiscence of the Master's work. That was probably inevitable. But Mr. Pett Ridge is quite strong enough to stand and work by himself. The best character in a domestic drama instinct with bustling life is the father of the *Wickhamses*, who, leaving his village home, comes to London, presents himself to an indifferent population as "S. Wickhams, the popular printer," and after a long struggle passes through the Bankruptcy Court back to the country village. The story, bubbling with humour, here and there touched with pathos, presents a vivid picture of the daily life of a class which forms the largest proportion of the population of London.

The Fisherman's Gat (Blackwood) is a story of barge and boat life on the Thames estuary. Mr. Jacobs, as we know, has marked this world for his own. Mr. Edward Noble makes no effort to rival him. He takes a course and finds anchorage all his own. Mr. Jacobs discovers luscious farce in his barge captains and crews. Mr. Noble's muse is tragic. Murder, abduction and domestic misery are his themes. The scene on the sands near the mouth of the estuary, where in the dead of the night the captain and mate of the *Redgauntlet* fight out their quarrel, is almost terrible in its wrath. Throughout the book are scattered many lurid pictures of the river, generally in stormy weather. Mr. Noble is so intense as to be occasionally obscure in his narrative. He sometimes forgets the injunction delivered from the theatre gallery by an anonymous but historic critic. He is not careful to "jine his flats." All the same it is a powerful story, illumined by marvellous word-pictures of the Thames as it is known only to those who, by its broadening highway, go down to the sea in barges.

Benita is indeed, as announced by Messrs. Cassell & Co. "An African Romance, by H. Rider Haggard." A fine romance, too, as every boy will say, when he hears that it "comprises in itself"—

Three Matabele Chiefs (first edition),
One Alligator (slightly soiled),
One Mesmerist (unused),
One Buried Treasure (as per invoice),
Three Treasure-seekers (stiff backs),
One Shipwreck (with water-mark, very rare),
Lots of ordinary Matabele (suitable for exchange),
together with
Baas and Tant Sally, of the Old Firm.

The illustrations by Gordon Browne are just the thing. Every father should buy it for his boy, but he should read it himself first to make sure that it is suitable.

CHARIVARIA.

Much amusement has been caused in Socialist circles by a credulous foreigner named Kossuth, who declares that he still believes in the greatness of our country.

The various nations are becoming very touchy. The Japanese have long objected to being called Japs, and the Germans to the abbreviation Germs, and now the Cubans do not like being referred to as Cubs.

Professor Ashley, of Birmingham, proposes that in every great city there shall be a University providing a commercial training, and that "Bachelors of Commerce" shall be one of the degrees. The initials B.C. would, however, in our opinion, be somewhat unfortunate. They might be taken to indicate that the possessor was Behind the Continent.

The annual return of articles purchased abroad by the Government shows that the Prisons Department bought American bacon to the extent of £2,703. A statement of this sort will do more to keep people out of prison than any number of Acts of Parliament.

The Daily Mail correspondence on the subject of "Cross-Channel Delays" has closed without having elicited, curiously enough, a single letter of complaint from Messrs. Burgess & Co.

Miss Phyllis Dare apparently sympathises with Miss Edna May. She is, we read, taking her part.

The statement that the Lord Chancellor is to deliver an address at Glasgow on "How to Keep His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Sea" has caused the liveliest satisfaction in those neighbourhoods where the ocean is making inroads on the coast.

During the performance of *Tristram and Iseult* one night last week a cat strolled on to the stage, and had a look round. Apparently she had come there under a misapprehension to see whether the play was enough to make a cat laugh. On being told that this was not *Amasis*, the comic cat-opera, she withdrew.



A Motorist wishes to point out the very grave danger this balloon-scorching may become, and suggests a speed limit be made before things go too far.

Some busybody has been calling attention to the neglect of the concertina, and a revival of the popularity of this instrument is threatened. On the other hand we have the joyous tidings that the new Gaiety production comprises no tune which is likely to be whistled in the streets.

"There is nothing so absolutely ruinous to the complexion as irritability," says *The Throne*. We cannot agree with this. We know several old gentlemen whose faces, when they are angry, get more and more rosy.

"The King," said a stop-press telegram in *The Liverpool Echo*, "passed through Ballater this afternoon on her way to Balmoral." This is surely carrying the Gaelic idiom somewhat far.

Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking at Llanelly, predicted an attack by the Government on the House of Lords, but intimated that it would not be totally abolished for some time to come. An illuminated address of thanks, to be signed by all the members of the Upper House, is, we believe, in preparation.

"Motor-trains to fight Trams," is the alarmist heading of a paragraph in a contemporary.

It is proposed, by increasing the number of its members, to make the L.C.C. as large as it thinks it is.

To avoid running over a dog on Blackpool promenade last Saturday, a gentleman caused his motor-car to swerve suddenly and the occupants were thrown out. The dog proceeded on his way without a word of thanks.

A Hooter?

"Tenor Voice Wanted for Church Choir at Whitminster; could be employed in the garden."

Gloucester Citizen.

We trust that this refers to the tenor-part in *Roméo et Juliette;* but of course it *might* be that the voice was wanted in the garden just for scaring cats.

An Offer to Patriots.

For Hire.—Frock Coat, Top Hat, Kid Gloves, Swagger Cane, Imitation Gold Watch Chain, &c. Complete outfit for any gentleman who wishes to appear *à la mode* on the day of Lord Selborne's visit to Middelburg.—*Middelburg Observer.*

THE SECRET OF SANITY.

[Lord ROSEBERY attributes the growth of insanity to the restlessness of modern life, and advocates as a remedy the cultivation of home and the domestic joys. In the following verses he is supposed to be addressed by one of his peers—a millionaire.]

MY Lord, you lately let us know
That British wits are on the wane,
Hinting at reasons why we grow
Each decade more and more insane;
And I have thought you might
Be glad to know that you have got the answer right.

Not Drink alone has wrought this ill,
Or why should Mr. ASQUITH mope
Over the nation's liquor-bill,
And nurse inside the secret hope
That such as you and I
May, ere the 5th of April, be induced to die?

Rather the cause is vague unrest,
The constant itch for change of air,
The pitifully feverish quest
Of things that are not here, but there,
The quaint, the quite absurd
Passion, on everybody's part, to be a bird.

And you, my Lord, have rightly shown
(Speaking, as usual, like a book)
How, if we never quit our own
Peculiar hearth or ingle-nook,
This habit does a lot
Towards minimising any risk of mental rot.

That is your rule, and that is mine;
We both have learned the simple life;
On principle we both decline
The noisy stir of modern strife;
No man could point to us
As tearing round upon a motor-bike or -bus!

Prizes to which those others press
Whose ruder minds prefer to mix
In roaring commerce or the stress
Of vulgar party politics—
We two can well afford
To be content without them, can we not, my Lord?

The gifts bestowed by Fortune's hand,
Such as they are, for us suffice;
We do not course by sea and land
Nosing each new exotic spice;
We do not need to roam;
We merely move about from home to happy home.

A modest house in Grosvenor Place,
A park, a moor, a hunting-box,
Some decent villas, just a brace,
By Monte's blue, on Capri's rocks—
With these for homely haunts,
I, like yourself, revolt from jumpy outside jaunts.

Yes, you and I, my Lord, have found
The golden key to perfect calm,
And, while the Race gets over-wound
For want of this domestic balm,
Our nerves are never racked;
We still contrive to keep our temperate brains intact.

O. S.

The Faking of Antiquities.

"SIX years ago," says *The Northern Scot*, "there was erected in Rothes a fine commodious church." Since then, "the congregation have been endeavouring to wipe off the date."

THE MILAN EXHIBITION.

IT is principally of railways and means of communication. But search will be made in vain for the Pavilion of Truth (*Padiglione della Verità*), with special exhibits of the Italian State Railways. There are miles of locomotives and carriages from various countries, but this modest, almost shamefaced, little collection is not with them. Yet it should be somewhere, for it contains, among others, the following paintings, diagrams, models and photographs:—

Model.—Interior of a first-class compartment, to seat eight, containing one thin, small *Eccellenza* (travelling with a Senator's free pass and entitled by the *regolamenti* to a reserved compartment) and one thin, small umbrella.

Model.—Interior of a second-class compartment, to seat ten, containing four thickly-clothed passengers of the third-class, eight stout ones of the second, and eleven carrying coats, cloaks and mantles, of the first; three dogs, a parrot, two babies, twenty-three umbrellas, seven boxes, thirteen bags and forty-one smaller packages.

Photograph.—Two locomotives, apparently a second-hand purchase from the Republic of San Domingo, for the expresses between Milan and Rome.

Photograph.—A train of seventeen coal-trucks lost somewhere between Domodossola and Reggio di Calabria. The Department of Railways will give a handsome reward for the discovery of this train.

Model.—A solid trunk to be sent off by goods-train.

Model.—The same trunk, eight months later, on arrival at destination twenty-three miles away, completely smashed and half empty.

Painting.—Five hundred German tourists waiting at Taormina station, an edifice constructed many years ago to suit the original local requirements of about three passengers daily. Clouds of dust, in which the Germans have driven down the long, shadeless road. Supply of beer in the refreshment shed, four small bottles.

Painting.—Seventy American tourists, pale and fatigued in appearance, trying to sit on the two benches on the platform at Florence, while waiting for the *direttissimo*, nineteen hours late.

Photograph.—A foreign tourist, when the train has started, counting the number of leaden *lire* given him with his change.

Photograph.—The floors of an Italian railway station being washed owing to an accident, for which no one can be blamed, caused by a sudden flood.

Painting.—An English tourist, with his family, registering his luggage, secured by the official lead seals of the Government, at a railway station. The Englishman is pointing out to his family the advantages of this system over the English haphazard methods, especially as the receipt given him makes the Italian Government itself responsible.

Model.—Interior of the luggage-van. The Englishman's luggage is lying about, every box and bag having been opened with skeleton keys. The thieves are selecting what they fancy. Fresh official lead seals are ready to be put on afterwards.

Painting.—The Englishman and his family opening their luggage at the hotel.

Photograph.—The Englishman, on arrival at the British Consulate.

Painting.—The Englishman, receiving eighteen months later a refusal of redress from the Department of Railways, and putting the case in the hands of an *avvocato*.

Painting.—Seventeen years later. The commencement of the Englishman's lawsuit.

Painting.—Thirty-two years later. The conclusion of the law-suit. Verdict for the State Railways, with costs against the executors of the Englishman's grandson.



A REALLY INDEPENDENT PARTY.

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. (*quoting popular ballad*). "CURFEW SHALL *NOT* RING TO-NIGHT!"
The Bell, M.P. "I BEG YOUR PARDON. CURFEW *SHALL* RING TO-NIGHT!"
Mr. Keir Hardie. "MY MISTAKE." (*Drops off.*)

[An attempt has been made by the Independent Labour Party to coerce Mr. Bell. For the present this attempt has failed.]



Dick (looking at picture-book). "I WONDER WHAT THE NOAHS DID WITH THEMSELVES ALL DAY LONG IN THE ARK?"
Mabel. "FISHED, I SHOULD THINK." *Bobbie.* "THEY DIDN'T FISH FOR LONG." *Dick and Mabel.* "WHY NOT?"
Bobbie. "WELL, YOU SEE, THERE WERE ONLY TWO WORMS!"

PSYCHIC SURGERY.

[At a Congress at Stuttgart Professor GARRÉ recently described several cases in which the organs of certain persons had been transplanted into other bodies with astonishing results.]

NAE lad wi' sic a drouth on him had ever yet been born
As FINLAY MCKINLAY, the piper o' Kinghorn.
Gin there was ony funeral or dance or sic-like thing,
He gaed there an' played there lament or Hieland fling;
An' nane could tell no' FIN himsel' if joy or grief was worst
Tae mak' him lang for somethin' strang an' raise his muckle thirst.

In vain the parson preached till him. "O FIN," said he, "gie oop!
Ca' canny, my mannie! There's deith in yonder coop."
FIN only lauched an' shook his heid, an' "Meenister," says he,
"I'll gaily dee daily for sake o' barley bree."
Puir thirsty soul, he cudna thole to pass the "Harbour Bar,"
Or if he did, nex' step he slid intil the "Mornin' Star."

But ae fine day MCKINLAY woke no feelin' vera weel;
The fellow was yellow as ony orange peel.
He cudna sleep, he cudna rise, his soul was feared, for on!
The ceilin' was reelin', the vera bed seemed fou'.
The doctor ca'd, an' hum'd an' ha'd, and turned him roun' an' roun',
Then sent the chiel to some cute deil in Edinburgh toun.

O, wha can tell the mairvels o' oor surgeons? Wha can say
The hunners o' wunners they 're workin' ilka day?
They open patients oop for alteration an' repair,
Renewin' each ruin wi' bits they hae to spare.
So they began on FIN, puir man! An' sure as eggs are eggs,
They then an' there fixed on a pair o' braw teetottle legs.

Noo FIN is back amang us an' the legs appear a'richt,
But eh, Sirs! I'm wae, Sirs, for yon puir laddie's plicht!
He's just as dry as ever, but as sune as he wad hae
A drappie, puir chappie! thae legs o' his say "Nay."
They winna win intil an inn: they whisk him past the "Star,"
An', though he eyes the door an' sighs, they winna cross the "Bar."

Anither operation will be needed, it is plain,
Ere FINLAY MCKINLAY kens ony peace again.
To get him self-consecstent they will either hae to mak'
His throttle teetottle, or pit his auld legs back;
For surely nane can stand the strain that racks the soul o' FIN
Ilk time that he may chance to see a crouse an' canty inn.

Quack, quack!

THE German KAISER is said to keep an album for inaccurate newspaper statements about himself. He calls it *La mare aux canards.* For the benefit of its less cultured readers a Radical contemporary translates this as "mare-pond." We *could* disclose the name of this paper: but wild drakes shall not drag it from us.

Rouen.--French family (diplomée) receives boarders. Good opportunities for learning French. Home life. References . . . . Ci joint un mandat de 3 francs·75. --*Advt. in "T. P.'s Weekly."*

SOME unscrupulous person had detached this money-order from our copy of the paper.

The Standard reports Father VAUGHAN as having discussed, with one of its representatives, the question of changing our public-houses "into the form of the German bear-garden." Certainly, to judge from a recent escapade at the Zoo, we have not yet perfected the English bear-garden.

HOW TO SELECT A HUSBAND.

First Aid to the Perplexed.

Until we had read the current number of *The Young Woman*, with Professor James Webb's luminous notes on phrenology for marriageable maids, we had not considered the subject seriously; but so much impressed were we by that article that we called in the assistance of Professor Walter Cranium to do an equal service to readers of *Punch*.

Heads, says the Professor very sagely, are of different sizes. This is a point which cannot be too strenuously insisted on. Some are abnormally large, either by nature, like Mr. Gladstone's, or owing to artificial aggrandisement. Mr. Bourchier's, for example, is said to be immense. Others are merely big or middle-sized. Others, again, are quite small, even to freakishness, as recent visitors to the Hippodrome know. Bishops have large heads. Hence their hats are seldom taken by mistake by lay members of the club which they chiefly frequent. As an extra precaution, however, they adopt hats of a peculiar shape. Lay members of that institution, on the other hand, protest that this shows a want of confidence on the part of the episcopacy, and threaten to retaliate by adopting in self-defence a non-clerical form of umbrella.

Large heads make the best husbands. Had I daughters of my own I should say to them, Marry large heads. The sizes of men's hats are 6¾ and 6⅞ generally. "Sevens" hats are common in Aberdeen, and the professors of our colleges generally wear 7¼ to 8 sizes. Heads wearing hats of the sizes 6⅝ and smaller, or being less than 21 inches in circumference, can never be powerful. Between 19 and 20 inches in circumference heads are invariably very weak, and no lady should think of marrying a man with a head less than 20 inches in circumference. Had I daughters of my own I should marry them to Aberdonians. The first question that the parent of a young woman should put to the suitor for her hand is not "Where did you get that hat?" but "What is the size of your hat?" Much is said about heart in love-affairs; the hat is more important. Show me a big hat and I will show you a serviceable enough heart.

So much for the line of least resistance in choosing a husband. That all large-headed men are safe may be taken as roughly true. Now for warnings. Young ladies should look twice before marrying, nay thrice, at heads culminating in a Gothic arch (see fig. 8). They will thus escape the risk of an early and possibly painful death. Archness is an attractive quality in women, but the Gothic variety in men is fraught with sinister possibilities. There are of course exceptions, such as Mr. William Archer, who is above suspicion.

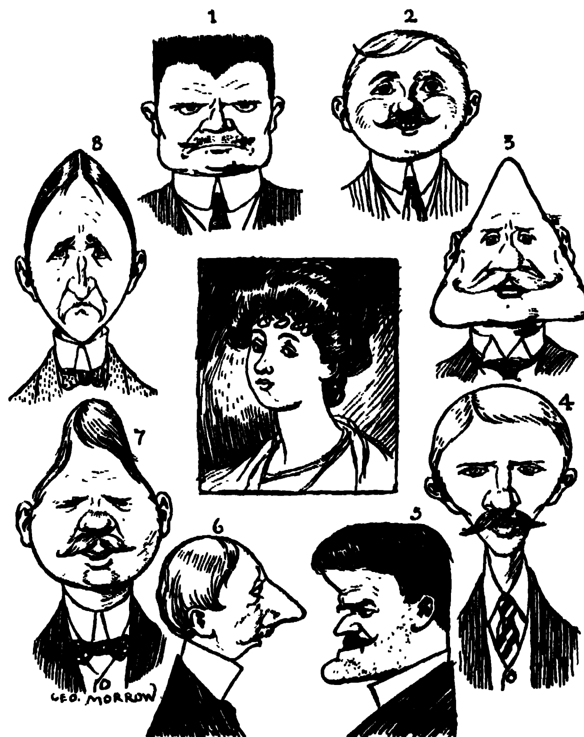
The pyramid-shaped head (fig. 3) should also be regarded narrowly, as indicating a three-cornered and tyrannical disposition. No self-respecting suffragette would ever care to link her lot with a Rameses or a Cheops. To marry such a person would be to attempt to make a bosom friend of an unscrupulous satrap. A pointed head has, however, its uses, especially at Rugby football, where a forward thus endowed may easily penetrate through the pack towards the enemy's goal by sheer force of using the thin end of the wedge. Still, an enterprising Rugby forward does not necessarily make the perfect husband.

Spinsters with heads six inches wide should marry husbands with meeker dispositions, with heads less than six inches wide. The wider head will provide energy, aggressiveness and perseverance; the narrower head unselfishness and forgiveness.

While a head with a noble dome-shaped crown inspires confidence, the Norman arch (fig. 4) is not always conducive to a happy *ménage*, betraying a deficient sense of justice and an oppressive self-esteem in its possessor. It is by no idle chance that "Norman" rhymes to "Mormon." As the poet sings:

Small heads are worse with coronets
And Norman skulls have Mormon blood—

surely a terrible indictment of the House of Lords!



TYPES OF HEADS TO BE AVOIDED BY ELIGIBLE SPINSTER.

1. The Square. 2. The Circular. 3. The Pyramid. 4. The Norman. 5. The Concave or Beetling. 6. The Convex. 7. The Pear-shaped. 8. The Gothic.

As a suitor the square-headed man (fig. 1) is best kept at arm's-length. Although his powerful osseous physique indicates health and longevity, evidences of geniality, fondness for animals and the capacity to amass a handsome income are lamentably lacking. It is impossible, for instance, to think of Mr. Hall Caine with a quadrangular head, admirable though he may be both as man and dramatist in all other directions.

The teaching of history, again, renders it impossible for the aspirant of matrimonial honours to take a roseate view of the pear-shaped head (fig. 7). As Mr. John Morley has remarked in one of those rare flashes of facetiousness which enliven his otherwise neutral-tinted prose, the woman who marries a man with a pear-shaped head is sure to be unapplely mated.

Louis Philippe, it may be remembered, was the most perfect specimen of the humanized pear, and he was pushed from his throne. Dumas *père* rarely paid his bills.

By a natural transition we are led to consider the claims of the circular head (fig. 2). Negatively, the absence of all angles and irregularities ensures immunity from all eccentricity and vice. But this blamelessness can be purchased only at a loss of all individuality. None but a young lady with a double dose of originality can afford to contract a matrimonial alliance with a man with a head like a billiard ball. It was the untempered virtue of the Roundheads (who were also square-toes) that led to the extravagances and excesses of the Restoration. There are occasions of course when even a square head can go round, but we are not referring to those.

There remain two further sharply-

contrasted types of cranial development. In the first a complete absence of chin is coupled with an adventurous nose and a receding forehead (fig. 6). In the second a bulbous and overhanging brow is balanced by a protruding lower lip and chin (fig. 5). Well-educated, modest and sensitive young ladies are equally to be warned against each of these types. The former is incapable of wearing a tall hat at a dignified angle unless provided with a Chirgwin attachment for tilting it forward; the latter is obviously unsuitable for home life. Better even than that would be a deadhead, for he, at any rate, could take his wife to the theatre. In fact, had I a daughter of my own, Professor WALTER CRANIUM added with much emphasis, I should think seriously of marrying her to the Master of the London Claque.

THE OCTOBRIST.

THE swallow-swarms are taking wing;
 The bees no longer buzz so;
The rain comes down like anything—
 It generally does so.
No more the butler keeps at bay
 A steady stream of wopses;
And everything looks dull and grey
 Except the ampelopsis.

The search for blackberries begins
 To be absurdly bootless:
We tear our clothes and score our skins,
 But still our toil is fruitless.
The chestnuts litter all the lawn;
 The mists at eve grow thicker;
And every night defers the dawn
 And comes again the quicker.

Now he who lately left the House
 Of course I mean the Member—
Who missed the globe or missed the grouse
 Through August and September,
Sighs as he doffs his tweeds and sinks
 The sportsman and his hobby;
Forsakes the moor or leaves the links,
 And thinks about the Lobby.

A reading fit begins to stir
 In palace and in hovel,
And every little publisher
 Is ready with his novel.
He puffs each mortal thing he prints—
 Was ever such a fond man?—
And Mr. CAINE is making mints
 Of money with *The Bondman.*

In short I really seem to fear
 I must be up and doing;
My active mind ferments like beer
 That 's newly set a-brewing.
This sort of beery sympathy
 That makes my mind less sober
Convinces me the month can be
 No other than October. R. C. L.



THE LIFE OF PLEASURE.

(4 A.M.)

Algy (coming in from dance). "ALWAYS PITY THOSE DULL DOGS WHO ARE ASLEEP AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNIN'!"

Archie (going out cubbing). "YA-AS. J-JOLLIEST HOUR OF THE TWENTY-FOUR, I ALWAYS THINK."

A Protectionist on the Horrors of Protection.

The Daily Mail, which is presumably still true to its Protection principles, should be more careful not to give the show away, as it recently did in the following passage, taken from a leader on the "Labour War":—"Workers should remember that, under the Free Trade policy, the masters have to compete with all the world, and with countries where wages are much lower and the conditions of labour much worse than in England."

Adding Fire to Fuel.

The Yorkshire Telegraph and Star, in reporting a fire on the Veloce Line steamer *Nord Amerika*, states that Captain BARBIERI "ordered revolvers to be issued to the crew, and the whole ship's company turned and fought the fire." We very cordially recommend this homœopathic remedy.

THE horse with which His Majesty the KING won the Newmarket St. Leger Stakes was described in *The Daily Graphic* as "Mr. H. M. KING'S *Cheverel.*" The Turf is a wonderful leveller.

THE HOLIDAY KIDS.

(Invited by Helen and Cecil.)

II.

[CECIL says we ought to put a thing on the top of this chapter like Nurse has on the top of her Boudoir Story. It comes every Saturday, and she keeps it under the stockings in the mending basket. We call it that, because when CECIL and me fished it out one day we counted Boudoir nineteen times in one chapter. CECIL read one right through, and he says that everything happens either in a Boudoir or under Ancestral Trees.

Anyhow last week our chapter was about this. Lady MONTFORT had got Mother to get up a Bazaar for the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and CECIL and me persuaded her to let us have two boy-kids of our own to go on with, and one of them (BRASSY) was mad because we hadn't asked his POLLY as well, so of course we had to dash off to Mother to explain. This is in case you didn't remember.]

"MUST you come in, children?" asked Mother, as we all plunged in upon her.

"We must, mother!" I said. "It's about POLLY. BRASSY wants her so awfully."

Then it was that Lady MONTFORT sprang out from behind a mountain of bazaar things. She's a scenty person, and very pincushiony. I die to prod her with pins when she hugs me. CECIL wants to dust her.

"Oh, you dears!" she cried. "So you have brought in the beautiful raw material."

"I beg your pardon, Lady MONTFORT," said CECIL; "we just wanted mother."

But she only swung across the room, pushed CECIL and me out of the way, and grabbed at CLINKER and BRASSY.

"Boys do let me hear from your own lips your true impressions of this delightful holiday! Is this the very first time you have been out of Manchester?"

CECIL and me were terrified when we saw BRASSY's eyes sparkling.

"Yes, lady, and you bet it will be the last!" he said.

"Oh no, you poor modest child! Of course you will come another year! See—this room is full of lovely things made by kind gentlemen and ladies to get money for you and your little friends!"

Then she turned to Mother, and said: "If one could only read the thrilling experiences which lie buried in their eyes!" But we all heard, and CECIL writhed.

Mother was just coming to the rescue, when BRASSY burst out:

"When folk has bought all this lot, what good will it do them?"

"What does that matter to us so long as we get the money?" said Lady MONTFORT.

"Then why can't they pass forward the brass straight off, without having to cart this lot home with them?"

CECIL and me inwardly chortled. Poor Dad had been saying for weeks to Mother:

"Blank cheques are what you want out of these people, KATHERINE, with free leave for us to keep our own hearthstone to ourselves."

But Lady MONTFORT was delighted.

"Oh, dear Mrs. LISTER! They are the real thing! *How* clever of the little fellow to say that! Such wisdom from a Manchester slum. Perhaps they *are* Socialists in embryo. I have so yearned to see a real one. Of course one has seen the Countess of ——"

"This ain't nothing to do with POLLY!" said BRASSY, sullenly. "And who are you staring at? I ain't a blooming monkey on a pianna orgin!"

"Isn't he *quaint!*" said Lady MONTFORT. But CECIL suddenly backed us all out, and we made a dash for Dad, who, we knew, was splashing about in the barn at some bazaar scenery.

"Look here," panted BRASSY, "I ain't going to see no more ladies at no price! My constitution won't stand it! Me and CLINKER'll be getting softening of the brain, and we can't afford the luxury!"

"You should see the ladies as *we* know!" said CLINKER. "They'd give yours points, and talk 'em down easy!"

But we were at the barn, and there was Dad in his shirt-sleeves, with a great whitewash brush in his hand, and pails of his colour washes about. He was slap-dashing at a fearful rate—blue sky clouds a tower trees.

"He does it while you wait, he does!" said CLINKER. We could see they were tremendously impressed.

Then Dad turned, stepped back, and laughed.

"Hullo! The Goths and Vandals honour me! Admire my scene for the Sleeping Beauty?"

"Oh," cried BRASSY, "POLLY can act that!"

"Why, who's POLLY?" Dad stopped to light his pipe.

"That's why we've come!" I cried. "BRASSY wants POLLY. She's his best friend, and she's a girl, and poorly, and——"

"She's not too poorly to do the Sleeping Beauty for you, sir! My—ain't she got eyes, when she opens them at the Prince! And when her hair's fresh washed, it's as gold as gas! And she's got white shoes and stockings of her own, and she'd do it for you for nothing!"

"He's quite sick for her, you know, Dad," said CECIL.

"And she'd sing, if you want, sir—for nothing. She's worth a shilling a song any night. And if you've a job about the place, sir, I'd as soon do it as loaf around; and here's the five shillings for her fare!"

BRASSY stuck his prize-money right into Dad's hand and Dad just shook it about in his palm as if it burnt him.

"Been to Mother, children?" he asked CECIL and me.

CECIL went close up, and whispered: "No good. Lady MONTFORD, you know." And Dad nodded.

"Stick to your money, my boy!" he said presently. "Perhaps we can induce the railway company to bring your best friend without that."

"She'd have danced too, sir, if she'd not had bad luck."

"Polly is evidently a capable young person," said Dad, and pulled down another great sheet.

"Sir," said CLINKER (he had grown frightfully respectful), "could you do a public-house?"

Dad looked at him a minute, and then said: "Right you are!"

And while we watched he did a street, and the loveliest public-house—all glaring, and a real cab.

"Don't it look homeish!" said CLINKER.

"He does it better nor the best pavement artist I've ever clapped eyes on!" said BRASSY.

And then Dad explained that this was to be a street scene at the bazaar.

"With POLLY fetching beer!" said BRASSY. "And me and CLINKER could do you a fight, Sir—real sporting, if you'd like it!"

"But *we* must do something," I said. "It's not fair."

"Oh, you could be the toffs walking by," said CLINKER, "and saying, ''Ow hawful!'"

* * * * *

Dad and Mother were angels, and POLLY came, and CECIL and me watched the kids meet.

"Well, old gal, and how's Manchester?" said CLINKER.

"Hook on sharp!" said BRASSY. "Our carriage is waiting outside."

* * * * *

We got heaps of money at the Bazaar, and Mother ran neck and neck with Lady MONTFORT for the record. But she won at the very last minute by selling the original of the bazaar programme to herself for a guinea.

We think the kids enjoyed the holiday, but when we wanted them to stop on BRASSY said he would like to have obliged, but he couldn't afford to get behind the times; and CLINKER said to CECIL:

"My respectful thanks to all concerned, but dead off the country as soon as my summer outing is over. I don't want to turn into no Sleeping Beauty. I ain't got the complexion nor the nose for it; and besides, what would Manchester do? So long, youngster, and good luck!"

But Mother won't let POLLY go yet, so Dad has drawn a picture of her and given it to BRASSY. HELEN.



EXCLUSIVE.

Fair Driver. "Will you stand by the Pony for a few minutes, my good Man?"
The Good Man. "Pony, Mum? No. I'm a Motor-minder, I am. 'Ere, Bill! 'Orse."

THE NEW FINANCE.

Money Columns made Easy.

(The latest financial column is that written in light dialogue form.)

From the "Financial Trifler":—

I. Text—"Another boom occurred yesterday in South-Western Pacifics."

Lady Hermione Langwishe (taking cheque). Oh, you dear man! George, you're a trump! I *did* want the oof, and but for that rise in Pacific Preference——

Stockbroker. They were Ordinaries.

Lady Hermione. Yes, and I've seen the sweetest thing in hats at Cerise's I want to buy. There! That's right, isn't it? [*Handing receipt.*

Broker. Well, you've—er—signed your name as £95 and your address as Oct. 6th—but otherwise——

[*A clerk giggles respectfully.*

Lady H. What a devy place the Stock Exchange is! Those dear directors—to give us all that money!

Broker. I fancy they made some themselves; the auditors really compelled them to——

Lady H. Oh, there's Evie; I must be off!

II. Text—"Anglo-Patagonian Wild Cats experienced a sharp set-back."

Augustus FitzPoodle (bursting into office). I say, surely I'm not five hundred out on that Anglo-Patagonian thing, am I? It's too deuced awkward! I can't find it, I tell you!

Broker (consulting note). £514 3s. 5d. Your differences——

Fitz Poodle. I say, couldn't we threaten them or something? What's the good of your knowin' the ropes and all that if you can't——

Broker. You could carry the shares over; they'd charge 10%.

FitzPoodle. I say, can't you do *anything?* It's a *bit* rough, don't you know. I've ordered lots of things—polo ponies, and things—and——

Broker. The ore only worked out at a tenth of a grain a ton.

FitzPoodle (leaving office). I must really try to raise it somewhere, and pay off the poisonous thingamagig. Blithering idiots! (*Exit. Looks in again.*) I say, try and think of something, won't you?

Among the correspondence in *The Daily Mail* on the subject of "The Motor Problem," there is a letter from a physician, who exposes very cynically a scheme for improving his practice.

"I am," he says, "a country doctor, and during the last five years have had not a single case of accident to pedestrians caused by motor-car . . . As soon as I can afford it I intend to buy a motor." A Country Doctor."

It seems that the burnt child is not always expected to fear the fire. An advertiser in *The Daily Chronicle* desires the following:—

"Woman (young) for grill and frying; similar experience necessary."



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

Sassenach Shooting Tenant. "Morning, Dougal. I think I heard the wild geese cackling this morning. Flighting south, I suppose?"

Dougal. "Ay, just that. When 'll ye be thinkin' of goin' yersel, Sir?"

CRANKFORD.

The inhabitants of Crankford are as a rule retired and leisurely people. Indeed, a large amount of spare time is necessary in this village, as each member of the community takes a very active interest in his fellows, and spends hours daily in endeavouring to make them share the benefits of his own special system. For the distinguishing feature of Crankford is that everybody has a system of some kind to which he devotes the energy of his life, and that is what makes the whole village so industrious and so cheerful.

Upon my first entrance into Crankford my attention was attracted by enormous placards posted at frequent intervals upon the walls. These were invariably of two kinds—one printed in large blue letters, the other in red. The blue sheets read as follows:—

Join the Society for the Total Abolition of Nourishment in Any Form Whatsoever.

Rely for Sustenance upon Pure Air alone, and thus demonstrate your Distance from the Brute.

The message of the red sheets was equally insistent:—

Join the League of the Continuous Rebuilders of the Human Frame, and thus keep yourself in Stable Equilibrium.

From these placards I gathered my first information of the two rival societies at Crankford, but I was soon to know more. For I had not been long in the village before the President of the first Society, a little grey-eyed lady, emaciated but enthusiastic, waited upon me full of eloquent wisdom. She showed me clearly how Man in his slow climb from the Brute is gradually losing the characteristic mark of the Beast—*the desire to eat.* Already he has ceased to eat his fellows, soon he will lose the wish to eat at all. "Soon," she emphasised, for even here progress must be slow, and members of the Society are recommended to accustom themselves gradually to the treatment. Accordingly, as the Society is still in its infancy, no member has as yet reached the final stage. The increasing prevalence of indigestion among human beings, far from being an evil, is to be interpreted as a sign of progress; such pangs are the growing-pains of Man's development, whereby he is learning slowly and painfully, often reluctantly, that he can neither be happy nor well *if he eats.* Hunger, which at present men deem inconvenient, and if prolonged even dangerous, is a habit unnecessarily retained from the earlier stages of man's history—a habit, moreover, which soon will die when our infants are no longer stout and solid, from being fed on Somebody's Food, but ethereal and lustrous-eyed, from being fed on—*Absolutely Nothing!*

"Do you eat fruit," I asked—"an apple, for instance?" and I pointed to a fine pippin on a bough above my head.

"Certainly not," she replied with indignant emphasis, "any more than I would eat a butterfly!"

"And yet," I murmured softly, '*Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.*'"

"The words of a pagan poet," she said gently. "We have climbed the ladder of evolution for nineteen centuries since Horace drank his wine and ate his fruit. Ah," she went on dreamily, "I could re-write the Greek Myth of the Apple. The apple should be a gift of beauty offered to the Ideal Loveliness. It is only when Man opens his impious jaws and swallows it that it becomes indeed an Apple of Discord."

"If we abolish food," I remarked, "we should have considerably less work to do, and considerably more time in which to do it. How would man use his increased leisure?"

"He would *talk,*" was the reply, "and that is what his mouth was made for. *The eater cannot talk.* After-dinner speeches are a sufficient proof of the absurdity of expecting the mouth to perform a double function. If a man drank with his ears, would he expect to hear well? Let the beasts



WHAT NEXT?

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS. "I MUST SAY THAT I VIEW WITH APPREHENSION THIS MOVEMENT OF POPULAR LANDMARKS TOWARDS THE SCRAP-HEAP."

who have no language, use their mouths for eating, but let not Man degrade his organ of speech!"

As she uttered the last words in a low impassioned voice she left me and passed down to my garden gate. Scarcely had she disappeared when there arrived a stout choleric-looking individual, puffing in his haste. He introduced himself as the Secretary of the League of the Continuous Rebuilders of the Human Frame.

"I come, sir," he panted impetuously, "to counteract with my arguments the pernicious nonsense to which you have been listening. Evolution indeed! I should like to know what has kept pace with the evolution of man more consistently than the evolution of the kitchen. It was at the epoch of Rome's greatest glory, at the height of her civilisation, that she paid the greatest attention to her table. But enough of that. What we Rebuilders say is The waste of tissue due to the output of physical and mental energy is continuous, continuous also should be the process of rebuilding. We have heard often enough lately, sir, that unless the imports and exports of a country maintain an even balance that country is on its last legs. Apply that to the Human Frame. Unless the exported energy is perpetually and exactly counter-balanced by the imported nourishment the whole man, sir, is in a state of unstable equilibrium - a most unwholesome and uncomfortable condition. Look at that flower, sir. It has no dinner-hour, no fixed supper-time. It does not absorb its nourishment by fits and starts, and in consequence, sir, that flower is more beautiful than you or I." This I did not attempt to deny, for he was a plain-featured man, and he went on: "The bird eats a worm whenever he sees one, and that bird, sir, is more cheerful than you or I. We Continuous Rebuilders endeavour to grow beautiful and cheerful by following the example of the flower and the bird. Accordingly each member of our League carries a small watch, which strikes loudly at intervals of ten minutes, whereupon he takes some slight form of nourishment which he conveys about with him on a small hand-barrow."

"To be logical," I objected, "you should have no intervals, you should feed perpetually."

His face fell. "You have hit it, sir. But that is the difficulty of working out ideals in practical life. We did try a Perpetual Feeding Tube, carried in the mouth like a cigar, but it didn't work. It interfered with public speaking and so it prevented us from propagating our own doctrines. So we do the best we can. But my watch is striking." He hurried me to the gate, where stood his handbarrow laden with small dishes carefully arranged. "There," he cried proudly "meats, cereals, and other flesh-formers in the front, anti-fats behind, then the brain-producers, and finally nuts and fruits at the back. I have not a weak or unnourished spot within me, sir"—and he thumped his chest vigorously—"for, like a rational man, I build up my system *systematically*."

Here, with a rapidity born of constant practice, he swallowed the leg of a partridge and a large tomato.

I left him and went indoors. I was equally convinced by the arguments of each society, and so, like the legendary ass between two bundles of hay, I made progress towards neither. Accordingly I sat down and waited calmly for my usual meal.



Straphanger (*in first-class compartment, to first-class passenger*). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, 'ANG ON TO THIS 'ERE STRAP A MINUTE, WILL YER, WHILE I GET A LIGHT?"

Drastic Measures.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE is reported to have said: "Suppress your newspapers, and enlarge your lunatic asylums." We confess to a good deal of sympathy with SIR JAMES, but trust this step will not be resorted to until all efforts at Press Reform have had their futility demonstrated.

MR. HUGHES, Secretary of the Canine Protection League, seems, according to *The Daily Graphic*, to have been talking to a representative of that organ about the "practice of allowing dogs to follow their owners on cycles and motor vehicles. 'I admit that it sounds incredible,' said MR. HUGHES." And never was a truer word spoken.

ROUGH LUCK.

CALM was the scene, and luring to repose.
The scent of balms and hair-restoring spices
Were blandly recommended to the nose;
I heard the barber's garrulous advices
As from afar; and the soft-clashing shears,
Like chirping crickets, lulled my drowsy ears.

And, in a reverie, I passed again
To those far days when, at my grand-sire's place in
The golden Duchy, my redundant mane
Was hogged by JAY the coachman with a basin;
(And *why* a basin, why of all that's wild
A *basin*, has perplexed me from a child.)

'Twas there that they constrained my stubborn curls
With a dishonouring comb! When I objected,
They said it was a boy's comb, not a girl's!
They looked too plausible to be suspected;
But still the memories of my Cornish home
Are soured with thoughts of that infernal comb.

Mine was in truth a wild and rugged mat,
And uncontrollable beyond all others;
My grown-up sisters mocked it; worse than that,
Vilely compared it to my younger brother's,
A little beast, whose head was always sleek,
And wanted soundly punching once a week.

Ah, how I suffered! I can feel it still!
Young JAMES got all the praise—and I the merriment;
His was the head that called for every skill;
Mine was a field for humour and experiment!
I still remember how my smouldering flames
Burst forth—and how I took it out of JAMES.

'Twas thus. They had me cropped—a prison crop!
They jeered. Then rose I up against their jeering.
Sternly next morning to the barber's shop
I haled the imp. I bore him from the shearing
Shaven, I tell you, shaven like a sheep!
I got a licking, too—and got it cheap.

* * * * * * *

Thus, with a sense of well-requited injury,
I passed through older days to times more recent;
To-day my head of hair is rich (tho' gingery);
JAMES is so bald as hardly to be decent.
My locks are much admired at balls and crushes,
But JAMES—when JAMES removes his hat—he blushes!

DUM-DUM.

THE NOVEL NUISANCE.

[The scheme of legislation subjoined is suggested as a means of regulating the enormous output of modern fiction, a problem wellnigh as serious as those arising out of the growth of automobilism.]

1. No author or authoress shall be permitted to drive a quill, steel, or fountain pen of more than 5-paragraph power until she or he be duly licensed and certificated as competent to do so without danger to the public.

2. Every authoress and author shall be subjected to an adjective tax.

3. All novels shall be registered (for purposes of identification) with clearly-marked letters and numbers, indicating the school or district to which they belong; and no writer shall, to prevent classification, wilfully obscure his local colouring or moral purpose. Thus, whilst KY 3496 might represent the latest creation of the Kailyard romancists, attacks upon Mayfair and the moneyed classes could be labelled M.C. 666.

4. No writer shall compose novels at a faster rate than 350 h.-pp. per publishing year.

5. No speed competitions shall be allowed between novelists, except in such areas as may be licensed and set apart for the purpose, *e.g.*, the Dartmoor country, the Avon (Warks.) district, and the Sahara.

6. Special licenses shall be taken out for italics, autobiographical prefaces, and replies to reviewers.

7. Writers of novels shall be responsible for all sudden shocks, nervous break-downs, heart-failures, and (in the case of feuilletons) deaths from suspense occasioned to their readers, and may be prosecuted therefor.

8. Novels shall be bound and coloured according to their contents. Thus, sensational fiction must be issued in red boards, idylls of rural tranquillity in green or tree-calf, whilst brown covers are reserved for essays of the ruminating type, despatched from study-windows and the like.

9. The close season for novels shall extend from July 1 to September 30 in each year, and no work of fiction shall be published during this period, under a penalty (for every offence) of six months hibernation under hatches on an L.C.C. steamer.

A VALEDICTION.

[The Great Wheel at the Earl's Court Exhibition ceased running on October 6 for good, and its demolition is being taken in hand this week.]

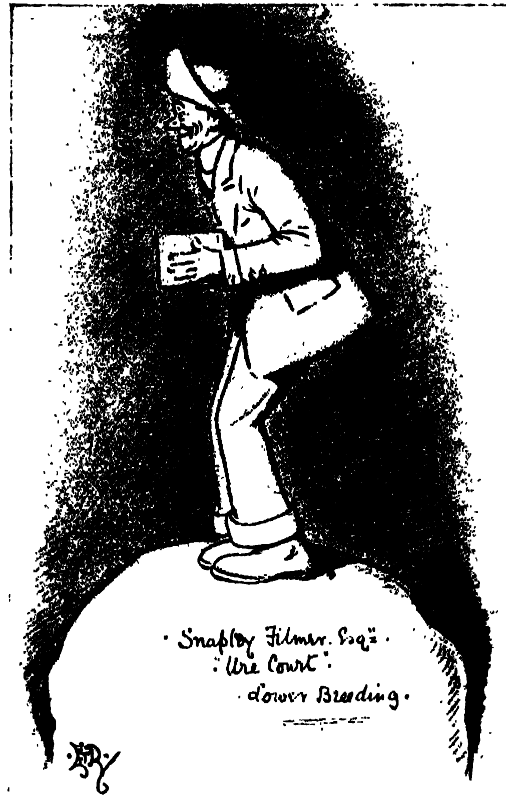
"*Eppur si muove*—move it does at last,
The Great Wheel turns, though truly not too fast."
Thus, after two or three false starts, was hailed
Our Toy, till then by Cockney wit assailed,
When in the June of Eighteen-ninety-five,
The huge machine began to look alive.
Skittish it was at first, nor need we tell
The manifold adventures that befell
Staid City fathers and suburban swains,
Who lost their several latest homeward trains,
When captive in their airy cage of steel
They passed the night upon the unbudging wheel.
But soon it settled to its steady round,
Fair day or foul, and stoutly held its ground,
While Wembley's tower refused to sprout aright,
And FERRIS felled *his* wheel with dynamite.
Ours plodded on, and tried to make a splash
Baiting its cars with lure of hidden cash,
With fivers for benighted fares to earn,
When London's Tombola refused to turn.
We loved the queer contraption for its size,
E'en though it nightly scarified our eyes
With flaming signs some Patent Milk to boom
Or Priceless Candle, to dispel the gloom.
It was our landmark and our meeting-place,
Our freak of clumsiness, our type of grace,
Our butt and pride and by-word, and our bore,
Fated, we thought, to whirl for evermore.
Not so, for by the dawn of Sunday's sun
Its years of not too crowded life were done.
The cold-iron-chisel gang will forthwith swarm
With dour disrivetters o'er its hapless form—
The breaking-up a toughish job they'll find,
Picking its carcass in the Autumn wind!
Its cars will go for seaside bungalows
Or chicken-houses in abandoned rows.
Farewell, fair Wheel! soon will your spokes be snapped,
And your ten hundred tons of iron scrapped.
Pray Heaven! from out your rubbish heap next year
You may not, like a quick-change Phœnix, re-appear.

ZIG-ZAG.

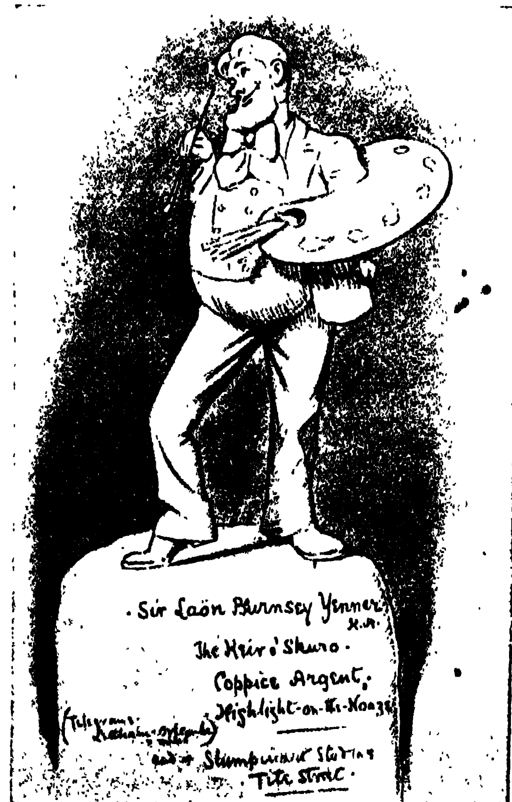
ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 7.

Further designs for statues of more or less private individuals who might otherwise have escaped national recognition.









THE DOGS OF WAR.

(*By the Author of "A Dog Day."*)

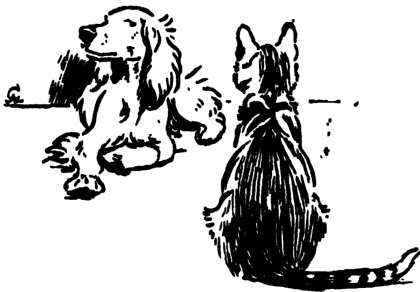
XI. Smith.

Mention of my people reminds me of Smith.

Smith was a blot on my reputation, just as Shah was on the Captain's.

The Captain and I—though it never leaked out—each had a cat friend.

I believe that such secret breaches of dog etiquette are not altogether uncommon, though seldom confessed. Indeed there are not wanting those—and among them the Captain—who hold that it shows a certain generosity of temperament, a fine freedom from prejudice, to admit one cat, as an exception, to all the privileges of our friendship. Still such views were never aired in public, for they would only have been misunderstood by the lesser minds.



I fancy that to Smith I was the Captain.

The Captain suffered a handsome but proud Persian to be his friend and contemporary in his home. I shall never forget how thunderstruck I was when by accident I first made the discovery. I found the creature hiding under a chair in the Captain's dining-room, and was proceeding to rush her out when the Captain, livid with rage, cried, "How dare you?" I had never seen him so angry, and I said, "I beg your pardon, but I thought it was a cat."

"So it is," he answered, "and don't you dare to touch her."

"Hoity-toity!" said I, losing my temper in turn. "Likewise, what-ho!" and I made for the door. The Captain barred my way, and his tone altered slightly.

"Naturally what you have seen is confidential," he said. I agreed, for my tantrums were always soon over. "And if you dare to tell a soul," he added, "I'll hound you out of the town." He need not have threatened me. Still, he was the Captain, and in a minute I was asking his pardon for having forgotten myself. My word, but I was surprised!

Soon afterwards Smith, who was just an ordinary tabby—grey fur lined inside with pink—stepped into my life.

She came to us as a tiny kitten, and to please my mistress I befriended her. The awful name Smith she received from my master. My mistress begged that it might, at any rate, be Smythe, but my master was a bit of a tyrant. He insisted on naming all the cats who came to his house Smith, and the previous ones had left on that account. There was nothing funny about it; it was merely silly and tyrannical.

As a kitten Smith was somewhat trying. She would insist on my playing with her whether I was in the mood or not. She grew up, however, into a lady-like, genteel young person, and something of an athlete. She was not so aristocratic in appearance as Shah, but nevertheless I was not ashamed of her.

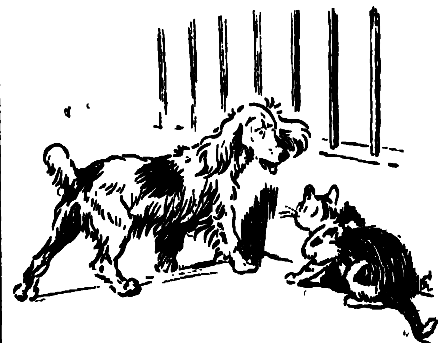
It was a great thing to have had the training of her from infancy, and I sometimes wondered whether the objectionable qualities in other cats might not, after all, be due to a large extent to their up-bringing. It was wonderful how fond I became of the little beggar, and she, I felt, both loved and respected me. I fancy, in fact, that to Smith I was the Captain—and I rather liked the feeling. I would often surprise her gazing admiringly at me. I was to her, it was evident, the embodiment of beauty and physical strength. And I took pains not to disillusionise her in regard to the latter point. At the cost of some inconvenience when she pricked me I often pretended that I did not feel it. And I told her that if I liked I could brain her with one blow from my paw. And I would tell her tales of combats with other dogs which would make her hair stand on end, so that the nervous little thing would beg me to take more care of myself. Sometimes I could not resist the temptation, and I would stick it on a bit, and tell her, for instance, how I had had a fight with a couple of horses and had easily overcome them, or that I had chased half-a-dozen policemen for over two miles. Smith was curiously simple-minded, and it was the easiest thing in the world to impose on her. I told her that dogs really had claws, only they were too good-natured to use them. One day, again, she confessed to me that she had an immense admiration for flies; she thought it so clever of them to walk upon the ceiling. At this I informed her that it was really quite easy, and that when I was younger I would think nothing of running round the ceiling two or three times before breakfast. And she believed it, Lord forgive me! It was wonderful the opinion Smith had of me.

Now and then Smith would try a little mild bragging. For example, one morning she informed me that she too was a Quadruped, and I almost died of laughing. It seems that another cat had told her so. Trust cats, when they get together, to talk either nonsense or scandal. Which reminds me that the vile Tabby Ochre once declared to Smith that the Captain was one of the most cowardly dogs she had ever met. Smith had the decency and the pluck to tell her she was a liar. That, anyhow, was the explanation Smith gave of a nasty scar on her nose. By-the-by, some of Smith's mouse tales took a lot of believing.

A point about Smith for which I could not help having a hearty admiration was her agility. Smith used to say that "everything that a cat can get belongs to her," and, if she were hungry, she would with the greatest ease jump on to a shelf and help herself—while, if I were to have attempted such a feat, I know the dish would have come down with a clatter.

Naturally enough Smith and I influenced each other's habits and customs to some extent. I taught Smith how to lie down in a dignified manner, with her paws straight out in front, and she taught me how to curl up comfortably. It used to amuse me to see how Smith aped me in a hundred-and-one ways. She even took to scratching herself. And she would eat plain bread like I did, because she thought it manly. And I taught her to wag her tail when she was pleased, like a civilised person, instead of when she was angry. This was great fun, as humans would be doing what she liked, and then they would suddenly stop, as they thought she disliked it.

By the way, the Captain once told me that the disagreement between dogs and cats owed its origin to tail-wagging. At the beginning of things, when animals had just been invented, the dogs declared that it was the correct thing to wag your tail when you were pleased, while the cats took the opposite view, and they have been fighting about it ever since.



"Would you ruin me?" I hissed.

The one thing that I feared in regard to Smith was that she would try to accompany me out-of-doors. I did all I could to frighten her off the idea by drawing a highly-coloured picture of

the dangers of the streets. I ran motor-cars for all they were worth. I told her how the machinery of the cars, to their owners' great annoyance, was constantly getting clogged up with cats. I also told her how the motorists wore coats lined with cat-skins, and how many cats, especially tabbies, were kidnapped for the sake of their valuable clothes, stripped, and left naked by the roadside. In spite of this, one fine morning, judge of my alarm, on looking round, to find Smith following me! My rage knew no bounds. "Would you ruin me?" I hissed. Smith, I fancy, had never seen me so angry before. She crouched down, as though fearing I would hit her, and then slunk back, a picture of misery. It was, of course, a flagrant act of disobedience, and I am glad to say it was never repeated. It was the last time I had occasion to make any complaint to her. Taking her all in all, she was a very good little thing; and, my word, how the little baggage adored me!

The Captain's attitude to Smith was somewhat peculiar. The first time they met, Smith ran up to the Captain; and anyone who did not know the Captain would have said he was afraid, for he moved off very quickly. After that, Smith would frequently attempt to play with the Captain as she often did with me—she would try all her arts of coquetry, for she was a bit of a flirt, was Smith—but the Captain would always ignore her. Officially, it was evident the Captain had resolved to deny her existence. Smith sometimes complained of this to me, but, as I told her, it was not for the likes of her to expect one of the Captain's rank and position to take notice of a little ordinary tabby cat named Smith.

The Buxton Advertiser, describing a haystack fire, states that "the cause of the outbreak was supposed to be combustion." A bold guess!

In case Miss Camille Clifford and Miss Phyllis Dare are in want of a duet at the Vaudeville we beg to suggest—"Now that we two are Maying!"

LITERARY NOTES.

We understand that the authoress of that biting story *The Viper of Milan* has a series of ophidian romances on hand, some of the titles of which we have been privileged to divulge. They are *The Cobra of Constantinople*, *The Blindworm of Buenos Ayres*, *The Adder of Aden*, *The Rattlesnake of Rye* (dedicated to Mr. Henry James), *The Boa Constrictor of Balham*, *The Python of Peckham Rye* and *The Slow-worm of Assisi*.

The title of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's new novel *The Dumpling* is bound to exert a potent influence on fictional nomenclature. Already we hear of *The Roly-Poly*, *The Turnover*, *The Rock Cake*, *The Shape* and *The Mould*.

Talking the other day with a West-End bookseller, I gathered that the best selling books were Mr. Hichens's *The Fall in the Mud*, and Mr. Maxwell's *The Larded Game*.

My interlocutor surprised and fascinated me by adding the curious item of information that no new novels are ever issued in buckram. *À propos* of bindings, my friend told me that his forty years' experience of London book-buyers convinced him that if Mr. Bent's new *Every Woman's Library* were to come out at a penny a volume, bound in Russia leather, it could not fail to command a considerable sale.



Voices in the distance. "Number One and all's well!" "Number Two and all's well!" "Number Three and all's well!"
Member of Second Cavalry Line. "Number Four and all's not a bit well!"

AN AFTERMATH OF OPERA.

The autumn season opened at Covent Garden last Friday with *Rigoletto*, of all depressing themes. I must think it was chosen for its popular tunes, for there was a half-provincial air about the house. The prices were too low to attract the noblest tastes. The absence of familiar diamonds made one shy of believing that the music could really be first-rate. Mme. Melba, however, did what she could to correct this impression, not only by her glorious singing, but also by her own bejewelled fingers, which lent a distinctive lustre to her part as the simple child of a chartered buffoon.

Most of the Pit Tier boxes had had their partitions knocked down, which gave to this part of the auditorium an atmosphere of impropriety, as if it were a gigantic mixed bathing-machine. The gallery-gods seemed to think they were in a superior music-hall, for they wanted to have *Caro nome* encored. Mme. Melba obliged them so far as to leave her bedroom on the first floor, come down by way of the terrace and make her bow from the garden. Then she retired on the ground floor; with the consequence that when the revellers came to carry *Gilda* off they had to be content with a dummy. She was in great and bird-like voice.

Signor Sammarco, as *Rigoletto*, sang and acted nobly. I cannot say as much for the *Duca* of Signor Krismer. When he sang *pianissimo* he was pleasant enough; but the moment he let his voice go it seemed to come through an inferior gramophone, so metallic was its tone. He was not a bit like his property portrait on the wall (these *Rigoletto* Dukes never are). His legs were much fatter, and he had no beard.

Signor Walter, as the cut-throat *Sparafucile*, was a right Italian stage villain, and the *Monterone* of Signor Thos was visibly an injured man.

Vocally the chorus was well trained; but they had learned their lessons mechanically, and acted rather like stuffed marionettes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT the opening of her new book, *Prisoners* (HUTCHINSON), MARY CHOLMONDELEY gives one the impression of having her literary muscles rather stiff from disuse, or else rheumatics. Her style is laboured; it lacks freshness and ease. Here is a bad passage: "The duke approached, superb, decorated, dignified, with the polished pallor as if the skin were a little too tight, which is the Charybdis of many who have avoided the Scylla of wrinkles." That is really unworthy of her. But as soon as she reaches, quite early, one of those dramatic situations in which she so excels, she warms to her work. She writes best, indeed, when she has most to say, or when the mood of humour—her special gift—is upon her.

Miss CHOLMONDELEY is a close student of character. In dealing with her central figure, *Fay*, she allows no prejudice in favour of her own sex to temper the almost surgical sincerity with which she probes to the place where the poor creature's heart ought to be. Yet her analysis leaves us sceptical. "It is difficult," she somewhere says, "for those who have imagination to understand the *insouciance*, which looks so like heartlessness, of the unimaginative." That is a wise saying; but want of imagination, though it may lead to very painful results—such as the suicide of *Endymion's* father—cannot by itself explain the behaviour of *Fay* to *Michael*.

It is conceivable that a woman without courage or sense of honour might, in order to cover a situation which threatened to compromise her good name, allow her lover to assume the guilt of a crime in which neither he nor she was concerned. It is conceivable, though their relations were innocent in act, that she might leave him to his punishment rather than expose her secret to her husband. But it is barely conceivable, if she had the merest caricature of a heart, or indeed was human at all, that, after her husband's death, she should still let her lover go on wearing out his life in penal servitude for want of a word from her. Brutality of this order can hardly be explained by a mere defect of imagination. But, even so, one can understand how such a woman might be regenerated if she met a man with enough heart's blood in him to spare some of it for the furnishing of her empty veins. But the man whom our author provides for this purpose is a preposterous and unlovable prig, on whose pedantic egoism she is at the greatest pains to insist. It is indeed a tribute to Miss CHOLMONDELEY'S charm that she can afford to impose such improbabilities upon us. So shining are her virtues as a teller of tales that we must needs overlook apparent errors of judgment which in a less brilliant writer would have been a damnable offence.

We have long known, on the authority of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. As *A Wanderer in London* (METHUEN), Mr. E. V. LUCAS, whilst admitting he does not know whither good hansom drivers ultimately repair, positively announces that "bad ones are condemned to the box seat of four-wheelers." This by the way. The supplement to his charming narrative of *A Wanderer in Holland* is in keeping with its happy title. He just wanders about London, and out of full knowledge, keen sympathy with its light and shade, its colour and its teeming life, he chatters. Lamenting the tidal wave of utilitarianism that lately rolled over London City, extending westward to Charing Cross, he disclaims discovery of profusion of curious or picturesque corners. 'What the traveller must journey to London to behold and study is, he insists, her men and women, her millions of men and women. Despite this disclaimer he leaves unnoted few of the precious bits of antiquity still left to the strenuous beehive. When found he makes a note of them with loving hand. He is particularly strong on pictures, devoting discriminating chapters to the Tate Gallery, Kensington Museum, and the Wallace Collection, and two to the National Gallery. This section forms of itself an excellent handbook. One cannot be expected to acquiesce in all his judgments. But in such matters it is not unpleasant to argue with a man of strong opinions, especially when he, having said his say, must perforce leave you the last word. There is a delightful chapter on music-halls, and, by way of balance, many pages about old churches. I can imagine no more delightful companion for a walk down Fleet Street or any other storied London thoroughfare than this cheery, cultured *Wanderer*.



Schoolmaster. "NOW, SLOGGS, YOU CLEARLY UNDERSTAND THE REASON WHY I'M GOING TO CANE YOU, DON'T YOU?"

Sloggs (son of the middleweight champion). "YES, SIR. IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A HEAVY-WEIGHT AND I'M ONLY A BANTAM."

The large picture-book entitled *The Education of an Artist* (A. & C. BLACK), the pages of which I have turned with so much pleasure, coming again and again on reproductions of famous works, should really have been called *The Exultation of a Tourist*. For, though no one can believe for a moment that *Claude Williamson Shaw*, its alleged hero, either existed or learned to paint, everyone will be certain that Mr. C. LEWIS HIND, the author, had a very good time as he moved from one European gallery to another gathering impressions, while his portmanteau was acquiring its complement of hotel labels. His ingenuity in forcing the Old Masters to illustrate the story of a modern soul-hunter cannot be too much admired; but what living artists will say of it is another matter.

Two things about Mr. SIDNEY LEE'S extended monograph on *Stratford-on-Avon* (SEELEY & Co.) perplex me intensely: there is no mention of Stratford-on-Avon's best-known resident in it, and the date on the title-page is 1907. I write these words in October, 1906, when this best of years has still nearly three good months to run, and it strikes me as an injustice to its sunshine and other merits to look ahead with this indecent impatience. Why should not Mr. LEE'S interesting book belong to it as well as HUTCHINGS'S boundaries and HIRST'S record and the marriage of Princess ENA and President ROOSEVELT'S manifesto? For the rest the book, although it overlooks Miss CORELLI, cannot be overlooked by any one visiting Stratford-on-Avon and wishing to know where he is.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has just placed an order for 40,000 chairs. It has realised, we suppose, that our Army, in view of its reduced numbers, must take all future attacks sitting down.

The County Council having decided that there shall be no "Paris in London," the City Corporation has been producing "London in Paris."

Meanwhile satisfaction continues to be expressed by our French friends that the LORD MAYOR'S Coachman should have been persuaded to include the LORD MAYOR in his retinue.

H.M.S. *Dreadnought* having proved herself an admirable sea boat, vibration and rolling being almost imperceptible, a lady correspondent wants to know why the South Eastern do not at once secure her for their cross-Channel customers.

During the Recess a room in the House of Commons, which was previously looked upon as the property of the House of Lords, has been turned into a smoking-room. Is this, we wonder, the beginning of the end, and will the House of Lords itself ultimately be converted into a restaurant for the use of the Members of the other House?

"Are British women's feet growing larger?" asks *The Daily Mail*. "Impossible," answers an ungallant Continental journal.

A Frenchman who had been wrongfully convicted of stealing some banknotes has been granted a free pardon for the mistake made by his accuser.

The internal decorations of the new Old Bailey are said to be most interesting, even though the offer of a wealthy retired house-breaker to present a series of medallion portraits of Great Burglars had to be refused.

Exhibitions are undoubtedly a powerful factor for civilization. During the six months for which the recent Earl's Court Exhibition was open upwards of 400,000 persons paid twopence apiece for the experience of sliding in a sitting position on a mat from the top to the bottom of an erection shaped like a lighthouse.

An expert having stated that, in his opinion, no man can be a really competent driver of a motor vehicle until he has had twelve months' experience of the roads, an Irish M.P. is to ask the Government to make it illegal for a *chauffeur* to drive until he has had that experience.

Is the horse, after all, so inferior to the motor? One day last week a runaway horse wrecked the fronts of four shops in Middlesex Street.



Sanguine Golfer. "IS THAT ON THE 'CARPET,' CADDIE?"
Caddie (as the ball swerves into cottage window). "YUS, SIR; FRONT PARLOUR, SIR!"

Dogs all over the world are much interested in the case of ANTONIO CONGRO, of New York. He lived for twenty-one years without bones.

Mr. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT has published a volume on the subject of British rule in Egypt. "I do not ask," says Mr. BLUNT, "that Lord CROMER should be condemned or dismissed or recalled from Egypt without a full hearing." This seems humane.

The world's natural wood supply will, it is authoritatively stated, ultimately give out, and owners of heads made of that material are already giving themselves airs in view of their prospective increase in value.

"The Isle of Wight County Education Committee," says *The Express*, "has decided that in future the marriage of a woman teacher shall be considered equivalent to the notice necessary to terminate her engagement." But surely marriage has always been one of the best known ways of terminating an engagement; this at least has been our own experience.

Some gentlemen who intended to present a Memorial to the President of the late Duma have abandoned their project, thus avoiding the prospect of a Memorial Service.

The Cunard Company has arranged to issue round-the-world tickets at a rate of less than a penny a mile; yet the gentleman who sent twopence to the Company with a request for rather more than a couple of miles' worth has, we hear, had his money courteously returned.

POINTS FOR LADY CUEISTS.

1. GET a good grip of the cue with both hands.
2. One of the white balls has a black spot. This is intended as a guide for ladies. Try and hit this spot every time. Shift the ball if necessary.
3. Incline the head slightly in order to put "side" on. A backward movement is necessary for "check."
4. The method of "screwing" a ball is similar to that of putting in a hat-pin—a short, sharp, vicious jab.
5. Should you mis-cue many times, try the other end. A little more chalk may be necessary.
6. Should you tear the cloth, don't worry; the maid will come up with the sewing-machine.
7. A game of "fifty up" should not take more than two hours, even allowing for the distractions of a mixed "twosome."

"The *Petit Parisien* says that the Chief Magistrate of the City will be cordially received. He will bring something of England's heart in the folds of his robes, and will take a great deal of France's back to the other side of the Channel."—*Daily Telegraph.*

FRANCE will of course retain the small of her back.

THE COOKS AND THE GAIETY BROTH.

Scene—*A room at the Gaiety Theatre. The time is some weeks prior to the production of "The New Aladdin." The authors of that piece are gathered in a dense crowd at one end of the room. They are all talking at the same time, and the noise is deafening. Enter* Mr. George Edwardes, *smiling paternally. His smile changes to a look of consternation as he surveys the excited mob before him. The authors rush towards him in a body, talking and gesticulating.*

Mr. Edwardes (*deprecatingly*). Gentlemen! Gentlemen! (*Confused shouting from the multitude.*) Gentlemen, this is too much. You are not the Angry Mob in one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's productions. You are gifted men of letters. Kindly behave as such.

The Authors (*somewhat cowed by this severity*). Well, but——

Mr. Edwardes. Well, but what? What's the trouble?

Mr. Tanner. It's like this. We

Mr. Risque. It's this way. They——

Mr. Adrian Ross. This is the position. Everybody——

Mr. Grossmith. Listen to me. I——

Mr. Greenbank. I can explain in a——

Mr. Edwardes. Stop! Stop! One at a time. One at a time. Tanner! What's *your* trouble, Tanner?

Mr. Tanner. It's like this. We can't make any headway at all. We've been fighting ever since lunch. We——

Mr. Risque. It's your fault. You're so unreasonable.

Mr. Greenbank. You're just as bad.

Mr. Grossmith. I——

Mr. Edwardes. Stop! Stop! Stop! (*The noise dies away gradually to a sullen murmur*). Now, Tanner?

Mr. Tanner. It's like this. My idea is that we want something absolutely new—something perfectly fresh.

Mr. Risque. And then you go on to suggest Edmund Payne as a page-boy!

Mr. Grossmith. Why drag in Payne? I——

Mr. Tanner. My idea is—something Gilbertian.

Mr. Risque. Well, you've got it, haven't you? Your stout fairy who nestles in a buttercup is copied from *Iolanthe*; your genie who has to talk in rhyme comes from *The Fairy's Dilemma*; your chorus of policemen from *The Pirates of Penzance*; and your policeman lost in London from *Peter Forth* in *The Bab Ballads*. One would think that that was enough Gilbert for one piece.

Mr. Grossmith. Now I——

Mr. Tanner. What I say is, why not have a plot in the Second Act as well as the First?

All (*scornfully*). Shame! Shame!

Mr. Edwardes (*more in sorrow than in anger*). I never thought to hear those words from James Tanner!

[Mr. Tanner *blushes, and hangs his head.*

Mr. Edwardes (*breaking an awkward silence*). Well? Has anybody else any suggestion to make?

Mr. Grossmith. I've a notion, George, that you make a mistake in overcrowding your stage. Of course it gives a certain air of liveliness to a scene to have a lot of people about, but the audience soon gets tired of it. What you want is to drop all that, and strike out a new line altogether. Now, how about turning the Second Act into a humorous monologue? I shouldn't mind doing it. I must get off and change my clothes every now and then, of course; but the orchestra could play 'em a tune or two while I was away. How does that strike you?

Mr. Edwardes (*doubtfully*). Ye-es. And yet——

Mr. Adrian Ross. The secret of success in musical comedy——

Mr. Edwardes (*coldly*). I beg your pardon?

Mr. Adrian Ross. The secret of success in musical comedy, to my mind,——

Mr. Edwardes (*with frigid politeness*). At any other time, my dear fellow, I should be more than glad to listen to your doubtless sound views on that obsolete form of entertainment; but time presses, and we have not yet settled the details of our new—(*with icy emphasis*) —*extravaganza.*

[Mr. Adrian Ross *starts and colours uncomfortably.*

Mr. Greenbank. I say—lyrics. That's what you want—good lyrics. And (*complacently*) we've got those all right.

Mr. Grossmith (*effusively*). Thank you, Percy, thank you!

Mr. Tanner (*who has been slowly recovering during the preceding remarks*). I have a bright idea. Why not try writing the part of a comic foreigner for Robert Nainby?

Mr. Edwardes. Excellent. Do it.

Mr. Grossmith (*doubtfully*). *Must* he have a part? It crowds up the stage, you know, it crowds up the stage.

Mr. Tanner. We must *have* a comic foreigner, you know. It's the Gaiety.

Mr. Grossmith. Then how about me doubling the part with my own? I should want to get off and change my clothes every now——

Mr. Risque. Something in the Shaw style would be my notion of extravaganza. Leave it to me, and I'll turn you out another *Major Barbara.*

Mr. Tanner. Gilbert would be my model, as I have said. You'd much better leave the whole thing to me.

Mr. Grossmith. Tell you what. Don't either of you Johnnies write anything. Simply let me come on and gag. How would that do?

Mr. Adrian Ross. Why not turn the thing into a concert? Nobody really wants to hear dialogue. What they want is to get on to the songs. I'll write you a dozen lyrics, and you can dole them out among the company. Then Tanner and Risque could take a holiday. I'm sure they want it. They're looking quite flushed.

All the Authors (*simultaneously*). Nonsense! Why—— That's absurd! I—— Rot! Look here—— And then, you see—— I mean, it's this way——

Mr. Edwardes (*waving his hands agitatedly*). Stop! Stop!

All. Sh—h! Sh—h!

Mr. Tanner. Can't you be quiet, Ross?

Mr. Risque. Do shut up, Grossmith!

Mr. Grossmith. Just for one moment, Tanner.

Mr. Adrian Ross. You talk such a lot, Greenbank. That's your trouble.

Mr. Greenbank. Risque, Mr. Edwardes is speaking.

Mr. Edwardes. Please listen to me. I see now that I was wrong to let you meet together like this to talk things over. It was a mistake. The only wonder to me is that you are all still alive. What you must do now is to separate, and work apart from one another. Each of you peg away exactly as you think fit, irrespective of the others. Then, when you've finished, we'll lump the whole lot together, and have it acted.

Mr. Tanner. And if the gallery don't like it, why, they must lump it.

Mr. Edwardes. And boo to the inevitable? Just so.

BAITING THE BARD.

The Editor of *T. P.'s Weekly* announces that in order to make the long fireside evenings of the winter months the more bearable, he will take his readers through a course of *Macbeth*, on which he invites correspondence, thinking in this way to knit all his readers in an inspiring study of one of the masterpieces of literature. *Mr. Punch*, who wishes him well in this admirable project, prints below several letters on the subject which seem to have reached his office by mistake:—

Was Hampstead Macbeth's Heath?

Dear T. P.,—I am so glad you are taking *Macbeth* for the winter evenings. It has always been my favourite play, not only for itself but because I live in the Vale of Health, and I know a part of Hampstead Heath (near Constable's Knoll) which I feel sure the divine Bard was thinking of when he wrote the Witch Scene. It is very unlikely he was ever in Scotland, whereas he must often have been to Hampstead on Bank holidays



IN THE BOOK-LISTS.

Dame Literature. "Well, they're supposed to be fighting on my account; but I must say I have my doubts about the clock-faced gentleman."



Old Lady. "ARE YOU SURE IT IS ENGLISH MUTTON?"
Butcher. "WELL—ER—BORN IN NEW ZEALAND, MADAM, BUT OF ENGLISH PARENTS."

and Sundays, when he was just a common actor. But I think it is a little hard to have called it a "blasted heath," but I suppose strong language was a defect of the times.

Yours, &c., MARTHA LEDBITTER.

SHAKSPEARE AND NEWMARKET.

DEAR SIR, Can you explain to me what the Second Witch means (*Macbeth*, Act I. Scene 1) when she says, "Paddock calls"? Who was Paddock? If he was a character, he called "off," as we say; and he certainly does not appear again. Do you think SHAKSPEARE intended to introduce him as a leading figure, but in the wonderful abundance of his invention forgot him? It is very interesting. The close connection of "heath" and "paddock" has suggested to the German commentator, RITTER ERNST SCHLOSSEL, that SHAKSPEARE for his heath, though nominally in Scotland, had Newmarket in mind. I should be very glad of your valuable opinion.

Yours obediently,
ALGERNON TINKLER (Surgeon-Major).

SHAKSPEARE'S BOASTED OMNISCIENCE.

DEAR SIR,—It is commonly asserted that SHAKSPEARE was a person of Encyclopædic attainments, but careful research has shown me that he was frequently at fault. For instance, he speaks in *Macbeth* of a "cream-faced loon." Personally, I have never come across that variety, but to confirm my view I have recently written to the Director of the Natural History Museum, who courteously wired back, "None in Museum, try looking-glass." Can any of your readers explain what he means by the last three words?

Yours faithfully, EDWARD GOLES.

BACON'S CLAIM VINDICATED.

DEAR SIR,—I note that you comment on the suspicious brevity of *Macbeth*. It has, you observe, only 2108 lines as against 3931 of *Hamlet*. No wonder you use the epithet "suspicious." If you take 1=a and b=2, the first two numbers in the total at once afford a convincing clue to the authorship of the play.

Faithfully yours,
JASPER TROTT.

THE DUFF ANCESTRY.

DEAR SIR,—I see you refer to HOLINSHED'S Chronicles as the material from which SHAKSPEARE drew. Can you tell me was he any relation to JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD the late famous theatrical manager? Also whether there is any foundation for the story that the Duke of FIFE is descended from *Lady Macbeth's* great-grandfather, King DUFF?

Faithfully yours, LUCY BLAMPHIN.

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

DEAR SIR,—Will you not exert your powerful influence to induce Miss EDNA MAY, now happily released from the shackles of musical comedy, to devote her great talents to the impersonation of *Lady Macbeth*? My idea of a model cast is as follows:—

Macbeth	HARRY LAUDER.
Lady Macbeth . .	Miss EDNA MAY.
Banquo	Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.
Macduff	Mr. OTHO TWIGG.
The Three Witches .	LITTLE TICH. MARCELLINE. Lord ROSSLYN.

Yours faithfully, AMANDA DOTTI.

"Four balloons ascended, followed by seventeen motor-cars belonging to the Volunteer Automobile Corps . . . All the descents were successful."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

WE can only believe the latter statement on the assumption that the mere reaching of the ground again by the given object (balloon or motor-car) is held to imply a technical "success."

"GOLD DRAIN TO THE UNITED STATES."—We are all for the best sanitation, but we cannot help thinking that the above scheme, broached in a financial contemporary, would prove far too costly.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

London's Importance and Population.

LONDON, the capital of England and the largest city of the world, has a population of 5,193,428, including Mr. BONES, father of the Misses DARE. Its staple industry is Bridge.

CHAPTER II.

Park Lane.

We cannot do better than come quickly to riches. What so interesting as wealth? What so potent?

The richest people in London live in Park Lane, which sometimes is called Pork Lane for obvious reasons. Let us traverse this piquant thoroughfare from north to south, and see who lives here. Beginning at the Marble Arch—but first an interesting thing about the Marble Arch. It may not be generally known that the Marble Arch contains a spacious apartment which has long been used as the headquarters of the Mormon Church in London. Services are held at daybreak on the 15th of every month, and are much appreciated. Resuming our walk down Park Lane, we come first, on the left (there are few or no houses on the Park side), to the magnificent home of Sir ALGERNON CATESBY. Let us wait till the door opens to admit of the many gilded callers, and then note the cork linotype machine in the hall.

In the adjoining residence, in the vicoco style of architecture, dwells Dr. ORLANDO TIBBLES, LL.D. and D.Litt., who has for neighbour, in the little bijou residence, so minute as scarcely to afford breathing space to his dozen flunkeys, but furnished to perfection, Lord ENO. Happy are the guests who have partaken of his lordship's salt and sipped his fruity port. Mention of salt reminds us that "The Mast Head," the nautical palace which is now rearing its many storeys before our admiring gaze, is the home of Baron LIPTON, owner of the famous racing yacht *The Butter Cup*. But the Baron is not now at home, as the absence of a pennon informs us. Could we peep in, what splendours we should perceive! The first folios of BACON on the shelves alone make the house worth a visit.

"Windsor View," the charmingly ornate building in terra-cotta to which we now come, is one of Sir GILBERT PARKER'S mighty seats; but he prefers to reside nearer his senatorial duties, in Carlton House Terrace.

The fine isolated sombre mansion adjoining it is Dorchester House, famous as the birthplace and home of Mr. THOMAS HARDY, the novelist; but he has for the time being let it to the American Embassy. It was here, in the room over the portico, that NELSON uttered his famous entreaty, "Kiss me, HARDY"—although there are critics who maintain that to have said, "Kiss me, MEREDITH," would have indicated a sounder literary taste. Here, however, we touch dangerous ground, which we would always avoid.

To resume the walk. At "Bankside" Mr. HALL CAINE makes his London home on his infrequent but very welcome flittings from Greeba Castle. Not all our great intellects, however, live in Park Lane. Sir WILLIAM CROOKES, for example, has a *chic* residence on the Tube just outside the radium.

Continuing our walk, we find, at the corner of Bath Street, "Oliver Lodge," now the headquarters of the Society for Psychical Research. Note the handsome biscuit-ware faience. Here, however, we must call a halt. Next week, Dear Reader, we will resume our ramble down the premier thoroughfare of the metropolis.



A PARK LANE RESIDENT AT BREAKFAST.

"WANTED, baby or very small grand piano, ... condition equal to new."—*Bazaar.*

IT is of course the advertiser's own business, but for ourselves we think the piano would be preferable. We do not care for the idea of a second-hand infant, got up to look like a new one.

THE LEVEL OF LOVE.

(It is reported that engagements run riot in the offices of the New York "Flat-iron" and other buildings of a similar type.)

THE bards have urged (in songs of flame)
That love is deemed of low account,
And business cares usurp a claim
Intrinsically paramount;
And who can doubt the charge was true
Before our builders scaled the blue?

How could the Paphian goddess feel
At home amid the sordid hum,
Where buses hoot and engines squeal,
But nobler transports never come?
Long since for more sublime retreats
She left behind our first-floor suites.

But, further up, where office flats
Imbibe the welkin's open breeze
And many a typing-maiden pats
Now her back-locks and now her keys,
Above the mesh of woven wires
Romance, we gather, still suspires.

There, where the pulse of commerce plays
Some fifteen storeys from the ground,
Her doves are due on cloudless days
To bring the bright Idalian round;
And there, to graft her heavenly gift,
She comes (with Eros) up the lift.

The merchant drops his pen to dream
Of flowery paths till now untrod;
The ladies also much esteem
Attentions from the archer-god;
Till in the purlieus of the skies
Our marriages materialise.

We like to think that, though the reek
And toil of urban life debars
Affection from its once unique
Facilities to scale the stars,
Yet clerks in flats that scrape the sky
Can pitch their passion fairly high.

Professional Candour.

"IT is not too much to say that all taking part in this delightful performance desire unqualified praise."
Tiverton Gazette.

ACCORDING to *The Estates Gazette*, "Count VORONTZOFF DASKOFF has offered his estate, near Parlograd, about 80,000 acres, for sale to the pheasants," and it is understood that one of them shot a rocketing landlord the other day.

HENRY'S IDEA

OF THE BOOK WAR.

"Any news from the front?" said Henry, as he filled a pipe.

"Nothing very much," I said. "The publishers have withdrawn their advertisements in good order, and the Book Club is pushing forward Lockhart's *Life of Scott* on the left wing."

"Ah, yes, I rather expected that."

"Which side are you backing?" I asked.

"Well, really, I don't know," said Henry. "Perhaps on the whole, though I expect you'll call me a Pro-Boer, the Book Club. Of course I don't know anything about the rights and wrongs of it all, except that each side is thinking entirely of *my* comfort and convenience. No, why I back *The Times* is because of Mr. Hooper.

"Of course I've never seen Mr. Hooper—I don't believe anybody ever has—but I've heard from him a good deal, and he writes a very nice letter. Masters, who is a cynic, says there isn't really a Mr. Hooper at all, and that he's just an abstraction, like the Man in the Iron Mask, and so on. Of course there's a good deal to be said for that, but I think the true explanation is that Mr. Hooper *was* The Man in the Iron Mask. I mean that would explain so many things—the Popish Plot, and Keir-Hardie, and the Letters of Junius. I think, anyhow, there can be no doubt that Mr. Hooper wrote the Letters of Junius. One only needs to compare the two styles.

"Of course this isn't saying that there is no Mr. Hooper just at present. I say there is, and Masters says there isn't; but then Masters is a cynic. Masters doesn't even believe in Mr. Arthur Fittings, of Victoria Street. He's the man who puts himself up as 'Art Fittings' on his shop, just as you see 'Jos. Brown & Co.' Masters says I'm an ass, and there's no Mr. Fittings; but I say there is, and a Mr. Hooper too.

"Masters hasn't at all the true conception of Mr. Hooper. He actually talks about him as Hooper! Well now, that shows the totally wrong spirit in which he approaches the great question. He is either Mr. Hooper or nobody.

"Of course to people on *The Times* he would be 'our Mr. Hooper.' I know a man who writes some of their advertisements for them. (He does the little bit in the corner about how to apply, and he considers '*kindly strike out one of these*' to be the best line he has ever written). Well, I asked him once if he had ever seen Mr. Hooper, and he coloured up and looked very silly, and wouldn't say 'Yes,' or 'No.' One night, after a pretty good dinner, he began to boast that he had . . . but Masters says after dinner isn't evidence. Though I believe that there *is* a Mr. Hooper, I doubt if anybody has ever seen him. There was a little paragraph in the papers the other day saying that he had just started for New York. Well, I think it was very nice of them to pretend that they really had seen him off, but it reads a trifle thinly, don't you think? I mean a General doesn't usually go for a holiday just when the battle's beginning. . . . Yes, I know I'm getting round to Masters' way of thinking now, and I don't want to do that. It's always the way when I talk of Mr. Hooper—a miserable sort of doubt creeps over me. . . .

"But I *do* believe in him. Remember that. I *do*."



Boy (*after watching old sportsman miss a couple of rocketers*). "Have you shot often, Uncle?"

Uncle. "Yes, my boy, a great deal. At one time, in Africa, I used to live by my gun."

Boy (*thoughtfully*). "Did you? And is that why you're so thin?"

Extract from Winter Programme of "The Sheffield Neighbour Guild":—

"Ambulance Class.—For Reading Shakspeare and other Plays."

"STANDS ENGLAND WHERE SHE DID?"

["The fact is there is a slump in street phrases and catchwords."—*Daily News.*]

They ask us loudly why we are downhearted,
What secret sorrow lines each careworn brow?
I answer, "Sirs, our glory has departed;
We have no catchword now.

Once, in the days that knew not "Mrs. Kelly,"
'Twas sweet to ask one's unsuspecting Pa,
The while our sides shook like a calves'-foot jelly,
If he had seen the Shah.

Scarce was that query stifled when another
Filled every honest boy with lively doubt,
As strangers stopped to ask him if his mother
Knew that her son was out.

I have known solemn merchants in the City
Betrayed to anger by some cheeky brat
Rudely enquiring, in a famous ditty,
Where they procured that hat.

Coming to later times, when Mr. Bailey
Displayed his irritating wish to roam,
Our prayers were uttered for that ruffian, daily;
"William," we cried, "come home!"

But now no more our walks abroad are greeted
With some deliciously familiar strain;
No whistled melody (*ad lib.* repeated)
Allures the weary brain.

Awake, some lyric bard, and break this silence.
"Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!"
The street-boy's cry, that once was heard a mile hence,
Hath not its ancient power.

And though, maybe, someone, somewhere, is hatching
A phrase to sweep the pantomimic boards,
Just now no epidemic that is catching
Dilates our vocal cords.

NATURE STUDIES.

An Old Factotum.

His name was the essentially British one of Martin Thompson, and his exiguous size was well suited to the bustling activities in which his life was spent. He had been in his time a waiter, a bookseller's assistant, a confidential agent to a wealthy American, a butler, a body-servant, a librarian in a small way, and a gentleman of some leisure and many occupations; but his mother wit and his native ability, which remained unspoiled by any merely formal education, had always, in the estimation of those who knew him best, raised him superior to the position he happened for the moment to occupy. Yet no man could have fulfilled the duties of that position with a more exemplary zeal or with a more complete satisfaction to those on whose behalf he laboured. He has been dead more than twelve years, but the memory of him is still fresh with me and must ever remain undimmed in my grateful mind.

He was born in Yarmouth, and in the well-bloatered atmosphere of that town he spent his early years. There he entered the service of a publican whose merciful habit it was to dilute with some less potent liquid the fiery waters that he retailed to his customers. There was a mysterious and tragical story how on one occasion a public official had called at the house to test the contents of the barrels. In vain had the publican attempted to devise some plan which would permit him to assume an innocent ignorance in the face of the imminent discovery of a watery admixture in the rum. Conviction stared him in the eyes, but Providence interposed to save a guilty man. The official duly arrived in the morning, but postponed his terrifying inspection until the afternoon. He strolled out to take the air, and fate drew him to a bridge under which on that very morning a mountebank was to pass in a vessel drawn, I think, by geese. The mountebank arrived, the crowd trampled eagerly from side to side of the bridge, and the bridge collapsed into the water, bearing with it, amongst others, the unfortunate official. "He'll have had enough of water, poor man," said the publican when the day had passed and the inspector had failed to reappear. I cannot forget the dramatic power with which Martin, as he told this grim story, described, first, the despair of his employer, and, finally, his infamous relief and satisfaction.

From Yarmouth Martin came to London in the year of the first Great Exhibition. And now began that Odyssey of varied employments which left him without an equal for experience and versatility. When I first knew him he was a butler, but no ordinary butler was ever like him. He could do odd jobs of carpentering; he could find lost keys or papers with an unerring instinct; he could drive a pony-cart; he could supervise building operations; and, above all, he could purchase books cheaply at a time long anterior to the foundation of *The Times* Book Club. Almost any other thing that required skill and neatness he could carry out in a house, for he was of those who did not disdain to do that which lay outside the customary scope of their work. His small stature might have made him an object of ridicule to a gardener or a coachman, but he owned a tongue that was more powerful than inches, and could compel the respect of the most stalwart. Yet he was human, for he allowed the sons of the house to borrow money from him, and, since he never pressed for repayment, he never failed to secure it. I once owed him £5 and sold a microscope to obtain the money.

When, later, he became a body-servant (the word "valet" would describe him with insufficient distinction) he often travelled abroad with his master, and though he knew no foreign languages he generally succeeded at last in understanding and making himself understood. The French he liked; the Germans he respected, but without liking them. Nor could he be cured of the notion that French, of which he had picked up a few scraps, was a universal language equally adapted to the intelligence of a German chambermaid and an Italian *vetturino*. I once overheard him explaining to a German man-servant that he and his master were leaving the German town, in which they happened to be staying, on the following morning:—

"We're goin' to-morrow, *departer demain*, me and my master."

"*So?*" replied Heinrich, who had not the vaguest idea of what was meant.

"Yes, we're off by the train—*chemin de fer*."

"*Jawohl*"—again quite uncomprehendingly.

"*Chemin de fer*, you dunce, *chemin de fer du Nord!*"

That was meant to be conclusive, for Martin evidently thought it was the generic name of all European railways.

From these foreign travels he declared he had collected a number of terrific oaths. They certainly sounded large, but they were due rather to his own ingenuity than to the anathematising genius of any continental nation. "*Sakarabilliapolakadonia*," as I remember, was one of them. In later life he was also accustomed to clinch a statement of doubtful veracity with the cryptic words "*qu'est-ce que c'est m'a donné pour la chose*," pronounced in an impressive tone that carried conviction with it.

During his service as a butler he had been privileged to wait on some of the truly great. Charles Dickens had exchanged many cheerful words with him; he knew the dishes that chiefly appealed to the palate of Wilkie Collins;



SUBURBIA'S SMART SET.

Mother (to Ethel, who has just asked why Father is going outside). "HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU YOU'RE TO CALL HIM PATER AND ME MATER?"

he had had his foot stepped on and his hand shaken by JOHN MILLAIS, and had often set ready to the hand of ROBERT BROWNING the carefully decanted bottle of port on which the poet sustained his flow of conversation through the courses of a dinner. He admired literary men not because he had read what they wrote, but because their books could be bought, and could then be expensively bound and be dusted with loving care.

For many years, in one capacity or another, he served one master with a fidelity so jealous that it only just admitted that master's wife within its range. His own private family he treated with condescension, and he never allowed their claims to interfere with his devotion to those of whose household he considered himself to be more truly a part. The death of his master was a crushing blow to him, and he survived his loss only two years.

A British "Jungle?"

CHICAGO must look to its laurels. *The Strand Magazine* publishes the following advertisement of a Maker of Pickles: "During the year of 1905, 126,000 visitors passed through our plant."

EVERY schoolboy knows that, if you make a mistake in the first part of a sum, the only way then to get the answer right is to make another mistake. So with *The Bristol Evening Times*, which writes of the *Dreadnought* trials as follows:—

"The maximum speed attained was 22¼ knots, with a mean of 22¼, this being an excess of half a knot over the contract speed, which is 21 knots."

MORE WHITEWASH.

[The character of Judge JEFFREYS has recently been defended with great vigour by Professor CHURTON COLLINS in *The National Review*.]

AND so, we learn, historians have treated him disgracefully;
Judge JEFFREYS, after all, was not a mass of inhumanity.
With feelings of relief we watch Professor COLLINS trace fully
His bright career, and write him down a model of urbanity.

By neatly balanced argument he shows us how unfair it is
To think this worthy man was one who lived for blood and massacre;
His tender heart was never prone to countenance barbarities,
And executions sickened him whene'er they did, alas! occur.

His treatment of a witness was exceedingly magnanimous,
He seldom raised his voice or fist when rising to examine him;
In short, he never showed the slightest trace of any animus,
Though down upon the perjurer, and swift to spot the sham in him.

And, though accustomed to regard him as a second PILATE, all
Must now admit he treated SIDNEY with uncommon courtesy,
Nor was the punishment reserved for Lady ALICE LISLE at all
Excessive, and at hanging her no person was so hurt as he.

Then, after this discovery, if ever there should be or is.
A person who believes the tales about his partiality,
A single glance at this Professor's scintillating theories
Will prove that we must take him as a type of true morality.



Fitz. "I say, are *all* your beaters out of the wood?" *Keeper.* "Yes, Sir."
Fitz. "Are you sure?" *Keeper.* "Yes, Sir."
Fitz. "Have you *counted* them?" *Keeper.* "No, Sir; but I know they're a' richt."
Fitz. "Then I've shot a roe deer!"

SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.

(According to Sir James Crichton Browne, there are some scientists who hold that love is but a phosphorescence on the surface of the brain.)

O, what possessed Leander
When he swam those stormy miles,
Or Trojan Alexander
At the sight of Helen's smiles?
What madness was it set
Romantic Juliet
A-flaming for a Montagu, and she a Capulet?

A hundred thousand poets
Have exhausted all their art
(And rhymes as well) to show it's
An affection of the heart;
But all their toil is vain,
For Science will explain
It's simply phosphorescence on the surface of the brain.

Had Science only spoken
In the distant long ago,
Had silence been but broken
When the rhymes refused to flow,
What time and trouble too
She'd saved poor poets who
Sought heaven and earth to find a rhyme that possibly might do!

Our bards had not been driven
To declare that they would prove
The joys of being given
To the service of their Loove;
Nor felt constrained to rove
The somewhat stilted grove
Whenever they were tempted to depict the joys of Love.

Nor had the bard, afflicted
With a purist ear, been found
So cruelly restricted,
And for evermore felt bound
To harp upon the dove
And the sapphire skies above
When he desired to write about his matchless lady-love.

But lo, a larger era
For the poets of our time!
They need no longer fear a
Sad deficiency of rhyme;
For no one can complain
He cannot find a strain
To rhyme with phosphorescence on the surface of the brain.

The "Standard" on the Education Bill.

"On no terms, therefore, will the people of Lancashire tolerate the Bill. It must be totally reconstructed. Even then it would be a sorry patchwork."

The Daily Mail reports that the "Artists at Work" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries has been visited by "Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, who is always greatly interested in women's work, and Lady Warwick, who was wearing a wonderful cinnamon-coloured pelisse." The contrast between these two descriptive passages must have given pain to Lady Warwick. Can it be that *The Daily Mail*, as the organ of the aristocracy, looks askance upon the life-work of the Leaderette of the Socialist Party?



REST, REST, PERTURBING SPIRIT!

Kaiser Wilhelm. "DONNERWETTER! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU!"
Shade of Bismarck. "THE LAST OF ME? WAIT TILL YOU SEE *MY* REVELATIONS!"



Little Girl (to irritable old gentleman, who thought he had found a quiet spot to read his paper). "If you please we want to play at Rounders. And will *you* be 'Home'?"

OUR MILITARY CRITIC SPEAKS.

[A correspondent recently complained to a contemporary that "the actor in touring companies is badly trained in military matters," and is not convincing when he is playing the part of a soldier.]

Oh, we take him from the wilds of Maiden Lane;
Twelve bob a week we give him for a wage;
We try to teach him not to look insane
When making his appearance on the stage.
He doesn't often have a lot to do
(Just enter r. and exit *l.u.e.*),
But the fact there's no concealing,
You—well, somehow can't help feeling
That he isn't all a soldier ought to be.

O-oh, histrion Tommy Atkins,
I've no doubt you do your best;
But there *are* a few improvements
You'll allow me to suggest.
Don't salute when you're bare-headed:
It is not the usual plan,
Scarcely, so to speak, the hall-mark
Of a military man.

His regiment's the "Loamshires" or "The Blanks,"
And the discipline's not rigid there, I fear;
For nobody says, "Silence in the Ranks!"
When he greets the hero's speeches with a cheer.
Real soldiers when on sentry-go, I'm told,
Are very seldom heard to air their wit;
But if he says nothing funny,
Then it's "Give us back our money!"
From the patron of the drama in the pit.

O-oh, histrion Tommy Atkins,
That is where you come to grief;
Real soldiers hardly ever
Deal in "humorous relief."
Though I've heard the gallery giggle
When your funniments began,
Yet, believe me, humour's foreign
To the military man.

He's in the mess-room scene in Act the First
When the villain tells the hero that he—*knows!*
When the latter bids the reptile do his worst
He separates them ere they come to blows.
In the big court-martial scene in Act the Third
He hangs about (left centre) and salutes,
But one feels constrained to mention
That, when standing to attention,
A warrior rarely gazes at his boots.

O-oh, histrion Tommy Atkins,
You'd be splendid, I've no doubt,
As a pantomime gazeka
Or a "sudden noise without;"
But you're rather like a waxwork
Or a doll that's stuffed with bran;
And this makes you unconvincing
As a military man.

THE TWO BELLS.

Motto for the Railway Servants' Secretary.

Il faut souffrir pour être Bell.

Title for the Manager of "The Times."

(From the Booksellers' point of view.)

Le Bell (d—n) *sans merci.*

MUSICAL TRAGEDY.

Friday, October 12.—Covent Garden is not to be mistaken for the Home of Musical Comedy. To-night is a possible exception, as there is a Fancy Dress Ball, but otherwise there has been a continuous stream of tragedies—*Rigoletto* (2), *Madama Butterfly* (2), *Carmen* and *La Bohème*—and the outlook, with *La Tosca* and *Faust* in the immediate future, is no better. For three consecutive nights Signor ZENATELLO has assisted, as leading gentleman, at the death of a different lady friend. The effort to distinguish nicely between his various griefs and remorses put a heavy strain upon him. In *La Bohème* I found his bedside manner rather attractive; but when *Mimi* expired—well, I never greatly cared for these paroxysms of Italian despair. His voice, though it may not be the equal of Signor CARUSO's in actual h.-p., has very seductive qualities. He is unquestionably the better actor, and even gave signs of a subtlety that is rare enough in opera.

In *Madama Butterfly* his sandy wig (for I assume that it was not his own hair) gave him a rather unfortunate appearance. It was, of course, a concession to the realities. Having no American accent, he wanted at least to look like an Anglo-Saxon, and also to bear some family resemblance to his flaxen-haired baby, whose likeness to his father is insisted upon in the text. All the same, it was a bad wig, and I was glad that in the last Act he kept his cap on as long as he could, and did not (like CARUSO) have to pick it up off a chair in the middle of a passionate exit. Signora GIACHETTI's performance of *Madama Butterfly* could hardly be bettered. As the faithful *Suzuki*, Signora GIACONIA supported her well. She was not quite so Japanese as the charming Madame GILIBERT-LEJEUNE, but she served; and that is, after all, what a maid is for. Having seen Signor SAMMARCO as *Rigoletto* I was sorry for him in the rather sticky part of *Sharpless*. As the poet says:

> O sharpless than a serpent's tooth
> It is to have this thankless task.

The part of *Kate Pinkerton* is even stickier still; but Signora GARAVAGLIA was quite needlessly repellent in her manner. I admit that it is always difficult for a woman to wear a right air of conciliation when calling upon one of her husband's dis-



BACKWARD ADVANCES.
Carmen ..... Madame Kirkby Lunn.
Escamillo .... Signor Scandiani.

carded mistresses. But she is not likely, in so delicate a situation, to derive much assistance from a *lorgnon*. I hope that Signora GARAVAGLIA is capable of coming on sometimes without this appendage. I say so, because I noticed that she was again using one when she played *Musetta* in *La Bohème*. It is a poor trick, at best.

Dropping in for the last Act of *Rigoletto* on Thursday, I found that the Management had secured a very charming tenor in Signor CARPI. He did not quite come up to my notion of either a duke or a libertine, but his voice was a vast improvement upon Signor KRISMER's. I fancied that *Sparafucile's* little place on the Mincio had been pushed rather nearer the orchestra. The change (if I was right) offers this advantage, that the inside couple have less chance of detecting the presence of the outside couple round the end of the dividing wall when they both advance to the front in the *Bella figlia* quartette, so as to make their voices carry as far as the rival pair's. Still it didn't help much, for they must have overheard one another, and, in any case, when they are all singing together by collusion, the attempt at concealment is hopeless.

This kind of conventional improbability is perhaps excusable in VERDI, but I do think that the enlightened PUCCINI might have done without it. Yet in the Third Act of *La Bohème* he allows *Rodolfo* to sing quite a nice duet with *Mimi* when he is not supposed to be aware that she is in the neighbourhood.

The habit of interrupting a scene with applause of isolated passages is becoming an intolerable offence. Tradition has always permitted dreadful things to be done at the fall of the curtain; the dead rise while they are still warm; bitterest enemies clasp hands; and all come smirking forward to the footlights. But artistes might at least discourage the vulgarity of these interruptions in the middle of a scene. It would be impossible to imagine a more ridiculous figure than Signor ZENATELLO cut in the Second Act of *Carmen*. Having flung himself on his knees at the lady's feet in a transport of passion and buried his face in her lap, he then raised his head, and turning (still on his knees) to the audience, did his best to bow in that embarrassing posture; then rose to repeat the process with greater comfort; and finally resumed his interrupted genuflexion. I confess that I laughed as loud as I decently could, and I hope he heard me.

There are ugly rumours of a Soho *claque* in the gallery. If they are true, the sooner the Management puts a stop to this alien importation the better it will be for its own dignity, and for the claim of Covent Garden to be something better than a circus. After all, Grand Opera is supposed to have its place among the Arts; but what would you think of a painter who stationed a batch of hireling puffers opposite his picture in the Academy to call the public's attention to its merits?

The social tone of the audiences would seem to be improving. I caught a glimpse the other night of the Society Reporter of *The Daily* ——, and he had the glad face of a man who has sighted a Countess or two.

O. S.



Signor ZENATELLO assists on three consecutive nights at the death of a different lady friend. From left to right, the corpses (suppressed in the picture) are those of *Carmen*, *Mimi*, and *Madama Butterfly*, respectively.

"When the audience rose to sing NEWMAN's hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light,' not a vacant seat could be seen in any part of the spacious building."—*Tribune*.

WE don't believe this; unless, of course, they all stood on their seats.

THE DUTY OF EVENING DRESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As it is well known that you keep an observant eye on social matters in general, I venture to apprise you of an important development in the direction of etiquette which has very recently taken place in our outlying suburb. We are, in fact, even now in the throes of an upheaval brought about a few days ago by the advocacy in *The Lancet* of Evening Dress as indicative of "tone" and conducive to hygiene. We were hitherto—I speak, of course, only of those householders whose rental is not less than £30 per annum and who possess at least two sitting or reception-rooms—we were, I say (if the truth be admitted) somewhat uncertain in our inmost hearts as to whether our average status was that of the upper Middle Class or merely the middle Middle Class. But now that our eyes have been opened to the elevating possibilities of dress clothes we have promoted ourselves in a body and at a bound into the lower Upper Class. I tell you, we hardly know ourselves, and I don't think you would, Sir, either.

In one short week the word has passed round that it is "*de rigour*" (we are particular about the phrase) for both sexes to change their work-a-day habiliments before sitting down to the evening meal—which, by the way, must never be called "supper" now, but invariably "dinner." We, that is to say, the gentlemen, offer our arms to the ladies while taking them in to the same, though we are divided in opinion as to whether it should be the right or the left arm, not having the latest edition of *Manners for Men* amongst us. We insist also on having a *menu* (which we pronounce correctly "maynew"), even if the courses are only cold mutton and tapioca pudding, and we manage to put it in French, thanks to several clever married ladies, who have been governesses, amongst us—though perhaps you will excuse my transcribing the expressions here. I have not a very good accent for writing the Gallic idiom. Coffee is now regularly served round—never tea or cocoa—after dinner in the proper sized cups and with granulated sugar (not the brown kind); and though it keeps some of us awake at night we feel it is the right thing, or "It," as the Americans say. Liqueurs are found perhaps to be somewhat of a tax, pecuniarily speaking, but it is realised that sacrifices must be made in the sacred cause.

And this leads me here to mention that some of us are real martyrs in the matter. GAUBBS, for instance, who is a struggling literary man and can only get inspired in the night hours, is finding his means of living sadly restricted by the hampering panoply of shirt-front, which he inevitably inks (and loses time and temper over), to the consequent increase of his laundry bills. The CROMPES (pronounced Crumps) are so impressed with the necessity of living up to and displaying their respective white waistcoat and somewhat *decolty* dinner-gown that they have to spend many more shillings than they can afford in theatre tickets and train and cab fares every other night. JONES, who is middle-aged and stout, is obliged to hurry home from the City so as to be able to hook-and-eye his wife up her back (as she hasn't a maid), and I fear the constant sprinting this entails will shortly result in a doctor's bill. His next-door neighbour (I need not give his name) is, I believe, finding the expense of hiring his swallow-tail by the week rather too much for him; and there are several other hard cases which I have not now time to enlarge upon.

Still, when all is said and done, I think you will agree with me that we are doing our duty as Britishers in the great work of social regeneration—only I sometimes anxiously ask myself if we shall be able to stand the racket, and where will it all end?

Relying upon your sympathy,

Yours progressively, ZIG-ZAG.



Country Gent (late of the City) observing Countryman raise his hat as he passes, throws him a shilling.

Countryman. "THANK'EE, SIR—(*with emphasis*)—BUT—I—WARN'T—TAKIN'—OFF—MY—'AT—TO—YOU. I—WUR—A'SCRATCHIN'—MY—HEAD!"

MR. BOURCHIER long ago expressed the view that dramatic critics cannot do themselves justice if they record their impressions of a play on the first night. It is, therefore, only fair to him to reproduce here the *Teesdale Mercury's* dramatic critic on *Hamlet*:—

"MR. ARTHUR PHILLIPS was a clever, undaunted, and accomplished *Hamlet*. . . . His soliloquy upon death was passing fine, while his address to the Ghost was marvellously realistic. More sublimely weird language was certainly never penned by mortal man, and the audience was simply spellbound. . . . Knowing, as we do, the play from beginning to end, it was a night of real enjoyment to ourselves."

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

XII.

THE END.

I now come to the last chapter. And it will be a difficult one for me to tell, for the thought of the Captain's end still cuts me like a knife.

Yes, he died, did this great dog whose portrait I have attempted to draw. Would that I had been taken in his place, for the world could have better spared me! One cannot understand these things.

How vividly I remember it all! How strange that he who had never had a day's serious illness in his life should go out suddenly as he did!

On the evening before the end he came round to me. I offered him food. He refused it. "Captain," I said, "you're ill." He then told me that all the afternoon he had been suffering from dreadful pains in the underneath. He had come round to me in the hope that a little walk might do him good. Even as he told me this he was shaken by a dreadful spasm, and I advised him to get home as quickly as he could and go to bed. It was evident that he had eaten something which had disagreed with him. I then saw him home, though it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could walk, so frequent now were the spasms. I did not offer to go in, as I could see he would rather be left alone. So, with a "Good-bye, old man, keep yourself warm, and I'll be round in the morning," I left him, little thinking that that would be the last time I should see the dear fellow. I remember that as I spoke to him he looked up gratefully at me.

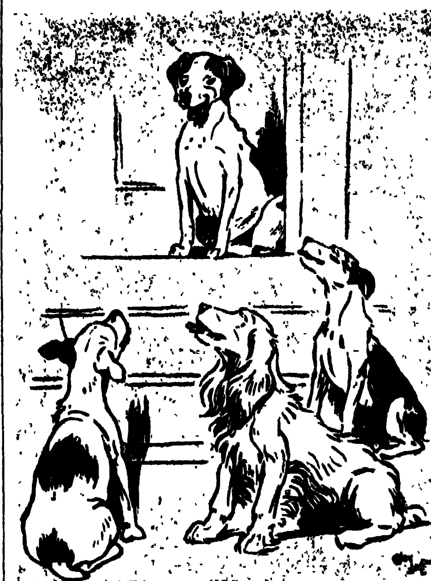
Stupidly, I did not realise how serious the matter was. The Captain had had similar attacks in a small way before, and they had always passed off overnight. I had often told him that he was not sufficiently particular as to what he ate. Sometimes when very hungry he would pick up things in the road.

Yet in a vague sort of way I seemed to have a kind of premonition of what was going to happen. I could not sleep, and as soon as the gate was unlocked in the morning I rushed up to the Captain's house. When I came to the corner where the Captain, with his bright little face, usually ran down to meet me, there was no Captain there, and all the wag went from my tail. I walked up to his door, but there was still no Captain. With sinking heart I sat down and whined until a servant opened the door. Her eyes were red with weeping. She patted my head, and all she said was, "Poor, poor doggie!"

Then I knew.

I do not know how I dragged myself home. I was as one stunned. The sense of overwhelming misfortune seemed to numb me, and my legs almost gave way under me. I could not eat anything, and I remember my master, who did not know what had happened, tried to joke with me. In the afternoon my people must have heard the news, for they were both extra nice to me, and my mistress petted me and tried in vain to tempt me with all sorts of niceties from her special sugar-biscuit box.

Later in the afternoon I made another journey to the house, for on thinking it over I could not believe it. Somehow I thought the Captain had so much influence that he would never die. And



Seated on his own doorstep, surrounded by devoted friends, all looking up to him, the wise head on the young shoulders. How fine he looked then!

on reaching his street my heart gave a great leap, for I noticed that in none of the houses were the blinds drawn. In my excitement I scratched the door impatiently, and when it was opened I rushed into every room, crying, "Captain! Captain!" But the only answer I received were the servant's sobs, and then indeed I knew that my dear friend was no more.

Subsequently I learned that he had passed away early in the morning, and the doctor who was called in said it was Gastritis. So I was wrong in thinking it was stomach trouble. The Captain, I fancy, would have liked the big word.

He was buried in the dead of the night at some unknown spot. By reason of his being hurried into a secret grave, I was prevented, to my eternal regret, from carrying out his last wishes. The Captain had always feared lest he should be buried alive, and he had made me promise that, if he predeceased me, the most approved scientific method of ascertaining whether there was still life in him should be employed. So I was to have offered him a biscuit.

Dear old fellow, I hope he knows it was not my fault.

The suddenness of it all was appalling.

On the day following his death I was summoned to a mass meeting of the Club which had been hastily called together by interested parties. It was the fullest meeting ever held. It had been rumoured that the Captain had been poisoned by one of the rival Clubs, and there were angry threats of reprisals. But there was very little genuine affection for the Captain shown. It seemed to me that I was the only one who was really heart-sore. The question of a new Captain was raised with indecent haste, and I think I was the only one not mentioned for the post, as I did not mention myself. As a matter of fact the Captain had once said, while dining at my house, that, if anything were to happen to him, he wished me to be his successor. But I did not speak. I came away before the meeting was over, for it sickened me to hear them wrangling over the leadership, and the Captain scarcely gone. Mongrels!

I had done with them. This was the respect they paid to the memory of the Captain who had made them [illegible] were—who had slaved for t[illegible] watched over them like a father [illegible] again would I have anything t[illegible] the petty crew. Blood will t[illegible] all. Bids were subsequently [illegible] me by the thorough-breds, b[illegible] advances too were rejected by [illegible] owed that to the Captain. I was [illegible] to become a social outcast. Th[illegible] the Captain, I was now strong [illegible] to stand alone.

The Club survived the Captai[illegible] about a week. Then it split up [illegible] about a dozen different societies [illegible] associations, some of which compri[illegible] only two members, each with the ra[illegible] of Captain.

So the Captain's life-work perished with him.

I, too nearly died. For days I could not touch food, and it was only thanks to the loving care of my mistress and the gentle concern of Smith that I was brought round. At times I even thought of doing away with myself, and that the first motor-car I met might have me. But my mistress and Smith made me feel that they would miss me. They, and even my master, were very good to me, so that I began to see that the Captain was right in his opinion of humans—as, of course, he was right in everything.

What a rare fellow he was! The dear Captain! Have I pictured him I

wonder. It is impossible, I fear, with my poor vocabulary; and my memory is not what it was.

Were I a sculptor, what a statue I would raise to him! Seated on his own doorstep, surrounded by devoted friends, all looking up to him, the wise head on the young shoulders. How fine he looked then!

By-the-by, it is good to know that his name will not die out. In a grocer's shop the other day I saw a tin of his favourite biscuits. They are now called "Captain biscuits."

Sometimes I try to persuade myself that the Captain's death was all for the best. Latterly the poor old fellow had been haunted by the fear that he was getting stout. He often asked me whether it was so, and I, always said, "No." But it was so.

Still, that does not make me miss him the less. I am always, always thinking of him. I have never recovered from the blow of his loss. I am fond of my mistress and I am fond of Smith, but I have only been in love once, and that was with the Captain.

No one, I suspect, would recognise in me now the former dog of spirit. My master calls me jestingly "The Fire Dog," for in the long winter evenings I sit staring into the fire and thinking of the Captain, and wondering whether I bored him with my love, and reproaching myself for ever having been cross with him even for a minute. Sometimes I dream of him. Only last night I had been sleeping, and I woke barking with joy, and I bout the room, and my master open the door, for I had dreamt it the Captain was without. out I only found Darkness there. My people seemed to understand, and when I cried they patted me and tried to soothe me.

Well, well, I expect I am getting a foolish old fellow now, and soon, I suppose, I shall solve that question of whether there is a Paradise for dogs. Of one thing, at any rate, I am certain, that if Paradise there be, then the Captain is there—and he is looking out for me.

Taking his Pleasure sadly.

From an advt. :—

"If you shoot yourself and have not used ——'s Ammunition you have missed one of the pleasures of life."

A LONDON INTERIOR.

(By Our Careful Observer.)

Among innumerable other shop signs in nearly every quarter of London our readers must have noticed at some time or other the words "AERATED BREAD COMPANY" in gold letters on a black ground.

These three words advertise to the hurrying pedestrian the existence of a place of refreshment.



He. "Fond of Bridge?" *She* "Awfully!"
He. "Do you know I always think there's something *wanting* in people who don't play?"

Most of them—if indeed not all—are entered by a glazed door which swings inwards on hinges—a simple device which provides an easy mode of ingress and egress for the tired typist or the care-worn clerk.

As the door closes behind you, you will at once notice that the dull roar of grinding wheels is distinctly less audible, while the sound of myriad feet on the pavement is perceptibly decreased in volume. The sensation is, in fact, very similar to that experienced on entering any ordinary shop.

Once inside, an entirely new sound assaults the ears. It is a glassy sound, an everlasting clattering and clinking, almost as if some one were continually laying down plates and cups on marble-topped tables.

On closer inspection it appears that this is exactly what is happening. On one side of you is a long marble-topped counter with glass-domed dishes and mighty urns, the latter steaming hot and shining like burnished silver. With nimble fingers ever ready on the polished taps stand the presiding deities of the feast, and separated merely by the width of the counter (some two feet five inches) are the deft Hebes voicing the demands of their respective customers.

There they sit upon the cane-bottomed chairs drinking tea or coffee or hot milk, in fact whatever beverage they may have chosen to order. Ledger, day-book, T-square, type machine—all are for the nonce forgotten.

Some are eating poached eggs on toast, with eyes fixed longingly on the tempting piece of sultana cake which awaits them on the edge of the table. You will notice hanging on a nail (which has been driven into the wall on purpose) a neatly-printed announcement, framed and glazed, bearing the words "NO GRATUITIES."

On the right a flight of steps leads down to the smoking-room (note the ingenious handrail supported on iron balusters fixed to the steps); above the heads of the customers floats a thin blue veil of smoke, the products of combustion emitted from innumerable pipes and cigarettes.

The space at my disposal is so limited. . . . . [*Yes, I've seen to that.*—Ed.]

At the Vaudeville.

Who is Phillis? What is she
That all our gods commend her?
Lucky little girl is she,
Such help did Edna lend her
That they both might boomèd be.

What's in a Name?—We are grieved to read that "the British Vice-Consul (Mr. A. Kane) reports that exports from Ancona of jute bagging are continually increasing." We should have thought that he was just the man to have put down this sort of thing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

In the Days of the Comet (Macmillan) is something greater than a good novel. It is a brilliantly successful effort in the higher world of romance. It requires deep design and deft treatment to make the Twentieth Century reader enjoy study of supernatural conditions of life. That is the task Mr. Wells set for himself, and he has triumphantly accomplished it. The average novelist, proposing to describe daily life in a comet, would in his first chapter have soared aloft and straightway grappled with the fancied surroundings of an imaginary orb. Shrewder, more original, Mr. Wells brings his comet to the earth. In the act of collision the strange visitor dissolves itself, infusing our patient planet with a gas that creates a new atmosphere, a loftier form of life. Ugly things bloom in sudden beauty. Dirt, decrepitude, poverty, war disappear. Mankind dwells in a new earth, domed by a more gracious heaven. In the wild fancy of the romancist, even Cabinet Ministers become honest patriots, uninfluenced by personal ambition, striving only to serve their country. Which things are, I suspect, an allegory. Mr. Wells's colliding comet has transformed a wearied old world into one young, joyous, pure and good. "Never a chimney smokes about our world to-day, and the sound of the weeping of children who toiled and hungered, the dull despair of over-burdened women, the noise of brute quarrels in alleys, all shameful pleasures and all the ugly grossness of wealthy pride have gone with them." The change was effected in a night, without fuss or fury. We went to bed after striving all day to get the better of each other, to amass wealth, some of us to commit crime. We woke in the morning with a sense of being what the late Lord Chancellor would call "a sort of" communistic cherubim. There is some fine satire on our former method of daily life, the more effective because it is quietly done.

Mr. Louis Joseph Vance's new book is called *The Private War*, but previous to its publication by E. Grant Richards Mr. William de Morgan had written *Joseph Vance*. The hero and narrator of *The Private War* is *Gordon Traill*, and it only remains for *Traill* to write *Mr. de Morgan*, and then the matter will be fairly settled. Still it was careless of Mr. Vance to have been christened Joseph—I am not sure that it isn't almost actionable. Meanwhile it may be some consolation to him to hear that he has had at any rate one appreciative reader, who followed up *Gordon Traill* all through the night, one ear alert for revolver shots. (It is *Traill's* friend *Serrance* who does the great feat of blowing the lock off the door—a thing I have always wanted to try, "as performed daily in romances.") There are heaps of corpses in the story; but what I particularly like about it is that all the fun, or anyhow most of it, takes place in England in 1906—no Zendas or fifteenth-centuries for Mr. Vance. (The police, of course, were busy catching motorists. After all, what *is* a murder when one has a stop-watch?) *The Private War* is of the same nature as Mr. Marriott-Watson's *Adventurers*, and it is high praise to Mr. Vance to say that the two may be mentioned in the same breath—or rather, in the same moment of breathlessness.

America has long possessed a fairly young humorist (in addition to "Mr. Dooley"). His name is Oliver Herford, and he is an Englishman. The competition was too strong at home, so he went over there. His latest book of verse is called *The Fairy Godmother-in-law* (Bickers), and he has himself drawn the pictures for it very charmingly. It is a facile pen—so facile that it will rhyme you *preserve* with *reserve; Theology* with *Zoology; way, away* and *anyway* all in one verse, and *proposed, composed* and *opposed* in three consecutive rhymes. Yet, for all this, Mr. Herford's technique is workmanlike; while his matter is fluent and his style unstrained. If he has had a model it is Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Certainly Mr. Herford's delightful fancy of the boa-constrictor that tried to fascinate a stuffed bird on a lady's hat recalls the tale of the bogey in *Bab Ballads*, who sought in vain to scarify the wooden Highlander outside a tobacco-shop.

Fared a trio of sportsmen gay
(London's boredom and Season's drouth)
Down where the borders of Hudson's Bay
Run south.

Aim: diversion of scene and air
(Moccasins, rifles, and birch canoes),
Livened with casual shots at bear
And moose.

Record is kept of the course they made
(Paper and pens and there you are);
One of the three was a scribe by trade—
James Barr.

He, observing the party's track
(Plodding days, and the camp at night),
Smilingly wrote it all down in black
And white;

Wrote it, and Methuen put it to Press
(Pipe, armchair, and a steaming hob),
Laughing, it's called, *Through a Wilderness*,
(Six bob).

A book entitled *Sir Joshua and His Circle* is a little confusing. *Giotto and His Circle* I could understand; or *Astley and His Ring*. But what had Sir Joshua to do with a circle? Is it another word for an ear-trumpet? On dipping into the book, however, all is clear enough: Sir Joshua's circle was his friends, and more than his friends, his acquaintance, even contemporaries whom he hardly knew. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the author, ropes all in. It is a pleasant book to loaf over, and the reader will find the times of the great painter very agreeably re-created for him; but what, I wonder, do the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson, mean by calling the horrid shiny stuff on which the reproductions of the master's portraits are printed, "art paper"? When does paper cease to be honest paper and become "art paper"?

The Cruise of the Dazzler (Hodder and Stoughton) is breezy book, redolent of the sea. It is the sort of will give keen pleasure to a boy, whose father shou it first. Parental virtue will thereby find its reward. Mr. London, like some other writers who thoroughly understa the sea in its many moods, is at his best when manœuvrin a ship in a storm. *Joe's* father, from whose palatial establishment the lad runs away to find a berth on the *Dazzler*, is a wordy prig. Even the roughs with whom *Joe* fights in the back streets of San Francisco suggest copy-head phrases in their talk. *'Frisco Kid*, *Joe's* chum on the *Dazzler*, is a little sickly in his pathos. But *French Pete*, the Captain of the *Dazzler*, and *Red Nelson*, who sails the *Reindeer*, are capital. Happily they loom large through the surging story.

A very interesting fact has been brought to light with regard to the horse *St. Luke* which won the Welter Selling Plate last week at Newmarket. The credit for this feat of research is due to *The Evening News*. "St. Luke," says that organ of theology, "was named after the Evangelist who is generally acknowledged to have written both the Gospel bearing his name and the Acts of the Apostles."

OF FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

Old Court, Meadowbury.

Dearest Daphne,—Thanks ever so muchly for the lovely pendant—so sweet of you to remember I'm fond of sapphires. But, my *dear* child, *what* a letter to send with a wedding present! "Full of wise saws and modern instances," as the Psalmist says. Had I been Early Victorian, I might have cried over it, but crying, blushing, and fainting are forgotten industries, aren't they?—like staining glass and dyeing something purple.

Yes, old girl, I know. But though all you say is true perhaps, it's not the sort of truth we can all live up to. Don't worry about me, Daphne, I don't know that I'm altogether worth it. And don't blame me either. I'm the victim of circs. As for your *pity*, my dear, I simply don't want it, and return it to you, carriage paid.

I shall do very well indeed. One can't have *everything*, and the one thing one *must* have in *our* world is Money, with a big M. I've plenty of social ambition, and in my new position I mean to be right bang on the premises and a leader among the leaders. Even as a single girl, with a simply *beggarly* allowance to outrun, I managed to make some small mark socially. Joan is delighted to have me removed from her path. Hildegarde is in raptures at being presented next spring. And the Powers that be smile approval on me and all my works. I can promise them I won't be like that little Violet Cashless, when she was married last month to old Lord Lucre—(though he *has* only one eye, he managed to pick out the prettiest *débutante* of the year!) She had been crying so *shockingly* and was in such a state of collapse on her wedding morning that they had to enamel her face to make her fit to be seen, and give her cocaine or something to get her to buck up sufficiently to be dressed. And what the *Sideglancer* called "a pretty and touching innovation, likely to catch on at weddings," *i.e.*, Cashless *mère* standing close to her daughter through the ceremony—was simply and solely to prevent her from bolting before the knot was tied.

But Violet's only a half-bred 'un, after all. Blood tells in these matters, and, when you've made up your mind to a thing, carries you through with a stiff upper lip.

Josiah (I suppose I *must* call him so sometimes, though I jib at it every time) has given me a simply gorgeous tiara and collet necklace to match—diamonds and sapphires—enormous stones—as well as heaps of smaller bits of jewellery. I really don't think I could have done much better as to *jewels*, if I'd become Princess Galoshkin. But there are other considerations, and I own to you, my Daphne, in this my last Speech and Confession (like those darling highwaymen on the way to Tyburn) that, had the Prince proposed, I would have asked J. M. to release me. Some *dear* friend, however (Fluffy Mainwaring, I'm certain), took care to tell him of my engagement, and he left Irgendeinbad quite suddenly.

The presents are simply *pouring* in, and Joan and Hildegarde are in the seventh heaven arranging them. As usual there's a frightful lot all of one pattern. In *my* case it takes the form of umbrella-handles. My dear, I've ceased to count them, jewelled and otherwise. People seem to think I'm going to pass the rest of my life in the open, and in very bad weather at that. Just fancy, the Bullyon-Boundermere people have sent me a most gorgeous pair of opera-glasses, all enamel and jewels. I suppose they look upon it as paying toll for being admitted among *us*. Talking of repetitions in wedding presents, there's *one* pattern of gift that *can't* be repeated too often,—and *that* pattern, my dear, is *cheque*.

It's to be an entirely white wedding, out of compliment to my front name. You bridesmaids aren't to have a touch of colour, even in your posies, and the school-children are to strew nothing but white flowers in my bridal path. J. M. has had a ripping all-white Darracq built for us to "go away" in. I've dubbed it *carte blanche*. Did I tell you that Stella Clackmannan's youngest boy is to be a page, and Babs the Second a *pagess*—if there is such a thing? The whole wedding is to be "presented" by Soames of Piccadilly.

Oh my ownest friend! Only a few days now before the day of white satin and orange-blossom, and "Wilt thou have this man?" Well, it's all in the day's work.

What *do* you think! *That other wedding* is to be next week too!

Last time I saw Norty I asked him if he had realised what our relationship to each other would be, when he was married to Aunt Goldingham? He said he hadn't thought about it before, but he supposed he would be my "First uncle once removed," and he hoped he would find me a "dutiful niece."

He's a *horrid* boy, and I'm glad to say that I almost *quite* hate him now. Among the presents that came yesterday was a little bangle from him, with "Girlie" on it in small brilliants and sapphires. I've sent him a little morocco memo-book with gold corners and monogram and a wee gold pencil, and on the first page I've written his own aphorism (is that the word?) "Life's a rotten business, and nothing matters much."

Aunt Goldingham has sent me a book—but I don't know what it's about, and *I've* sent *her* a book—I forget its name. (There's a smile due here, if you feel like it.)

And now Goodbye, dearest.

Ever thine, Blanche.



Mr. Jones's face, which has such a blank expression when he is dozing—



Becomes quite intelligent when he is roused.

TO A FRESHMAN.

(From a Cambridge Rhyme-Spinner.)

Oh, youth serenely *gracilis*,
How long the uncut tassel is
That decks your cap; how facile is the slang you most employ.
That cap which doth enhance a pate
(I mean your curly fancy pate),
How well its lines emancipate a freshman, late a boy.

Last summer in your school-abode—
You judge it now a fool-abode—
Your mind by every rule abode that discipline could frame.
You used a scathing wit about
The lazy loons who sit about
And hardly ever hit a bout of ball at any game.

But now your mother checks her sighs
(*Voluntas matris lex* her size
In proverbs is) at exercise so freshmanly and slight;
For other joys that meet in U—
niversities compete in you:
Each day your heart can greet a new Collegiate delight.

For manners: be not pert as he
Who owns no common courtesy,
Who, if he hurts, says "hurt, I see," and tramples on your toe.
Nor should you like a devil leer,
Or ape a foreign chevalier:
To find your proper level here; such fashions are *de trop*.

The haughty ones who boss it, who
Are sometimes bloods and hossy too;
The Proctor and his *posse*, too; the Tutor and the Dean,
The Scotsman, the O'Connor-man;
The poll-man and the honour-man;
The scholar—neither Don nor man, but something just between—

With these (at first uneasily,
And just a trifle freezily)
You'll learn to take it breezily as time and you go on.
And, though you're now as wee as wee,
Some day you'll grow and be as we,
And take the same degree as we, or, p'raps, become a Don.

Tis.

DO ANIMALS COMMIT SUICIDE?

The letter under the above heading in a daily contemporary, the writer of which asserts that a terrier dog recently put a deliberate end to existence by flinging itself before a motor-bus, has produced a number of similar communications to *The Spectator*. Through what appears to be a breach of confidence some of these have been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*. In the same spirit he publishes them.

Dear Sir,—Unquestionably they do. I have frequently heard my great aunt (the late Miss Tibbles) refer to the peculiarly sad case of a favourite half-Persian cat, which, owing to grief at some fancied slight, committed suicide no fewer than nine times, on the last occasion with fatal results. The combination of despair and patience requisite to enable the unhappy animal to take all its lives in this deliberate manner is (I venture to think) characteristic of the mysterious East from which it, or half of it, sprang.

Faithfully yours,
Reginald Chutney, Lt.-Col. (retired).

Sir,—It may not be (I should prefer to believe it cannot be) generally known that the tombs of domestic pets which have been interred in private ground are, in an enormous number of cases, in a far from satisfactory condition. I am cognisant of at least one instance, in Lower Balham, where the sepulchre of a once cherished canary is now habitually used for the purpose of growing mustard and cress. Whether any of these neglected favourites originally perished at their own hands or not I am unable to ascertain, but the scandal remains the same.

Indignantly yours,
Alg-rn-n Asht-n.

Dear Sir,—Some years ago my sister confided to me the following facts, for the accuracy of which she was prepared to vouch. A goldfish, to which she was considerably attached, had been observed for some time to receive marked attentions from a young lizard in an adjacent fernery. On the lizard being given away to a friend, the unhappy gold-fish exhibited every symptom of uncontrollable grief, until one morning, when she went as usual to feed her pet, my sister was horrified to discover its inanimate corpse at the bottom of the bowl. The faithful creature had committed suicide by drowning. I may add that my sister was so seriously affected by this discovery that it was soon afterwards found necessary to place her under a modified form of restraint, owing to the development of mental weakness from which she never entirely recovered.

Yours, &c.,
(Miss) Sophia Clutterbuck.

Sir,—With reference to this exceedingly interesting discussion I am irresistibly reminded of the quotation "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than Horatio," a truth to which some of us would do well at times to pay more attention. I have never known a case of quadrupedal felo-de-se within my personal experience, but on the other hand I cannot recall any instance in which, to my knowledge, a member of the so-called brute creation deliberately refrained from such a course. Trusting that you will be able to make use of this brief contribution to the subject in hand, which may possibly suggest material for comment to others of your valued correspondents,

I remain, yours obediently,
A Constant Writer.

Sir,—In this connection it may interest you to hear of an incident which occurred no longer ago than last Friday, when I was walking in the neighbourhood of Soho, accompanied as usual by my inseparable companion, a valuable Dachshund of more than human intelligence. It happened that in the course of the morning I had had occasion to administer a rebuke to the animal for some trifling indiscretion, but the matter had entirely escaped my memory till it was recalled by the extraordinary conduct of my canine companion. I observed that *Fritz* was gazing with the most fixed attention at the window of a ham and beef shop, wherein was displayed the announcement, "Pies and Sausages fresh daily." Having regarded the notice for some moments in silence, the devoted creature fixed his expressive eyes, now filled with tears, upon my own, and then, uttering a short yelp of farewell, deliberately turned and *entered the shop*. The significance of such an action calls for no comment.

I am, Sir, very sadly yours,
Anti-Polonius (*Master of Dachshunde*).

Scene—Harrod's Stores.

Lady. Have you any picture post-cards of *Raffles?*

Attendant. I am sorry, Madam, I am quite out of them—but here are several of Murillo's, and some of Michael Angelo's.

The old rivalry between Folkestone and Dover has just received new impetus. Piqued by Dover's possession of a cliff called after Shakspeare, Folkestone has decided in future to call her Leas the Sidneys.



A SOLACE FOR DISHONOUR.

General Officer. "I see some of our fellows have got the punishment they deserve for this job. What have you got?"

Army Contractor. "A *pot o' money*, my boy!"



Mother (reading Cyril's verses):
"'I've got a dreadful cold, | The rain will never stop,
I blow my nose all day, | It is a horrid bore——'
But that isn't poetry, Darling!"

Cyril. "Yes it is, Mother."
Mother. "But it doesn't rhyme."
Cyril. "It rhymes all right if you read it right. You must sneeze at the end of every line."

GETTING THE BLUES.

(A Story founded on Fact.)

Carfax College was plunged in gloom,
And a cloud hung over the Common room,
For alas, the College no longer held
The place that she did in the days of eld.
There had been a time when she used to shiver
Unless she remained at the head of the river,
And Carfax men were wont to yield
To none in the cricket or football field.
But now the glory was all departed.
What wonder the College was broken-hearted?
'Twas years since she 'd boasted a bat of note
Or a single man in the 'Varsity boat.
Nay, worse—well might the dons turn pale!
Last year—I shudder to tell the tale—
There happened that which appeared to portend
The fatal beginning that marked the end.
Last year—they did their best, no doubt,
To hush up the horror, but truth will out—
Last year, by some curious freak of the fates,
A Carfax man took a first in Greats.
And while the College was still aghast
At this hideous blot on her glorious past,
And, while she was striving in vain to forget,
There happened a greater calamity yet—
A youth came up to Carfax who
Made off with the Hertford and Ireland too.

The dons despaired: you know, perhaps,
That dons are a curious race of chaps,
Though you might be surprised that they could not choose
But be depressed when they 'd got no blues.

They still were despairing when one fine day
A *Pink 'Un* fell in the Master's way.
He read a par.: "We hear Tom Brown
Is leaving Sydney for Oxford town."
The Master sprang from his chair. "Great Scott!
I mean, great Brown! Is he coming? What!
They say he is quite the strongest oar
That ever was seen, and he 's six foot four.
If we could get him for Carfax—Gad!
Hansom! Station! and drive like mad!"

The liner swung on the slack of the tide;
A tug put out and puffed alongside,
And scarce had they let the gangway down
When the Master of Carfax was greeting Brown.
Don't ask me, pray, to relate what fell
Betwixt the twain, for I cannot tell.
I only know that the man of might
Appeared in a scholar's gown that night;
I only know that the Carfax boat
Is reckoned the fastest craft afloat,
That the slump which filled the dons with gloom
Has now given way to a roaring boom,
And that all the embryo blues put down
Their name for the College that boasts of Brown.

Arithmetic on the Bench.

"Defendant pointed out that Inspector Jarrett, who set the trap, had acted unfairly in measuring the furlong. Defendant had measured it, and made it 20 yards short of 240 yards.

"The Chairman said the Bench could not help thinking there was a good deal of doubt in the case, and therefore dismissed the summons."—*Observer.*

Mr. Punch congratulates the defendant on his delightful and original defence.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER II. (*continued*).

Park Lane.

At the corner of Brook Street the eye of the pedestrian is at once riveted by the stately façade of Wontwash House, the superb palazzo of Sir ALGERNON BROOKS. The dazzling purity of the tiles testifies to constant ablution, and a peculiarly charming effect is produced by the pair of life-size baboons in Carrara marble which stand as supporters on each side of the massive portal. Sir ALGERNON BROOKS, it will be remembered, is the hereditary President of Brooks's Club, and his private menagerie at Monk Brandon is only surpassed by that of the Hon. WALTER ROTHSCHILD. The passer-by will not fail to notice the magnificent Araucarias standing in pots on the steps. Their presence, it may be surmised, accounts for the curious fact that this particular part of Park Lane is never free from organ-grinders.

The delicate Campanile which surmounts the richly-ornamented Byzantine structure a few houses lower down is one of the most graceful features of Park Lane. This is the home of one of England's greatest captains of industry, Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL, whose masterly conduct of the great campaign against the publishers has filled Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, a Huntingdonshire Vicar, and a retired Admiral, with boundless enthusiasm. All three of them. In the courtyard may be observed a fine second-hand bear from the Bear-wood menagerie, and through the grille a glance may be obtained of a splendid group of statuary representing the American Generals HOOPER and STONEWALL JACKSON receiving the submission of the Fathers of the Row.

CHAPTER III.

Hyde Park.

From Park Lane it is an easy step to Hyde Park—unless a motor-car gets you. In that case St. George's Hospital is just across the way, at Hyde Park Corner, placed there by the Automobile Club for the purpose. London also is full of cheap undertakers, one of the best being Mr. —— [No: *Editor*.] The right of free burial in Hyde Park, which used to be extended to all members of BOODLE'S, WHITE'S, and *The Times* Book Club, has recently been withdrawn.

Hyde Park, so named from the historic game of Hide and Seek played there by WILLIAM THE FOURTH and Mrs. JORDAN, is a large tract of grass entirely surrounded by houses. Few districts of London are so thinly populated as Hyde Park; in fact were the whole city like this it could hardly contain its five million inhabitants. In the midst is a winding lake called the Serpentine, a corruption of Turpentine, with which fluid it was originally filled in the old days before gas and other modern improvements. Now, however, there is water there, and bathing takes place every morning, summer and winter. Among the most regular of the swimmers are Mr. SWINBURNE, Mr. WATTS DUNTON, Miss KELLERMAN and Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN. It was here that BYRON (whose statue commemorating the deed is close by in Hamilton Gardens) swam the Hellespont.

Before leaving the Park and returning to Park Lane let us pause awhile by the Marble Arch and listen to the orators. But first a fact about this building. Its name, like so many other



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
Colouring the Troopers on the King's Birthday in Hyde Park.

London words (*e. g.* Serpentine), is a corruption of something else. The building was originally erected to mark the grave of a very beautiful actress named MABEL ARCH, who, in a fit of pique on hearing of her understudy's engagement to a peer's second cousin, committed suicide at this spot. The warm heart of London, always palpitating with fealty to the stage, insisted on raising this monument to her memory, in spite of the opposition of a stern critical school whose motto was, "MABEL may be ARCH, but WILLIAM is ARCHER."

It is just by the Marble Arch that many of our leading statesmen,—beginning, of course, with Mr. JOSEPH ARCH,—have first learned their trade. It is a severe but salutary school. Had not Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL addressed crowds here every Sunday afternoon for a year he would not now gain the ear of the House in the way he does. Mr. JOHN MORLEY too. And the same with Mr. BRYCE, whose rounded periods were all first tried on the audiences that gather here.

On the KING's birthday all London flocks to Hyde Park to see the very interesting ceremony known as colouring the troopers. With the assistance of a pot of paint this is quickly and effectively done. No other nation, it is affirmed, has so original a way of honouring its monarch. And yet the English are not considered an artistic people!

(*There is going to be more of this.*)

AN UGLY MUG.

HE bought you with good money
  In spite of my advice;
Indubitably done, he
  Paid down the dealer's price.

On you alone he gazes,
  And wastes his precious breath
In gushing over glazes,
  Till I am bored to death.

You, who did daily duty
  Upon a tavern shelf,
He calls "his greatest beauty"
  (I shrink from you, myself).

Yet why should I despise or
  Declare you dearly bought?
The fact that you 're an eyesore
  Suggests a sudden thought,

That turns contempt to pity
  While hope revives again;
For, if he calls you pretty,
  How can he call me plain?

A FEW days ago a popular author, writing in good nervous English to *The Times*, on the Book War, said: "Among the exponents and advocates of the protectionists is Mr. FISHER UNWIN, who, if he be not a Cobdenite, then it may be asked, what is Cobdenism?" This problem has so far been unsolved, but *Mr. Punch* believes that the answer is that among the exponents and advocates of the free traders (in books) is the Editor of *The Times*, who, if he be not a Chamberlainite, then it may be asked, what is Chamberlainism?

THERE is no beating about the bush with the Master of Tendring Workhouse when he is advertising. He knows just what he wants, and he asks for it. Witness his appeal in the columns of *The People*:—

"Wanted, a Female Attendant to assist in attending upon the aged and infirm. Candidates must be single men of good character."

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.—Blank's Beans "end life-long suffering."

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF MUSIC.

THE statement, recently made in the Press, that a famous singer was about to open a dairy has attracted attention to the economics of the musical profession. With a view to securing the best expert opinion on the subject a representative of *Mr. Punch* called last Friday on Mr. ENDYMION SABLE, the famous musical agent, *impresario* and concert director, with the instructive results appended herewith.

"Is it true, Mr. SABLE," asked our representative, "that there is an increasing exodus of professional artists into non-musical callings?"

"That is so, I regret to say," replied the omniscient *impresario*, as he laid down his gilt-tipped cigarette. "Within the last week no fewer than five leading singers and instrumentalists have removed their names from my books. Mr. HOBY GULLICK is going into the banana trade; Madame ADELINA MEDWIN is starting a vegetarian restaurant; Dr. MAX LAGERBOHM is entering a firm of publishers, in consequence of the roseate accounts given by *The Times* of the enormous profits to be extracted from that line of business; Signor BEPPO SPAGHETTI is qualifying for a chauffeur, and—saddest case of all—YANNI KRITIKOS, the Klephtic pianist, has been apprenticed to a West-end hairdresser."

"To what cause," asked our representative, in accents of deep concern, "do you ascribe this singular desertion of so honourable a calling?"

"Many motives are doubtless at work," replied Mr. SABLE. "The example of Mr. PADEREWSKI, who is increasingly addicted to agriculture, must no doubt count for something. But the fickleness and shrinkage of the concert-going public are more largely responsible. There is after all only a certain amount of money to go round, and music is no longer popular when performed by adult artists. Pianists and violinists are too old at twenty, and singers of more than thirty summers are being rapidly superseded by the gramophone. The most painful part of my business is inquiry into the age of alleged prodigies. Only the other day I was obliged to break a contract with BORIS KARAVELOFF, the Bulgarian BEETHOVEN, owing to the distressing discovery that in spite of his babyish appearance and velvet jacket, he shaved every morning, and was born in 1886."

"But I thought that the demand for good music was greater than ever?"

"True; but the variety insisted upon is more than the human frame can possibly stand. For instance, I have just been reading a most interesting book on the rising generation, in which the following list of music is given as typical of the studies of an ordinary British girl in the school-room:—

BACH'S Christmas Oratorio.
The Piccaninny Polka.
Songs by BRAHMS.
H.M.S. Pinafore.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.
Whistling Rufus.
CZERNY'S Exercises.

How, I ask you, can a professional musician keep pace with requirements at once so varied and exacting? The exodus has only begun; it will soon reach the proportions of a stampede. Already I hear rumours that Mr. HENRY J. WOOD is thinking of standing for the Russian Duma, that Sir CHARLES STANFORD is engaged on a political problem novel, and that Sir EDWARD ELGAR will shortly accept a Colonial Governorship."

"And you yourself, Mr. SABLE; what do you propose to do when your clients no longer exist?"

"Oh, my decision has long been taken. I am retiring from business in London at the end of the year, and sail for Dahomey in January to act as travelling manager for the Amazon Football team."



"SPORT" UP TO DATE.

Host (to beginner, as several barn-door fowls top the fence) "HOLD ON! DON'T SHOOT! THOSE ARE THE *MOTHERS*!"

THE CONSPIRACY OF 1906.

On Wednesday, the 17th day of October, before *Mr. Punch* at his Court in Bouverie Street, Mr. Hooper, and Messrs. Moberly Bell, Poulten, Byles, and Hall Caine were charged with conspiring together with intent to cause a breach of the peace of the breakfast-table. A gentleman who gave his name as R 17623/284975 was charged with aiding and abetting them. Mr. Hooper failed to put in an appearance, but the Court decided to take the case without him.

John Smith was called first, and gave evidence that the peace and harmony of his breakfast-table had been completely spoiled by the accused. After reading their letters to each other he felt quite ill, and was unable to digest properly. Some letters, of course, were worse than others. It was an interview with Mr. Byles, for instance, that gave him that stab in the back.

Mr. Punch said he thought witness must be thinking of something else.

Witness admitted that this might be so, but said that in any case the nuisance was an intolerable one. He simply dared not open his paper at the breakfast-table now.

Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson having given similar evidence, the counsel for the prosecution intimated that that was his case.

The prisoners elected to give evidence on their own behalf, whereupon Mr. Poulten went into the witness-box and said: I am Secretary to the Publishers' Association. I write those pretty letters that appear in the papers every day. I write them all myself. Nobody helps me.

Cross-examined.—He wrote them in the mornings. He could not say how he spent his afternoons, but generally he would be resting. It was not true that he derived great benefit from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the composition of his letters. He had already given his opinion of that work, and he would repeat it here. On second thoughts he wouldn't, but it was true all the same. He had never conspired with the other prisoners. Some of them he had never heard of. He had heard of Hall Caine, of course. He had never seen Mr. Hooper.

Re-examined.—He was not Mr. Hooper.

Mr. Byles said: I am a publisher. I have been interviewed nine times, and have written eighteen letters on the matter. I had no reasons for doing this, save love of Literature. I have nothing at all to gain; on the contrary I have spent one and sixpence in stamps. I have never conspired with anybody. I have seen Mr. Hooper. (*Sensation.*)

Cross-examined.—When he said he had seen Mr. Hooper he meant that he had seen a gentleman who gave his name as Hooper. He (Mr. Byles) did not belong to the Publishers' Association. He could not say that too often. So far he had said it twenty-seven times. Though he did not belong to the Association he admired Mr. Poulten's style. It was true his firm was a rising one, but he has never told his interviewers so. He had no idea how these things got in the paper.

Re-examined.—He was not Mr. Hooper.

Mr. Moberly Bell said: I am Manager of *The Times*. I have written very few letters to the papers. My speciality is interviews. I am interviewed every day. In my interviews I always say I am quite happy and that the War is over. As a matter of fact it has only been a sort of war.

Cross-examined.—He had heard of Lord Halsbury and Mr. Chamberlain. They were members of the Book Club, but he didn't quite see the connection. The war really *was* over. He was very busy just now, but that was only because he had to be interviewed so many times. He had never conspired with anybody. It was the other way round. He had heard of America, of course. Columbus discovered it.

Re-examined.—That was in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Ninth Edition.

Cross-examined.—He would swear to that. He did not understand what counsel insinuated by "Stop-Press News." It was in the main article on America. There was no American Syndicate that controlled *The Times*. Mr. Hooper wrote some of the advertisements, that was all. He had frequently seen Mr. Hooper, and had given him orders. He could not swear that Mr. Hooper was not an American. He had never asked him. He really could not be bothered with the private history of all his subordinates.

Re-examined.—He was not Mr. Hooper.

Mr. Hall Caine said: I am a novelist and a dramatist. I am about to publish a perfectly new work of fiction at half-a-crown.

Cross-examined.—It was called *The Bondman*. It was not an old work. He admitted that he had written a book called *The Bondman* many years ago, and that a dramatised version was now being played at Drury Lane, but this was neither of those. This was the play turned back into a story again, and was therefore quite different. Also it was to contain a photograph of himself. He would not swear that he had never been photographed before. Many people denied that this would be a test of the dearness of novels, but he himself was quite self-satisfied.

Re-examined.—Quite satisfied, he meant, of course. He was not Mr. Hooper.

Cross-examined.—He believed the advertisement rates of *The Daily Mail* were very high. He had never heard of the expression "Self-advertisement rates."

R 17623/284975 said: I am a member of the *T.B.C.*

Cross-examined.—He had written to *The Times* to say how grateful he was. He had not signed it. He hated self-advertisement. He was not "Author of Forty Years Standing," nor was he "Book Lover." He was just R 17623/284975. M.O.2846 was another gentleman.

Before witness could be re-examined *Mr. Punch* interposed, saying that he had heard enough. The prisoners were found guilty, and Messrs. Bell, Byles, Poulten and Caine would be condemned to read each other's letters. Mr. Hooper and R 17623/284975 would come up for judgment together when called upon.

TO A CAGED BEAR AT THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

Ephrim—for such the trivial name
  Thy race familiarly was dealt,
What time 'Old Jake's' unerring aim
  Probed thine invaluable pelt;

What time, inspired by Manville Fenn,
  I stalked thee in my dreams and slew
The beetling moose, or, one to ten,
  Outclassed the hair-compelling Sioux;

Most pensive Bruin, I descry
  Thy presence with profound regret,
This bosom weeps for thee, this eye
  Is sympathetically wet.

Pent in yon dark Cimmerian den,
  Thou liest in enforced repose;
A barren wall obscures thy ken,
  Odours of fish assail thy nose.

The crowd moves by, but thou art banned,
  An object of delight to none;
No smiles encourage thee, no hand
  Confers the unexpected bun.

And lo! as though to point the jest,
  A board confronts the empty air,
Bearing the humorous request
  "Please not to irritate the bear!"

Oh I have seen in many lands
  Bears of all sorts and divers hues:
Bears that performed with gipsy bands,
  And some immured in alien Zoos.

Some crawled up mercenary poles,
  While others stood upon their head;
All seemed profoundly cheerful souls,
  And not a few were overfed.

Thou only, friendless and apart,
  Sitting disconsolate dost brood
Alike on man's unfeeling heart,
  And the prevailing dearth of food.



CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

Vicar's Wife (sympathisingly). "NOW THAT YOU CAN'T GET ABOUT, AND ARE NOT ABLE TO READ, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO OCCUPY THE TIME?"

Old Man. "WELL, MUM, SOMETIMES I SITS AND THINKS; AND THEN AGAIN I JUST SITS."

And many a dream-born vision racks
  Thine uncommunicative breast
With thoughts of old frequented tracks
  Down the dim cañons of the West.

Out yonder where the setting sun
  Leaves Tallac's rugged slopes aglow,
Painting with silver, grey and dun,
  The shadowed deeps of Lake Tahoe,

Thou and a brother ball of fur
  Roamed through the woods in cubsome glee,
Watched with maternal care by her
  Whose family you chanced to be;

Chased the white-footed mouse among
  The Autumn leaves, or in the quest
Of toothsome eatables got stung
  By the ferocious bee his nest;

Fished in the shallow streams for trout,
  With eager paws, or from the ground
Extracted with unerring snout
  Roots of a succulence profound.

Then came the fatal day when fired
  By pickled pork and hunger's thrall
Thine unsuspecting Ma expired
  Beneath the log-trap's deadly fall.

And monsters seized on thee and him,
  Thy brother JAMES, and full of care
Thou wast to exile sent, but JIM
  Fosters the growth of backward hair.

Bruin, farewell! I fain would stay
  And o'er thy wrongs conjointly weep,
But hunger bids me haste away:
  I note besides that thou 'rt asleep.

Yet may it still be mine to make
  Thy tedious lot a shade less hard:
Accept this slice of currant cake
  As token of my deep regard!

ALGOL.

The Wonders of Nature.

"FOR SALE, 2 Trees Eating Pears."
Gloucester Citizen.

"The Shaver's Calendar."

Mr. Punch begs to recommend this original calendar, compiled by Mr. F. SIDGWICK and published by A. H. BULLEN, to all to whom it may appeal at eight o'clock in the morning or thereabouts. He is tempted to quote the mottoes for four February days: "I'll shave you as well as I can" (*Ben Jonson*). "Upon this promise did he raise his chin" (*Venus and Adonis*). "The bright death quivered at the victim's throat, touch'd, and " (*Tennyson*). "There remains some scar of it" (*As you Like It*). "O cursed be the hand that made these holes" (*Richard III*), and "'E lifted up my 'ead, An' 'e plugged me where I bled" (*Kipling*) will bring back memories of cheap barbers to most of his readers. It is, however, a pity (for obvious reasons) that each quotation has not a page to itself; but none the less Mr. SIDGWICK is to be congratulated upon the very successful result of what must have been a labour of love and much laughter.



The Laird (to little Tomkyns, who is being initiated into the mysteries of deer-stalking). "Don't move a step! Lie down where you are!"

A CHAFING-DISH SUPPER.

I should never have given Reggie a chafing dish for his birthday if I hadn't seen the picture of the girl in the advertisement. She was cooking a dainty little meal on the supper table, while the guests sat round in attitudes of respect and admiration, and the full elbow-sleeve of her semi-evening blouse fell back so insinuatingly from her rounded arm that the idea at once occurred to me like an inspiration that my blue *crêpe de Chine* could be easily adapted for the purpose.

"If you'd really like to know what I want for my birthday," said Reggie, alluding to a conversation that had taken place some time previously, "I could do with another trouser press."

"Oh, no, dear," I replied quickly, "that wouldn't do. I want to give you something quite personal, in fact I've settled what it is to be." I didn't mention that I had saved thirty-three and tenpence out of the housekeeping for it already, but I did suggest we should go to the theatre for a birthday treat, and have a nice little supper when we got back.

"In that case," said Reggie, "we might invite the Barkers. I know you don't care about Mrs. Barker, but Barker can be very useful to me."

I did *not* care about Mrs. Barker. Still, in consideration of the fact that she is a bony person herself and it would be rather good for her to see my arms, I consented.

Reggie's chief fault lies in forgetting all about his birthday and resuming his everyday manner five minutes after his presents have been given, which is very disappointing to the giver.

"You see, darling," I insisted gently when, on his birthday morning, he had pushed the chafing dish aside and taken up the paper as usual, "we shall never have to complain of lukewarm suppers now, served by sulky, sleepy servants when we get home late. You will have your meal of three courses tossed together before your eyes, piping hot—the book says so." Reggie picked up the brilliantly plated lid and looked at it.

"It will do to shave by, anyhow," he said. "But, dearest, if you really want to try it to-night we'd better have a joint on the sideboard as well."

I felt my eyes fill.

"Then you'll spoil the whole thing," I murmured huskily; "I was going to give you Kedgeree of Lobster, Hamburg Steak, and Macaroni *à la crème*, and I thought you'd be pleased." At that Reggie suddenly remembered it was his birthday, and declared it would be ripping, assuring me that the chafing dish was the nicest birthday present he'd ever had.

We met the Barkers at the theatre, and Mrs. Barker informed me during the play that in consequence of the hint in my note of a pleasant surprise for supper, they had both dined frugally. We were all hungry when we got back, and I ran upstairs first to see that the maids had put everything ready to my hand on the supper-table before going to bed. All was as it should be. Shaking back my sleeves and holding the butter in one hand and the chafing dish lid in the other, I turned to greet my guests with a bright smile. Mrs. Barker entered first, her glance raking the table greedily—then she saw the chafing dish, and her face fell.

"Oh," she remarked, "we had one of



IN A NEW COUNTRY.

REYNARD. "WELL, I GAVE THE OTHERS A BIT OF A RUN, AND I DARESAY I CAN ACCOMMODATE THIS LOT!"

those dreadful things—but we had to give it up, it ruined too much food."

I smiled indulgently, and said, "They only want proper management. Light the lamp, dear, will you?" I added to Reggie, as with a pretty and artistic gesture I mixed the eggs, lobster, butter and rice for the kedgeree in the chafing dish. Mr. Barker watched me appreciatively, but his wife requested to have the window open, saying the fumes made her feel faint. As a matter of fact they were hardly noticeable till the draught spread the flame and burnt the kedgeree at the sides of the dish. Anyhow it was served piping hot; indeed Mr. Barker, who took a generous mouthful out of compliment to me, burnt his tongue rather badly.

"What are these little bits of hard stuff I keep finding in my mouth?" said Reggie.

"Teeth, I should imagine," I remarked coldly.

"Rice!" announced Mrs. Barker, in a sombre voice, "and I fear I have swallowed some. You must excuse my leaving this; I must not play with my digestive organs."

She looked tigerishly at me, and Reggie said, "Don't eat it, Mrs. Barker. Let's send it downstairs and have it cooked properly." I hated him.

"The servants are in bed," I said. "Leave it by all means, Mrs. Barker. I'll cook the Hamburg steak. Some people," I continued, turning sweetly to Mr. Barker, who was drinking cold water to ease his tongue, "think a steak should be served before it has lost its delicate pink tinge; others when it has turned a shade of delicate grey. Shall we leave it pink or grey?"

"We shall leave it anyhow, I expect," said Reggie. "Look at your sleeve. It's all in the fat."

I ignored him—with one swift glance, which Mr. Barker intercepted.

"Oh, grey, by all means," he exclaimed conciliatingly. "It will be delicious grey, I am sure."

"I don't think anyone can teach me how to cook a steak," cried Mrs. Barker, with sudden asperity. "I will tell you when to take it off," and with an insulting air of superior knowledge she came and leant over the chafing-dish. Next moment she recoiled with a cry of pain, and clapped her hand to her eye as a splutter of hot fat shot up and hit her in the face. At that Reggie lost his temper and strode towards his present.

"Put the beastly thing out!" he ejaculated. When Reggie speaks in that voice I obey him at the moment, and reprove him later; and I began to look about for the extinguisher.

"Here, let me come!" he said, and stooping down, began to blow. He blew till the hair on my forehead and the chiffon frills on my blouse flapped about in the tempest, till the fumes of burning steak were driven across the room and back again, till his veins were like ropes and his face purple, without having any effect on the flexible flame. His ninth effort blew the cream jug on to Mr. Barker's knees, but his tenth was, in a way, successful, for it lifted the spirit clean out of the lamp on to the best tablecloth, where we finally extinguished it with the best table-napkins.

"We must go home," said Mrs. Barker, in an exhausted, suffering voice. "Damp feet are a source of danger to Mr. Barker—and the cream has got into his boots. He must not play with his lungs."

The danger, however, seemed less threatening when they got outside, for through the window I heard Mr. Barker direct the cabby to a well-known restaurant.

I bowed my head, but as Reggie came upstairs from seeing them off I glared defiantly at him.

"I'll never ask that woman to my house again!" I said.

"You needn't trouble to," he answered quietly. Then in a flash I realised I had spoiled his prospects, and my lips began to quiver. At the same moment he remembered it was his birthday—and—well, we went and foraged in the kitchen about ten minutes later.

As for the chafing dish, we never mention it, but last week, hearing that Reggie's cousin Dick is getting married we packed it up again in tissue paper and sent it to him for luck.



TRUE POLITENESS.

Aunt (showing small Nephew, who has come on a visit, round the grounds). "Now, dear, I'll just take you through the Orchard, and then I must really go and lie down."

Nephew. "Auntie, if you'd rather go at once, you know, please do. I—I—shouldn't be a bit lonely."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



KŒPENICK AT WESTMINSTER; A CAUTION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS POLICE.

After the brilliantly humorous exploit of the German "Captain" at Berlin, the House of Commons Police will have to use double extra vigilance (not sparing even the authorities of the House); or some talented swindlers, neatly disguised as the Speaker and Serjeant-at Arms, will be absconding with the Mace in solemn procession.

House of Commons. Monday, Oct. 22.—Sittings resumed in both Houses to-morrow. Promise of lively times. Lords will forthwith tackle Education Bill. AMPTHILL and HENEAGE early took off their coats for the fight. A fortnight ago they handed in a cloud of amendments. If equal proportion of activity were shown by other young Peers the 4th clause won't be reached in Committee before Christmas eve.

HENEAGE'S wrath specially directed against ST. AUGUSTINE.

"Don't remember any reference to Cocytus in *Obiter Dicta*," he said, feeling his biceps. "But BIRRELL knows where the river runs and how its waters are kept at flood.

> Cocytus, named of lamentation loud,
> Heard on the rueful stream.

When AMPTHILL and I walk him along its banks he'd better bring with him a big pocket-handkerchief. He'll want it."

Curious how altered associations vary manners. When, eleven years ago, I knew HENEAGE in the Commons, he was the mildest-mannered man that ever cut the company of early-formed political principles. Now, on this Education Bill, he is almost bloodthirsty.

In the Commons there will be a big gap on Front Opposition Bench where of late DON JOSÉ sat. His absence—temporary, everyone hopes—will be lamented on both sides. As PAM said, the House of Commons likes a man who shows it sport. Every prospect of wigs on the green when DON JOSÉ was around. A straight, hard hitter, he occasionally raised howls of execration on benches opposite and below Gangway to left of SPEAKER'S chair. But resentment not lasting. Anger gave place to admiration of the easy skill of splendid swordsmanship. For a while the tired warrior, his helmet now a hive for bees, is content to look on from the Scæan Gate whilst the battle rages on the familiar plain.

"Very characteristic to use a temporary discarded headgear as a hive," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, nothing if not prosaic. "Bees sting, you know, and they may yet come in useful."

Quite a crowd of Members looking in at House this afternoon preparing for the fray. Came across PRINCE ARTHUR in corridor flanking SPEAKER'S chair. In beaming health, radiant spirits. Looking forward with keen delight to coming conflict. Persistent rumour attributes to him absence of interest in, even ignorance of, current of public affairs outside his personal touch with them on Treasury Bench or in Downing Street. Nothing in the story. When, talking things over this afternoon I told him of recrudescence of assertions, contradictions, and conclusions arising out of the MACDONNELL correspondence, his face lighted up with quick concern. Questioned me eagerly as to particulars.

"I thought," he said, "we had in that connection let the dead past bury its dead. Very smart of C.-B. to revive the topic just when we were preparing to rouse the country on the Home Rule

question. Or was it Asquith? More like him perhaps."

"It was Walter Long!"

"*Farceur!*" he said, striding off with sunny smile. "I confess you took me in. I thought that for once you were talking seriously."

Business done.—Covers removed from Benches. Both Houses swept and garnished ready for Winter Sitting.

GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(*By a Caddie.*)

VII.

Some'ow or uther, 'Enery Wilks, although per'aps not perfect, can jenerally get along all rite wiv sich peeple as 'ave got somethink of golf inside them. And that don't only mean good players. I 'ave 'ad a certain ammount of regrettabal frickshun wiv one or two of our lady members; but if there was more about like Miss Barbrer Sherritton the job of caddy would be easier and plessanter than wot it is.

She can play golf, and, wot's more, she knows wen 'er hattendint is doing 'is levil best to 'elp 'er all 'e can. She seemed to see from the fust that 'Enery Wilks ment well, and she got into the 'abbit of 'aving 'im for 'er caddy wenever possibul. Those 'oo are ackwainted wiv 'im 'oom I may call the leading caddy of this club, don't need to be told that she 'as never regretted 'er choise.

But the uther day, for the fust time, I came near to regretting it meself. At least I regretted that Miss Sherritton 'adn't picked on some hinfeerior lad for that ercashun. The course was quite disserted, and she told me rather mysteeriously to bring 'er clubs along to the second tee—wich, I may say, is more or less out of site of the club'ouse. I found 'er waitin' there, and to my 'orrified amasement she was not alone. Standing beside 'er, and sort of grumbling to 'isself, was the very largest bulldog that I 'ave ever seen.

Of course, dogs is stricly forbidden on the course; but, as is well known to most offishuls, ladies is totilly reggardless of all rules. Miss Sherritton she jest smiled at me in 'er own delitefull fashun.

"*Narsissus* is coming rarnd wiv us to-day," she ses, briskly.

Well, of course, I touched my cap respeckfull, and didn't say nuthink, but I thort to meself that I could bear quite komfortably to be parted from *Narsissus*. 'E was a sort of patchy forn collour, and the way 'is white teeth gleemed when 'e yawned would 'ave guv some peeple the cold shivers. And 'e seemed to be allus yawning, like a sort of thrett. Thank 'Evvin, I'm braver than most, but some'ow I ain't altogevver a dog-lover. I was bit once by a dog, which totilly mistook my meening towards 'im and 'ad three spare foot of chane 'idden away which 'e made use of, and it 'as sort of turned me agin the savage creachures. But I 'id my thorts.

Miss Sherritton started 'er practice rarnd, and that dog 'e walked be'ind wiv me and the clubs, keeping step jest like a soldier. I didn't want 'im to pay me sich an attenshun. I could 'ave done wiv 'im in front quite well. Rarnd 'is neck was a bewtifull blue silk ribbing, and some'ow it seemed to make 'im creweller looking than meer leavver could 'ave done. 'E kep' on grumbling to 'isself about somethink, and 'e kep' on getting on my nerves wuss and wuss. There was somethink in 'is eye as 'e looked up at me that almost lifted my 'air from my 'ead.



Toby and Prince Arthur.

As a rule it's a perfessional pleasure to watch Miss Sherritton play. The fust time I ever set eyes on 'er, she drove 'ard and low into an 'owling wind, then took 'er brassey quite cool and grasefull and bumped 'er ball on to the green. And I know one or two men as wouldn't 'ave been on that green in two that day. You wouldn't beleeve as she could do it, for to look at 'er she's jest like a fairy what's floated down on a soap bubble. But on this ercashun my mind was cleen distracted from 'er play.

'Owever, all went fairly well until the sixth 'ole. Then suddingly *Narsissus* bounded forward, snapped up the ball in 'is great mouth, and shook it like a rat. And nuthink wouldn't perswade 'im to put it down for quite a wile.

"'E'll 'ave to be punnished," Miss Sherritton says firmly. "But 'e's sich a darlin' that I can't bear to 'urt 'im meself, and so," she ses, "*and so you'll 'ave to do it*, 'Enery."

Wiv them dredfull words she pulled a little whip out of 'er pocket and 'anded it to me. I took it, but I felt as though my knees was giving way beneaf me. *Narsissus* 'e looked at the whip, and then 'e looked at me, and 'e jest went on grumbling.

"I suppose, Miss," I ses rather trimulous, but trying 'ard to speak jockewlar like, "I suppose you 'aven't got 'is mussel 'andy, which you could jest slip on 'im fust?" I ses.

"No," she ses brisk like, "I 'aven't. Give 'im three smart cuts and get it over," she ses.

But some'ow I couldn't do it. I tried 'ard to make meself, but somethink seemed to 'old back my 'and. I suppose it was my yumanity, either for *Narsissus* or for meself.

"Why, 'Enery, you're never fritened of the poor darlin'!" Miss Sherritton cries out, and she begun to larf as though it was funny.

Well, it was better to be torn down and mangelled than to be larfed at by 'er. I 'arf closed my eyes and strook at *Narsissus*, expecting every moment to feel 'is dredfull fangs. But insted of that I 'erd a stifled yelp.

Narsissus was lying on 'is back wiv 'is four legs in the air, and dirrectly I opened my eyes I reallised that I 'ad mastered 'im. My strength seemed to come back to me, and in the suddin revulshun of my feelings I taught the konquered creachure 'ow to beyave 'isself on a golf course, until Miss Sherritton called to me to stop.

I am glad to say that 'is manner was quite respeckfull, even grovelling, for the rest of the rarnd. It jest shows you, I suppose, what the will of a cool, determined yumin being can do wiv the most feerocious monster.

The Reward of Virtue.

"The Chairman, said the Bench believed he had broken into the shop, and while some credit was due to him for saving a man from drowning, that could not be allowed to weigh against the act of shop-breaking. He would accordingly receive three months' imprisonment for the two offences."—*Northern Echo.*

The Magic of a Name.

". . . . dissolution of her marriage with respondent, Bernard Reuben Isaac Julian Lilian Maximilian C——, on the ground of desertion. . . . . The respondent in 1901 went to London to make a name for himself . . . ."—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

He was surprisingly successful.

CHARIVARIA.

The London Gazette states that the KING has appointed the Prince of WALES to the honorary Colonelcy of the 1st Cinque Ports Volunteer Rifle Corps. With that modesty which has always been characteristic of His Royal Highness he will continue to call himself merely the Prince of WALES as heretofore.

A pardonable error occurs in a provincial paper which reports a rumour that, owing to the munificence of a sympathiser, all the signatories to the abortive address to the Duma are to be presented with meddles.

The French people certainly make ideal hosts. They spare no pains to entertain their visitors. To avoid their Corporation guests spending a dull Sunday they got up some quite admirable riots at Longchamps.

Poor Mr. HALL CAINE! He thought that his offer to publish his next book at the price of half-a-crown was the innovation of innovations. But in the same number of *The Daily Mail* as contained his proposal appeared the following statement:—

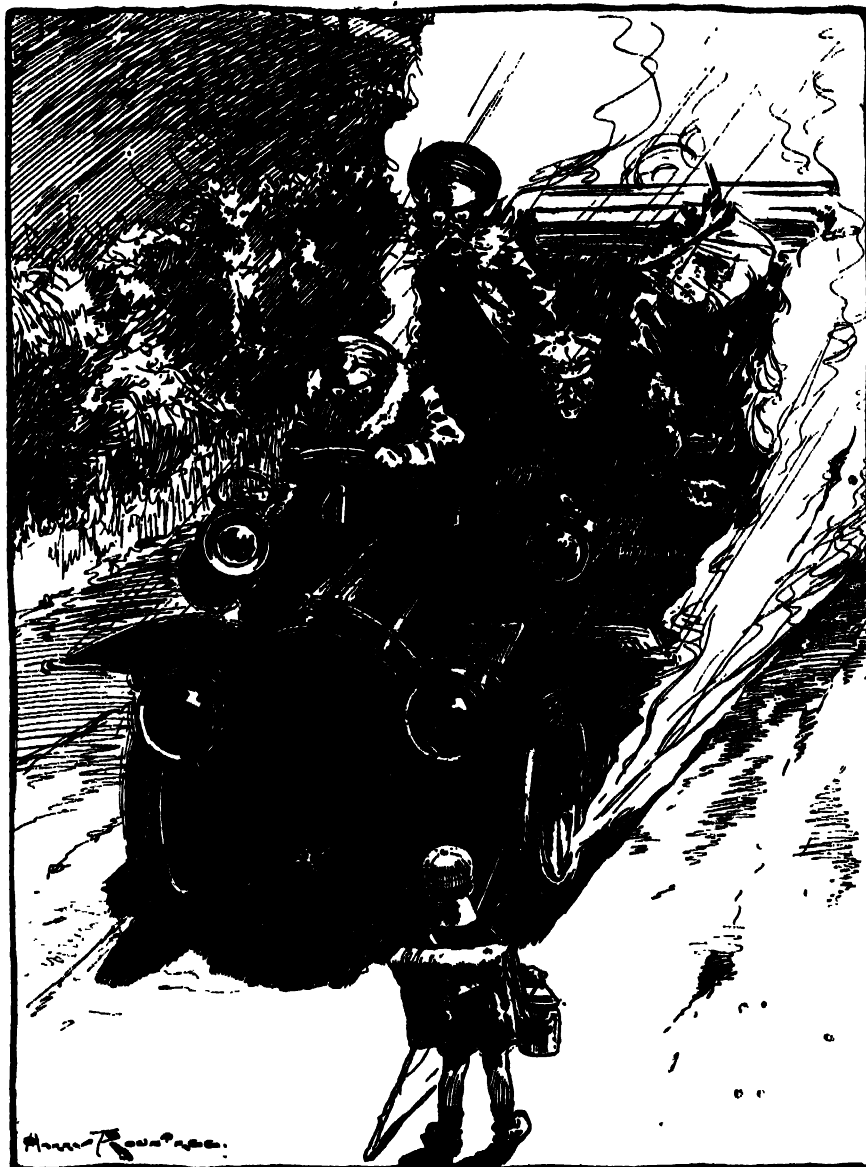
NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.
Leather-headed
Hat Pins.

"I do not consider myself too old at seventy," says Dr. CLIFFORD. "At that age a man is just approaching his best." Optimists take this to mean that the Doctor is about to change his politics.

The statement made by Colonel HELLARD, Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, before the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion, to the effect that, contrary to the general belief, our country is growing larger, has fallen like a bomb-shell in the camp of the Little-Englanders.

Mr. HAVELOCK WILSON, M.P., speaking at Grimsby, declared: "A gentleman from the Bankruptcy Court has shown some anxiety to secure my assets. I offered him my umbrella. That is my only asset." And just what one would expect a prudent man to lay by for a rainy day.

Some recently published statistics show that, although within the last few years there has been an increase in the number of prisoners in English gaols, there has been a large decrease in actual crime. This is an effective answer to those who say that our prisons are uncomfortable.



Small Boy. "PLEASE, MISTER, WHAT'S THE TIME?"

After working for hours in forcing open two safes at 17, King Street, St. James's, last week, some burglars found that the safes were destitute of cash, which had been removed by the occupants on the previous evening. We think that the decision of the police, in the circumstances, not to prosecute for the use of profane language, was humane.

The proposal that the child who was born in the Whitechapel County Court the other day shall be christened SUE cannot, we hear, be carried out, owing to a sex difficulty.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES, speaking at the Polytechnic, is reported as subscribing to the view that all persons more than sixty years old should be given an anæsthetic, because they prevented reforms by other people—such, we suppose, as the one referred to. An old gentleman of sixty-one now writes to us begging that, if the suggestion be enforced, the anæsthetic used may be a less painful one than a speech by Mr. MILES.

A discussion has been taking place in the columns of a contemporary as to who is the oldest odd-fellow. It would, we fancy, be still more difficult to decide who is the oddest old fellow.

We suppose it is due to the dangerous competition of the motor vehicles that our railway companies should suddenly appear as the champions of the Quiet Life. By a new regulation passengers are forbidden to take violoncellos into railway carriages.

Spiritualism is making headway indeed when commercial men come to believe in it. The following appears in *The Times*:—"Mr. BEAUVOIR C. SEED,

formerly of Sandown, I.W., if living, or "his representatives, if dead," are requested to communicate with the advertiser.

The average man is so apt to think that Centenarians are bound to die young that the following statement in the current number of *The Cornhill Magazine* will come as a surprise anyhow to him:—"Of the monastery founded by St. Robert d'Aurillac in the Eleventh Century only three priests out of the original three hundred remain to-day who minister to the attenuated congregation."

DEVILRY IN BLACK AND RED.

In *La Tosca* Puccini had so moving a tragedy "made to his hand" that his own part in it, if he knew his business, was bound to be a subordinate one. He had to make music, scarcely more than incidental, which should illustrate the drama without retarding its action. This he has achieved with astonishing discretion. In the great Second Act—for which Wagner would have wanted at least a week's cycle—there seems to be scarce ten minutes' worth of vocal score; for the rest, the music of the orchestra, very safe here in the hands of Signor Mugnone, is less an interpretation (for none is needed) than an audible echo of emotions too swift and tense for utterance. I know no opera in which the rival arts are more perfectly adjusted. And I can imagine no better trio for the rendering of *La Tosca*, than Giachetti, Sammarco, and Zenatello. Indulgence was asked for the Signora; but, though it was evident that ill-health affected her voice when any strain had to be put upon it, yet in the softer passages, such as the lovely phrase

> "Non ti par che le cose
> Aspettan tutte innamorate il sole?"

she had lost none of her charm; while her acting throughout was frankly superb. So it would seem, after all, that the possession of a voice need not be an absolute bar to dramatic excellence. Signor Sammarco played the black devil *Scarpia* with a most admirable tact, and in the part of *Cavaradossi* Signor Zenatello, whose singing of

> "O dolci mani mansuete e pure,"

and indeed of all the delicious music of the Third Act, was perfect, acted with his accustomed intelligence and sincerity. "Ecco un artista!" as *Tosca* justly says.

If I might permit myself to pass any captious comment upon so fine a performance, I should have a word to say about *Cavaradossi's* costume in the First Act. I am not quite sure how I should get myself up if I were painting a portrait of the Magdalen inside a church a hundred years ago; but I know I should try hard to avoid the following combination as adopted by Signor Zenatello: namely, a brown velveteen jacket, a



Scarpia . . . . Signor Sammarco.

double-breasted white waistcoat, a copious white tie secured by a diamond pin; grey trousers, and hunting tops.

And the dreadful property picture! so insulting to the repentant Magdalen, and more than insulting, I am sure (though I never set eyes on her), to the fair Attavanti who unconsciously sat for it. Certainly there seemed no sort of warrant for *Tosca's* jealousy, and for her repeated demand—*Falle gli occhi neri*. If anybody needed a pair of black eyes it was the man who was originally responsible for this preposterous daub.

On the *Faust* night the Syndicate drew a full house, having raised the



Cavaradossi . . Signor Zenatello.
(Showing a *chic* costume for an artist who also does a little singing.)

ante. Madame Melba was scarcely at her best best, and Signor Scandiani, as *Mephistopheles*, sacrificed articulation in the effort to be sonorous. Also he was a bit stiff in the facial muscles, and missed that ingratiating air of *bonhomie* which one has come to expect of Gounod's red devil. The honours of the evening fell on Signor Zenatello's head, already crowded with laurels, and now surmounted by a fascinating ostrich feather. I have just ventured to pass a criticism on his clothes in *La Tosca*, and I will say further that in *Faust* I did not care for the two little tassels which sprouted from his high boots above the ankle, and looked too much like straw escaping from stuffed calves. But it is only fair to add that in the Second Act I could well understand the collapse of *Margherita*, so seductive was his sky-blue coatee with its argent embroidery.

The home-come warriors sang their "*Petit Soldat*" chorus with a very satisfying lustiness. Two-deep they made a solid human wall across the stage; in this case an excellent device, since it concealed all but the flags and spears of their comrades who marched across at the back of the stage; so that a handful of men were able to simulate myriads as they passed and repassed without recognition. All the same, the management of the Autumn Season has perhaps been a touch too generous with its men's choruses in the matter of numbers. They are apt to get so blocked that they have to trample on one another's feet to get a glimpse of the conductor. It seems an ungrateful thing to say, but I should have them decimated.

O. S.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is understood that a large portion of the *Apocrypha*, the authorship of which has hitherto been a matter of grave speculation, was in reality written by Mr. A. C. Benson, whose name is to be placed on the title-page of the new edition, to which he will contribute a characteristic preface.

We understand that Madame Thérèse Humbert, as the result of exhaustive inquiries, has discovered that the mysterious Crawford Brothers were none other than Mr. A. C. Benson, who is now engaged on a work of sombre thoughtfulness, entitled *At a Safe Distance*.

It transpires that researchers into the mysteries of Shakspeare's plays have for many years been on the wrong scent. It was not Bacon who wrote them, but Mr. A. C. Benson, a younger brother of the poet's boon-companion who now lies in Westminster Abbey beneath a slab bearing the simple words: "O Rare Jon Benson."

Legal Intelligence.—"Much soap is bought by the bar."—*Daily Telegraph*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Lord Rosebery is endowed with two gifts rarely found in the possession of one man. Supreme as a public speaker, he is in the first rank among living writers. His last essay, *Lord Randolph Churchill* (Arthur Humphreys), is, in the matter of literary style, comparable with his monograph on Pitt, and praise can sound no higher note. Shortly after Lord Randolph's death his mother asked Lord Rosebery to "write something about him." Having read the son's biography of his father, which he justly ranks "among the first dozen, perhaps the first half-dozen, in the language," he recalls the request and fulfils it. He discovers the secret of Lord Randolph's failure to achieve permanent success in the fact that he lived in a false position. "A thorough convinced Radical of the old type," he found himself yoked with the Marshall-and-Snelgroves of a Tory Cabinet presided over by Lord Salisbury. This inevitably led to ructions, culminating in one that finally severed his connection with official life. In a sentence, Lord Rosebery happily describes him as "half-aristocrat, half-Bohemian." In another passage that might well serve for epitaph he writes, "He was human, eminently human; full of faults, as he himself well knew, but not base or unpardonable faults; pugnacious, outrageous, fitful, petulant, but eminently lovable and winning." The last time Lord Rosebery saw his old friend was at dinner at the Duchess of Marlborough's house in Grosvenor Square, his brother-in-law, Lord Tweedmouth, the only other guest. "The next day he gave a farewell dinner to his friends, and the next he set out with his wife on a voyage round the world in a desperate hunt for health." I was at the farewell dinner, and over the waste of time recall the uncanny feeling that possessed me throughout it that the hospitable table was loaded with funeral baked meats. I never saw our host again. The dinner was given in July, 1894. In the following January, home from his hopeless journey, he was carried into his mother's house to die.

Ye mariners of England, who guard our native shores,
When the stormy winds do blow, do blow, and the choppy Channel roars;
Ye gentlemen of England too, who live at home at ease,
And dream bad dreams of *mal de mer* (*the* terror of the seas);
Go buy *The Mirror of the Seas*—go soon, lest you forget—
At Methuen's house in Essex Street, price four and sixpence net.
For in its pages you will find, as in a looking-glass,
Reflections of a seaman's mind on ships, and men, that pass;
On doughty deeds of derring-do our dead forefathers wrought;
On battles with the sea he loves, the foe that he hath fought.
Phaselus ille—that smart yacht; the "faithful river" Thames;
Its docks, its sails, its hearts of steel, its quips and apothegms;
The waves Britannia still may rule; the winds she must obey—
All this our able seaman doth with able pen portray.
Salts of the earth our fathers were. Heaven send that *we* may be,
While eyes like Joseph Conrad's hold a mirror to the sea!

Mr. R. W. Chambers's life-work is an epic-romance of the American War of Independence. His efforts to discredit the honour of British arms have no doubt had a wide success among the American youth of to-day, lending noble assistance to the work of local history primers in fostering whatever bitterness of feeling still survives from that deplorable family quarrel in which the sympathies of Englishmen were never more than half-heartedly engaged. But at times Mr. Chambers seeks relief from the sterner claims of patriotism and indulges in a large frolic. It was in one of these lighter interludes that he published *In Search of the Unknown*, and now he gives us *Iole*, by the same publisher, Constable. The title is arbitrary; for *Iole* is but the name of one of an indistinguishable family of American girls, brought up in pyjamas and a state of outdoor innocence coloured by Hellenic ideals. Their father, a fat old hypocrite, apparently absorbed in the unworldly pursuit of æstheticism, yet with an instinctive *flair* for eligible sons-in-law, eventually brings his bevy of beauties to New York, where their childlike candour puts them in the way of several pleasant adventures. As an extravagance, the joke is good enough for a while, but becomes a little tedious through the author's reiteration of phrases and episodes. There is little attempt at construction, and the end is tame and amateurish.

Mr. Desmond Coke is to be congratulated on the restraint he shows in his 'Varsity story, *The Comedy of Age* (Chapman and Hall). Heroics and love are kept out with a firm hand. His hero is the ordinary undergraduate, fairly good at games, pleasant, popular, but (like the majority of undergraduates) not a blue. This may be a disappointment to some, but they can console themselves with the thought that Ernan Lane was probably a twelfth man. There are really two heroes to Mr. Coke's book: Lane, the undergraduate, and Radford, the tutor. Radford is about sixty, and this is the story of his tragic attempt to realise the ideals of youth as Lane saw them. Mr. Coke has done it very well indeed. I wonder if at any time it occurred to him to give Lane's widowed mother to Radford as a consolation prize. If so, he is yet again to be congratulated on his restraint.

If you're overworked or worried, if you're suff'ring from the "flu,"
If the present's looking yellow and the future looking blue,
No better sort of tonic *Punch* has ever come across
Than the novels or the stories penned by Somerville and Ross.

Once again these witty ladies, "all on the Irish shore,"
Have drawn for our amusement upon their endless store;
And all who love "ould Ireland" and her harum-scarum ways
Had better buy or beg or steal *Some Irish Yesterdays*.

There are lashins of good pictures by Miss Somerville again,
Who's as handy with her pencil as she's clever with her pen.
Make a note of it instanter, is our cordial advice—
The publishers are Longmans, and six shillings is the price.

Mr. Andrew Lang, casting about for a colour for his new fairy-book, has hit on orange, and *The Orange Fairy Book* (Longmans) lies before me, the first herald of Christmas. I cannot say that its stories are quite as rich as some in the earlier volumes of this wonderful and wholly delightful series (of which this is the eighteenth), but all have something entertaining in them; and Mr. Henry Ford's pictures have the old perennial charm. I predict much squeezing of this orange in the months to come, and good juices for all. It is a pleasure to find again Mr. St. John Lucas's charming verses on Mr. Lang's prismatic industry—his Langiad—on the book's paper wrapper.

"Set a Thief to Catch a Thief."

"The extensive use of barbed wire is a very potent way of combating this sickening cowardice and despicable cruelty"—of hunting.—Advt. in *The Times* by "certain members of the R.S.P.C.A."

HENRY IRVING.

SOME months ago, on the appearance of a book of biographical tendency hurriedly put forth on the death of HENRY IRVING, a hint was offered in *Mr. Punch's* pages that the man to write the life of the great actor was his comrade and colleague Mr. BRAM STOKER. The suggestion was obvious, and doubtless before it appeared in print had commended itself among the reflections of the gentleman chiefly concerned. However that be, here, published on the anniversary of the tragic death day, are *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving*, by BRAM STOKER. The two handsome volumes issued by Messrs. HEINEMANN, form a worthy monument of a noble career. IRVING was a great actor. He was also a chivalrous gentleman. It is chiefly in this last aspect that he moves through the story of the book – a stately figure, a finely-chiselled face, irradiated by a smile that drew all hearts to him. It is a striking tribute to the sweetness and sincerity of his character that though his success and renown exceeded the meed of all competitors in a profession not exceptionally free from jealousy he was (if possible) more loved by the company in the green room than by the multitude before the footlights. The closer the acquaintance the warmer the affection, a condition pleasantly illustrated in the case of his biographer, who knew him best of all.

It would be difficult to name any man living within the last thirty years who had a wider and more varied circle of acquaintance than that which clustered round IRVING: and in the sunshine of his presence acquaintance rapidly bloomed into friendship. Having subdued the Old World he, in the height of his fame and the fulness of his energy, crossed the Atlantic and conquered the New. His reception in America was, if not more enthusiastic, more demonstrative than that to which he had grown accustomed in London and the big towns throughout the kingdom, notably Dublin and Glasgow. The adulation of two hemispheres was enough to turn any other man's head. It left IRVING simple-mannered, modest as when he stood at the foot of the ladder, perhaps more so, since an always fine nature mellowed. His success, extraordinary in its measurement, remarkable for its duration, was largely due to the habit of taking pains. Of this in connection with all his triumphs the book contains many interesting particulars.

For twenty-five years the sun of prosperity blazed upon him. Then came sudden eclipse followed by deepening darkness. On the 19th Dec. 1896 he produced *Richard the Third* at the Lyceum. It was a superb success, holding promise of a run that should beat the record. That very night he slipped on the narrow stairway of his house in Grafton Street, rupturing the ligatures under his knee cap. He was confined to his bed for ten weeks, and the promise of a prosperous winter season was turned into a loss of £6,000. In uncanny fashion the blow broke the spell of his hitherto unvaried good fortune. Within a year the accumulated store of his scenery and properties was burnt. Its money cost was £30,000. Its value was incalculable, the loss paralysing managerial business at the Lyceum. Next, in 1898, whilst on tour in the provinces, he was stricken down by a severe illness from the effect of which he never recovered.

The story, bright in many pages, pathetic towards the end, fascinating throughout, is charmingly written. BRAM STOKER devoted the primest years of his life to the service of HENRY IRVING. The best thing he ever did for him was to write these *Personal Reminiscences*.



THE WRITING ON THE WINDOW.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO PROPOSES TO SAY HE WAS DETAINED IN TOWN ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

Canute in Ireland.

"DESPITE precautions taken by the railway company" (an Irish one) "yesterday morning, there was a spring tide."—*Yorkshire Daily Observer.*

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER IV.

London's Free Theatres.

THERE are no free theatres in London.

CHAPTER V.

London's Free Spectacles.

Although so destitute of free theatres London is rich in gratuitous sights of considerable interest and picturesqueness. Mr. BIRRELL may be seen walking in Battersea Park at ten o'clock every morning, while it is seldom that any charge is made for a front place when a horse falls down or a man is taken ill or a motor-bus ceases to move—all of which are spectacles of perennial and absorbing delight to a true Londoner. Houses on fire also are free, but the front seats are apt to be crowded and also difficult to locate. It only rarely happens that a fire-engine can be induced to stop in order that the driver may tell you his destination; that being a secret which is very jealously guarded.

Among other inexpensive amusements may be named a walk on the Embankment; looking at the river from the bridges; waiting outside the Mansion House to see the LORD MAYOR start for the Guildhall, and then waiting outside the Guildhall to see him start for the Mansion House (which is how many City magnates spend their time); and looking hard at the sentries at the Horse Guards. Also getting on buses and riding a few yards before you discover that they are going in the wrong direction. By doing this judiciously one may ride all the way from Bayswater to Liverpool Street and back again for nothing; but you must be careful not to board the same bus twice.

Although, as you will see by turning again to the fourth chapter and reading it carefully, there is no real theatrical representation that is free in London, there is something equally good, and that is MR. PLOWDEN'S Court. From time to time managers have put on farces and comedies that have caused a certain amount of merriment—from *Our Boys* to *Charley's Aunt*—but their efforts have been trifling compared with those of London's Premier Jester, as Mr. PLOWDEN is called on the posters outside the Marylebone Court House, where he performs every morning. (Early doors open at 8·30.)

The Court being not too easy to find it will be well to take a cab, the cost of which, since you are so obviously from the country, will be about seven-and-six. Better give the cabman eight shillings and run.

And here, before entering, we might draw your attention to the looseness of London phraseology. We say, for example, that we take a cab. But this will not, of course, hold water. As a matter of fact we do nothing of the sort: the cab takes us. All that we can take is the cabman's number, but if we are wise we shall do that only if he is not looking. A cabman who knows that his fare is taking his number is no company for a quiet unobtrusive visitor from the country who dislikes to be stared at.

We will now enter the Court, which you will notice is ventilated entirely by gusts of mirth and lighted by laughing gas. Observe the faces of the constables on duty, how deeply lined they are with the ravages of glee. Observe the rafters, how bare they are, and the ceiling, how often while justice is being done it falls amid earthquakes of merriment. Observe the welkin, how it rings. Note the Court missionary's sable overcoat, how worn it is below the arms. This is where he clutches them as he rocks beneath the shocks. Even he. Note the split sides of all the Court attendants.

How long you will be able to stand the Court depends on your physique and capacity to see a joke. If you are Scotch you may last till lunch; otherwise you will collapse early. First aid to the amused having been administered by the Court's doctor, perhaps it would be as well to hasten to Kensal Green or Bunhill Fields for an antidote. There, for the present, we will leave you.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

DULL MORNING IN MR. PLOWDEN'S COURT.

THE WISE WALKER.

[By way of supplement to Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN'S interesting article on Walking in *Fry's Magazine*, *Mr. Punch* has received the following valuable paper from another old Master of the Pedestrian Art, Sir REMBRANDT KENNEDY, Bart.]

THE wise walker will first consider his boots, and he will consider them and look after them with maternal solicitude as long as they are in use. Some walkers even go so far as to treasure their old boots, not merely as missiles, but as links with the past. But this is to carry sentimentalism too far. The plan that many wise walkers adopt when their boots have fallen into decrepitude is to leave them overnight on the doorstep. If they survive this ordeal the only thing to be done is to export them to Chicago.

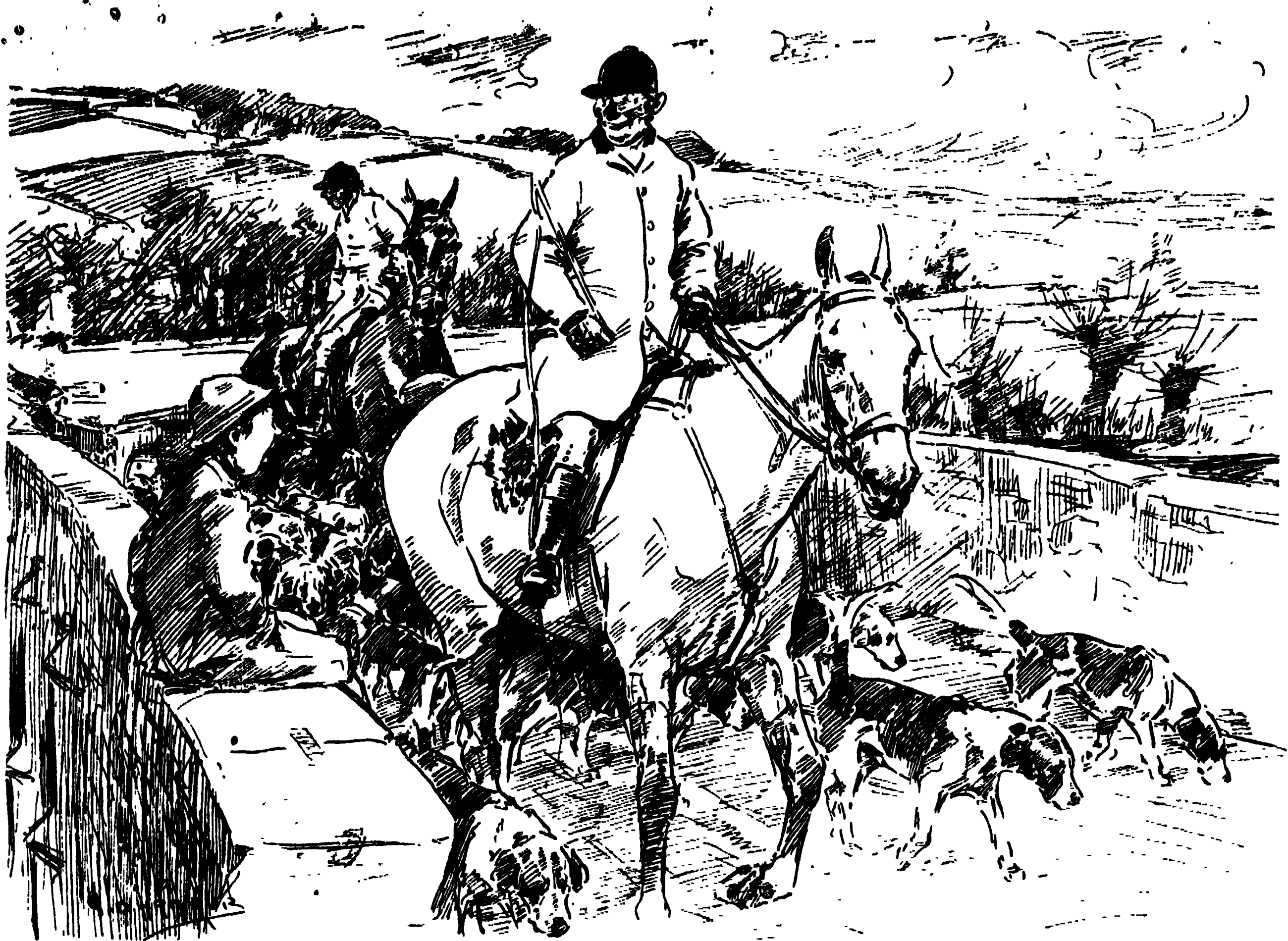
To arrive at the right sort of boots we must begin by rigorously eliminating the wrong forms of footwear. Some men, it is true, can walk in any kind of boot—*e.g.*, persons with cork legs, but we are here dealing with normal pedestrians.

For town wear, again, it is only right to show some regard for the conventions of Society. Thus, while the pampooties of untanned cowhide used by the Arran Islanders are excellently adapted for those rocky shores, they look a trifle *outrés* in Piccadilly. Again, though variety is desirable, I should not recom-



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Liberal Party. "Yes, I was wrong to threaten him with the whip. The dear creature must be *led*, not driven. Still—this isn't quite the way I meant to come!"



Boy (to returning Huntsman). "'Ave ye killed any foxes?" *Huntsman.* "Yes." *Boy.* "'Ow many?" *Huntsman.* "Two." *Boy.* "Lazy beggars!"

mend wise walkers to wear boots on the wrong feet unless in cases of emergency, *e.g.* when lost in the bush, by way of counteracting the natural tendency of the right foot to bear too much to the left, and *vice versâ.* The ideal boot should be at once strong and roomy, flexible yet not flabby. It should also bear some resemblance to the foot of the wearer, though I admit that in the case of persons possessed of cubic feet it is not always easy to establish this relationship. For the man who walks across country in the winter it is well to see that his boots are kept water-tight. Water, as PINDAR said, is the best of good things, but in a boot as on the brain it is out of place. A little calves-feet jelly smeared round the seams will help to keep the wet at bay, and a pair of boot-trees will save their cost in no time, for boots, unlike the opossum, will last much longer when properly treed, in which case, paradoxical as it may appear, you cannot see the trees for the boots.

In choosing boots, again, be sure to make certain that they are not shorter than your foot, otherwise it will be impossible to wear them without cutting off the toes, either of the boot or the foot, preferably the former; but in either case the results are unsatisfactory.

The wise walker will not only exercise discretion in the choice of his boots, but in the care of his feet. Russian tallow is a splendid emollient, but it is necessary to see that it is really pure, for some kinds have lime added to them which is the reverse of salubrious. Blisters are the walker's bogey, but they can easily be dealt with by filling the boot with laudanum, which will deaden the pain most effectively.

Whether to carry a stick or not is a moot point, and if a man is accustomed to carry one there is no harm in it. In that case a stick of an unobtrusive pattern is best (see diagram).

Finally, let me conclude by a few practical tips which wise walkers will do well to act upon.

1. For walking the Channel, waders are indispensable if you wish to keep your legs dry.

2. In order to save your heels when going down hill, the best plan is to walk backwards, holding a mirror in your hand so as to avoid collisions.

3. To increase your pace the best plan is to hold a 56-lb. weight at arms' length. The effect of this is, of course, to upset the usual centre of gravity and throw the body forward. It is difficult to explain without going into transcendental dynamics, but an appreciable increase in speed will be experienced at once. If the speed attained be too great, the wise walker will be well advised to be content with a 28-lb. weight.

4. To avoid monotony, there is no better plan than to adopt the German army mixed step for forced marches, which consists of two steps at the trot and three at a walking pace, followed by a hop, skip and a jump.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The crew had carefully chosen places of shelter to avoid the air concussion, and many men, as well as the gun's crews, wore gun cotton in their ears to prevent hæmorrhage."

Daily Chronicle.

THE bos'un probably stood apart, painting his throat with nitro-glycerine.

GOLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(*By a Caddy.*)

VIII.

It is wiv some grief that I take up me pen to tell of the closing of a long and 'onnerabul publick kareer. 'Enery Wilks 'as retired into privit life, as you may say, and is no longer an orniment of that ongratefull club which 'as ill repaid 'is ardewous toil. 'Enceforward 'e will 'ave to do wiv greens, but in anuther shape. 'E 'as entered the servise of one 'oo sells fruit and vegetabuls, and will ern 'is bread in a usefull but more 'umble spheer. There's many 'oo will miss his cheery hincouragement on the links, but at least 'e can 'onestly say, like Nelson, that 'e 'as allus strivin to do 'is duty.

Let me rellate very breefly the cirkumstances that led to my disgrase.

It all begun, as fur as I can see, wiv the ill-konsealed hannimosity of the club secrettary, Mister Bulter, and the hingagement of 'Arry Purvis as one of us caddies. Mister Bulter 'as allus been one of those 'oo take pleshure in finding fault wiv them as is wellnigh faultless, and I 'ave read in 'is eye for long enuff a certain jellosy of 'Enery Wilks. Things was bound to come to a krisis wiv 'im sooner or later, and I'm going to tell you 'ow that krisis came.

As for 'Arry Purvis, 'e's one of them peeple 'oo try to take the lead, when nachure 'as clearly hintended them for a back seat. 'E's a long, lean lad, standing a full 'ead taller than the riter of these lines, and from the fust day 'e was envious of the allmost yuniversal respeck in which 'Enery Wilks was 'eld. For long enuff I 'ad been the chosin leader of the caddies, thanks more to my supeerior intelleck than to meer brute force, and this it was which rarsed the 'atred of my ryvel. From the very beginning there was constant frickshun between us, and it came to an 'ead at last when 'e challinged me to singel kombat.

I dunno that I was acktually afrade of 'im, but I 'adn't much use for taking on a yumin jeerarf. This I egsplained to 'im, and from that 'our 'e made my life a burdin. The day came rarnd at last when I reallised that 'e was steddily onderminining my reputashun, and then I spoke to 'im strate before all the caddies.

"We've 'eard a lot of gas from you, 'Arry Purvis," I ses, quite cool and quiet. "And now I'm a-going to test it for what it's worth. I challinge you, if you ain't fritened, to play me a rarnd on these 'ere links to-morrow morning as ever is," I ses.

'E fairly garsped at them surprising words.

"It'll mean the sack as sure as eggs, if we're seen," 'e ses, and I seed wiv joy that I 'ad shook 'im badly.

"That's what I'm reddy to risk," I answers 'im, and looks 'im full in the eye.

"What about clubs?" 'e asks, thinking to dish me. But 'e little knew 'is 'Enery Wilks.

"I dunno what you'll do," I ses, "and I don't care. But Mister Bulter is in the 'abbit of leeving 'is about not locked up, and I prepose to borrow them for the rarnd. They'll suit me well enuff," I ses quite komplasent like.

There was a sort of 'ushed hadmiring mermur among the uther caddies, for they knew that things was a bit straned between Mister Bulter and meself. As for 'Arry Purvis, 'e was about as 'appy as a cat wiv a tin can banging be'ind it, but 'e couldn't well klimb down before all them uthers.

"All rite, I'll take you on," 'e ses, and so we left it.

There was no dout at all about 'oo was the leader of the caddies for the rest of that day. 'Arry Purvis' stock 'ad fallen below zero, and mine 'ad risen 'igher than it ever was. I won't deny as I 'ad some douts about what would 'appen, but I trusted to the luck that 'ad allus pulled me through.

Next morning being a Friday there was no one much about, and there was no sine of Mister Bulter when I borrowed 'is clubs. I dunno 'oo's 'Arry Purvis took, but they was a fine new set.

We chose our time and drove off from the fust tee as bold as brass. Mister McTurmerick, the professyonal, was at 'is lunch, and no one seemed to see us go.

I'd never 'ad any douts about the result of that match, so long as it wasn't hinterrupted. I 'adn't watched good players and bad ones, and 'adn't taken what chawnces of practice as came along, wivout lerning a good bit about the game. Besides, 'Arry Purvis was all of a twitter, and seemed to feel the strane of the ercashun more than me. Mister Bulter's clubs was rather long for me, of course, but I was able to use them at a pinch. I 'aven't no cause of komplaint agin 'is clubs.

A GOOD PENNYWORTH.

Being a Specimen Page of "Home Chunks."

(*Continued.*)

and gripped her arm.

"But you *shall* tell me," he hissed.

A change came over her. She drew her *svelte* form up to its full height, and every vestige of colour for which Nature was responsible forsook her cheeks. To the man who confronted her, her white beauty appeared weird, unearthly,—like the face of a turnip-head ghost.

"Yes," she said,—and her voice set the lustres of the candelabra swinging, "yes, Lord Ronald Raymond Rex de Bore, the time for concealment is past. I *will* tell you. Listen!"

(*To be continued.*)

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It may not be generally known that boiled mutton fat can be removed from the drawing-room carpet by means of an ordinary garden-roller warmed to a white heat.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

(*From the office "Dictionary of Quotations."*)

To do, to accomplish,—this alone is to achieve. Nothing is so vast as infinitude, nothing so small as nonentity.

Now is not then, and to-day is not to-morrow. Therefore *act*, fool, for by action only shalt thou escape inertia.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Take a large horse-radish. Pare it. Score it. Cut it into stakes. Put it in a muffin-dish and serve suddenly with oyster sauce and onions. This will (very nearly) do for one person.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

SYMPATHY.

(This remarkable poem is the work of a young New Englander. It is said that as many as 2,000,000 copies of her latest work, *Howls of Hustle*, were recently sold in one week. As will be seen, her work is characterised quite as much by originality of thought as by elegance of diction.)

When a man is plunged in woe,
Sick, and sad, and tearful,
Go right up, and shout "Hello!"—
Be insanely cheerful.

Smooth the furrows from his phiz,
Bid him quit repining.
Wade right in, and shout, "Gee-whizz!
See the sun a-shining.

"What although your cabbage-patch
Takes a sight of hoeing!
Shucks! you needn't lose your thatch
S'long 's it ain't a-snowing."

Sadie B. Ploggs.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Are you reading our Grand New Serial?

"THE HEIR OF WATERTOWERS."

The Most Hair-raising Story ever written.

Begin at once; don't delay; it may finish the year after next.

Tell your friends about it.

Tell your wife's relations about it.

A Bishop writes: "I consider it . . . . of value . . . . it teaches all who read it the necessity for patience and forbearance."

You can begin with this instalment.

You can leave off anywhere.

❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Tame rabbits can be converted into wild ones by placing lettuces and other succulent vegetables outside their hutches, and just beyond their reach.

The clothes moth may be eradicated by means of a pea-shooter charged with pepper-corns; but this method requires skill.

It was jest an egsercise canter for me, as you may say, and it was finished on the thirteenth green. We came back togevver rather jumpy as to what would 'appen, and rather ankshus to slip in quiet like, but as soon as ever we got near the club 'ouse we 'eard an 'igh, shrill, egsited voice. I knew dirreckly 'oo that voice belonged to. It was Mister BULTER's, and 'e appeared to be searching for 'is clubs. As I was wundering what 'ad best be done, 'e burst rite out upon us.

'E 's a small, plumpish man, 'oos face becomes a kurious purple when 'e 's very much ajitated. It was that culler when 'e saw 'is clubs. I was jest wundering whether I'd best say that I'd found them and was bringing them to their ritefull owner, when Mister McTURMERICK came towards us at an 'eavy trot. I read upon 'is 'eated Scotch face that 'e knew all, and I desided that argewment was useless.

I jest let drop that bag of clubs (and it was more luck than judgment that brort them down upon Mister BULTER's tenderest foot), and wivout more ado I severed my connexshun wiv them links. The same thort 'ad appariently occurred to 'ARRY PURVIS, and I reely 'ardly know which of us was quickest off the mark.

One of these days per'aps they 'll reallise what they 've lost in 'ENERY WILKS.

A TEST FOR MUNICIPAL VOTERS.

IT has been urged against the ratepayers of London that they are woefully apathetic about municipal affairs, and that this is due to ignorance. If this is truly the case it is evident that instruction in all subjects appertaining to parochial affairs should be given to duly qualified voters before the next election, possibly by municipally endowed lecturers. As this, however, would entail an additional burden on the rates the following test paper has been set (for London ratepayers only) to ascertain how far the charge of ignorance is well-founded:—

1. The librarian of a given free library is paid a salary for six months before taking up his duties. Can you name any projected institutions in London that are likely to be conducted in the same manner as the library aforesaid?

(Please answer this by telegram.)

2. "Mid pleasures and palaces tho' I may roam." Of which London borough, in regard to its workhouse or other municipal building, might this line have been most aptly written?

3. Battersea Billiards: Why are they objected to when no one complains about Battersea Bridge?

4. Extract from a letter:—"I find no fault with them"—*i.e.*, the local "wastrels," as the *Daily Mail* has it—"for expending £492,375 16*s.* 4½*d.* on a lunatic asylum, since the ratepayers who put them in office must be housed *somewhere.*"

Deduce, from internal evidence, the politics of the writer of this passage.

5. Can you suggest any fresh directions in which public money might be got rid of?

(A prize of a handsomely bound volume—"The L.C.C. Steamship and its Story"—will be awarded to the candidate sending in the best reply to this question.)



Reveller (reading the notice on the door of his own flat). "OUT! DEUCED HARD LUCK! CAME ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING!" [*Descends, and puts up at nearest hotel.*

Putting their Shirts on it.

"YESTERDAY afternoon the Scotch banks officially raised the deposit interest to 4 per cent., which entails Glasgow and other corporations paying *on shirt loans* 4½ per cent."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

MEN come and go, suns rise and set, the earth revolves, the seasons pass, everything follows out its destiny—quite regardless of the fact that at Manchester, on October 20, Mr. BERNARD SHAW expressed his disapproval of the Ten Commandments.

BRIEF NEWS IS NOW OUR PORTION.

(*A fact which, if our correspondent is to be believed, accounts for the alarming increase in lunacy.*)

Dear Mr. Punch,—As I have on several occasions purchased a copy of your valuable paper, I have not the slightest hesitation in asking you to devote a couple of columns or so to the ventilation of a little grievance of mine. I am, Sir, of a somewhat inquisitive disposition; and the result is that a ten minutes' perusal of a halfpenny "Daily" or a penny "Weekly" drives me to the verge of frenzy. It is the present mania for "snappiness" that is responsible for this unhappy state of affairs.

Under the heading "News in a Nutshell," or "Items in Brief," I am given just enough information to whet my curiosity, and am left to fill in the sequel for myself. Take, for example, the following "paragraph," culled from a weekly newspaper: "Mr. H., a solicitor, of I——, was thrown out of bed by an explosion of gas at his house."

Only that, and nothing more. No word as to whether Mr. H. landed in his bath, or whether he went out through the window and overturned a passing policeman.

Believe me, Sir, I have, since I read this item of news, been in a continual state of mental turmoil. I have pictured Mr. H. scrambling back into bed again; I have imagined him accepting the inevitable, making his toilet, and hastening downstairs to kick the gas meter. I have had visions of an infuriated Mr. H., with his head and shoulders driven through the ceiling, making frantic efforts to release himself; of a somnolent Mr. H. seated on the top of the wardrobe and wondering how the deuce he got there; of a terrified Mr. H. rushing wildly into the street and bellowing "Earthquake!"

If only I had known Mr. H.'s address, I should, long ere this, have wired him for full particulars. Not knowing it, I am almost crazed by the crowd of conjectures which force themselves upon me.

Here is another fragment drawn from a similar source:

"An eight hours' fishing competition, open only to ladies, has taken place at Deal." This, at first blush, appears to be fairly innocent and straightforward, but a closer examination shows that it has been put together with diabolical ingenuity. You will observe, Sir, that no information is forthcoming as to what the ladies were fishing for. They may, it is true, have been fishing for fish, but, on the other hand, they may have been fishing for compliments. They may even have been fishing for husbands, and in that case the failure to say so is positively criminal. With competitions of this nature coming into vogue at Deal, every bachelor in the country ought to be duly warned, lest he stray by accident into the town at a moment when the local conditions are full of danger. Then again, you will note the ominous reticence as to results. This is surely an instance of misplaced gallantry. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the contest was of the genuinely piscatorial order, I can only conclude that the catch amounted to nil, and that the scribe, in his anxiety to be both truthful and polite, got over the difficulty by preserving a discreet silence. This being so, I find myself in the throes of a bewildering breakfast-table problem. If *x* ladies of Deal fish for eight hours without catching so much as a single sprat, how long will it take *y* Deal boatmen to secure a draught of whales? Up to the present I have not been able to arrive at a solution, but I am still wrestling.

One more illustration, and I have finished.

"The last hoppers' train run by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway," remarked a Radical morning paper recently, "arrived at London Bridge early Saturday morning." Now what I want to know, *Mr. Punch*, is—When did this train start? It is all very well to tell me that it "arrived," but that is a mere bagatelle as compared with the duration of its journey. It may have been dribbling through Kent for weeks and weeks; or it may have been a fast train, a dashing, fire-eating dragon of a train, gobbling up the Kentish miles at the rate of fourteen or fifteen per hour. Maybe it made so quick a run that the writer who chronicled its arrival feared to go into figures, lest he should be scoffed at by a sceptical public. This, however, need not have prevented him from hinting delicately at the record nature of the voyage. A statement to the effect that "none of the hoppers had died of old age *en route*," or that "the hoppers still retained the sunburnt appearance which they had acquired whilst hopping," would have been quite sufficient. In the absence of any such illuminating remark, I am left in a state of hideous uncertainty. A little more of this sort of thing, and Reason, which is now tottering upon its throne, will slither off it altogether.

Aid me, *Mr. Punch*; aid me to start a crusade against this growing practice of setting problems which, in time, will bring about the display of the legend, "House full," outside every lunatic asylum in the country!

Yours distractedly, Impar.

Motto for Dentist.—Tooth will out.

CHARIVARIA.

We are glad to hear of Messrs. Kynoch's proposed metric experiment. The danger of our present confusing system is strikingly exemplified by the fact that a certain firm of soap-makers were recently under the impression that 15 oz. make 1 lb.

The interest taken in the Soap Question by all sections of the population is remarkable. For instance, there has always been a slight boycott of soap by small boys, and a proposal that it shall be taboo altogether has been received with unbounded enthusiasm in juvenile circles.

It is now asserted that the Soap Trust and the Beef Trust intend to work together to control fats, and that it is quite possible that Mr. Haldane will urge the Government to take steps to prevent this interference with the liberty of individuals in the matter of expansion.

The L.C.C. is so much inclined, at times, to be uppish, that the proposal that women should be allowed to sit on the new Council gives fairly general satisfaction.

Mrs. Lawrence, speaking at the Holborn Town Hall, declared that the Suffragettes "had a great many things up their sleeve." We had always wondered what it was that gave some of them such an air of being badly dressed.

Mr. Eustace Miles has expressed himself as anxious to discover a more satisfactory name than "Vegetarian" or "Fruitarian" for his dietetic followers, and an ill-bred fellow writes to ask us what is wrong with "Crank"?

The Rev. J. S. Longdon has been complaining at the Llandaff Diocesan Conference that the clergy do not take a sufficient interest in sport. We think that this accusation is somewhat unfair. We know a number of curates who will openly assist at a game of marbles; and ping-pong has no more devoted adherents.

The Prime Minister's Peace and Goodwill feeling continues to extend. He has now informed the Women's Social and Political Union that it is quite impossible for the Government to make themselves responsible for any further controversial measures.

The Sydney Bulletin has been making fun of what it calls "The Brixton Imperialists." We wonder whether our contemporary is aware that there actually exists a Brixton Empire—which is,



Policeman. "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BAG?"

Bill Sikes (*indignantly*). "THERE YOU ARE! NICE THING, IN A FREE COUNTRY, THAT A MAN CAN'T HAVE A QUIET BUNDLED UP WITHOUT THE POLICE INTERFERING!"

we believe, quite a successful undertaking.

Things certainly seem to be settling down in Russia. Last week there was a railway accident on the Moscow-Kursk Railway due to natural causes.

Two girls living in Cleveland, Ohio, have petitioned the United States Navy Department to create a navy for girls, or to permit girls to enlist in the navy. The Department, it is said, has replied that it does not see its way to grant the young ladies' request in its entirety, but has no objection to their wearing sailor-hats.

The Burgomaster of Koepenick has been re-instated in his office. Surely a more appropriate appointment for him would have been that of Dupety Burgomaster? Please excuse the misprint.

We are relieved to learn from *The Boot [illegible] Shoe Trades Journal* that old boots are [illegible] made into combs, and buttons, and [illegible] but we are still anxious to [illegible] of what material the average [illegible] is manufactured.

Last week's *Truth* contains an interesting statement. "Knowsley Park, which is richly wooded," says our contemporary, "comprises 2500 acres, and contains a lake of 90 acres. It is well stocked with red and fallow deer." We should have thought it incredible that these animals could exist in water were it not for HORACE's account of the Flood, and for the fact that *Truth* itself is often found at the bottom of a well.

Clergymen all over the country are greatly relieved at the reported decision of the Oxfordshire Education Committee to dismiss the headmistress of Bampton Aston School for taking hold of the vicar and shaking him. If the practice had been allowed to proceed unchecked, the *prestige* of the Church might have been seriously impaired.

The LORD MAYOR Elect wishes it to be known that his Show will comprise several novelties. *Mr. Punch's* readers will therefore

Please to remember
The Ninth of November.

Meanwhile "A Busy Business Man" suggests that, seeing what a success the LORD MAYOR's visit to Paris was, all future Lord Mayor's Shows might be held in that city.

The Daily News of the 23rd inst. contained a paragraph, standing all by itself, which puzzled many readers:—

"There is no cause for alarm.—*Reuter.*"

The most popular theory is that this is intended as our contemporary's reply to a constantly reiterated question as to downheartedness.

Ironclad v. Motor-Car.

"THE twenty four hours' trial was concluded off Gozo Island at 9 A.M. on Oct. 17, and a wireless message was then received from Admiral Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, directing the *Implacable* to proceed with all despatch to Bizerta, 1,230 miles distant. Bizerta was reached shortly after one o'clock next morning."—*Telegraph.*

"Miss DOROTHY LEVITT, driving Mr. CECIL EDGE's 90 h.-p. Napier, covered the flying kilometre in 24 min. 35 sec."

Tatler.

CAUTIOUS LANGUAGE OF EMINENT SCIENTIST.—"Sir ROBERT added that he would have liked very much to be able to exhibit a pound of radium to the audience, but unfortunately all the radium that had yet been got would not fill a lady's thimble. If there were a pound of radium on the table no one would leave the hall alive."—*Standard.*



RATS!

Algy. "Oh, I say! Fancy fishin' with a beastly squirrel! What?"

THE IDLER MALGRÉ LUI.

[An American doctor declares that "inability to relax" is the principal cause of chronic headaches, and he urges the duty of "slacking."]

Men are perturbèd spirits, and their one and fierce delight
To hurry and scurry through morning, noon and night;
They 've lost the art of resting; they are too much on the go
To follow Apollo—they always bend the bow.
Now, though I shrink from uttering the ghost
Of a boast,
And bragging is the crime I bar the most,
I *do* do what few do—
When slacking 's to be done
I 'm reckoned a second
To none.

Of course, were I to listen to the promptings of my heart,
Then I too would fly to assume the strenuous part;
I 'd love to rise at five o'clock to read what experts say
For guiding West Riding upon her arduous way.
I 'd linger in the office, and I 'd write
With delight
Fresh schemes for Pupil-Teachers half the night;
I 'd drop this, and chop this,
And draw up endless rules
For seating and heating
New schools.

But though the office whispers in its most seductive tone
Of rate-aid and State-aid, Dame Reason holds her own;
At five o'clock I resolutely leave my desk and then
Go clubwards, or tubwards, when summoned by Big Ben.
A perfect slave to Duty I must strain
Every vein
To curb the wild work-hunger of my brain;
Right fairly and squarely
I drive temptation back,
And ever endeavour
To slack.

Under the title "Suffragette's Dream," the following cablegram appears in *The Daily Mail* from its New York Correspondent:—

"In the course of a sympathetic discussion on the good work done for the cause by the Suffragettes in London, at a meeting of a woman's society for political study Mrs. Cory, a prominent advocate of female equality, gave a definition of a Utopian dream which woman must not rest until she has realised. 'Knowing as I do our ideals,' said Mrs. Cory, 'confident as I am that we shall attain them, I fix my gaze upon the brightening future, hopefully awaiting the time when a woman on trial for her life will be defended by a female lawyer, convicted by a female jury' (the natural result, we presume), 'sentenced by a female judge, consoled by a female chaplain, and executed by a female executioner. Then, and not till then, will she have attained her proper place in the world.'"

Nothing, however, was said as to which world.

Modern Football.—"The Slough halves were far in advance of the Maidenhead trio. B. T. Verry has surpassed the most sanguinary expectations."—*Slough Observer.*



YANKEE BRAND—"WON'T WASH."

Uncle Sam. "BRAVO, SONNY! THAT'S A BOY AFTER MY OWN HEART."
John Bull. "WELL, HE'S NOT AFTER MINE, AND I HOPE HIS BUBBLE 'LL BURST."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Oct. 23.—If the shade of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR re-visits the glimpses of the gas-lit roof of the House of Commons, his imitation sealskin waistcoat must this afternoon have heaved with sigh of regret at the decadence of the assembly. Thirty-one years ago last April JOEY B. enjoyed one of his most successful diversions. It was a Wednesday afternoon. HARRY CHAPLIN had secured it for motion touching question of breed of horses. A great occasion; it was known that the SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, at the time still in residence at the family Hall, meant to rise to it. The House was crowded in degree rare on Wednesday afternoons. From the Peers' Gallery looked down his present MAJESTY, then Prince of WALES, the centre of a galaxy of noble Lords whose faces were familiar at Epsom and Newmarket. In the Diplomatic Gallery sat the representative of the German EMPEROR.

HARRY CHAPLIN rose from a corner seat below the Gangway, visibly swelling with complacency. Here at last was opportunity of displaying before a worthy audience those gifts of sonorous eloquence envied by DIZZY himself. Having fixed his eyeglass, he paused a moment surveying the listening Senate. Then, striking himself lightly on his portly chest, he remarked, "Mr. SPEAKER."

Swift came response from unexpected quarter. JOSEPH GILLIS was on his feet, waving long lean arm towards the Chair as if he were hailing a bus.

"Mr. SPEAKER," cried a shrill voice, "I believe there are strangers in the House."

Observe the courteous deference of this way of putting it. He did not bluntly assert a fact that might be obnoxious to some hon. Members—Mr. CHAPLIN, for example. He merely mentioned his impression, throwing on the SPEAKER the responsibility of determining the case and taking action accordingly.

In those good old days there was no appeal against individual eccentricity. On a Member, howsoever insignificant, taking note of the presence of strangers, out they must go. Accordingly, at Mr. BIGGAR's bidding, the heir to the Throne, the German Ambassador, and a few belted Earls were bundled forth with the rest of the strangers.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. To-day, on House resuming sittings for Autumn Session, discovery was made of presence of strangers on benches behind SPEAKER's Chair. They were heads of State Departments, private secretaries of Ministers, heretofore accommodated under Gallery. LULU, with the energy and enterprise of a new broom, had swept them from one end of House to t'other.

The soul of WATSON RUTHERFORD was seared. All very well for young Members in their first Parliament to suffer dumbly this tampering with Privilege by a middle-aged young Minister of Radical proclivities. For a veteran in his third year, steeped with reverence for the sacred things of Parliament, case different. WATSON just the sort of man who, had he represented West Derby at the time, would have stood up against CROMWELL when he spoke disrespectfully of the Mace. Now he raised the cry of "Privilege!" Moved for Select Committee to inquire into the affair, hinting that, pending investigation, it would be as well if the First Commissioner of Works were manacled and detained in the Clock Tower on dietary of bread and water.

SPEAKER declined to recognize breach of privilege, but, ever ready to oblige, hinted at existence of a Standing Order dealing with case of strangers in the House. CLAUDE HAY with great presence of mind straightway spied strangers.



THE SHADE OF JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR.

"His imitation sealskin waistcoat must have heaved with sigh of regret."

It was at this juncture that JOEY B., assuming his spiritual presence, would be conscious of that ruffling of the yellow fur of his waistcoat conjectured above. At a nod from him the galleries were cleared. Now, under new Rules, a degenerate House meekly went through process of division, the proposal that strangers should withdraw being negatived by 267 votes to 61.

Business done.—Both Houses reassemble for Autumn Session.

Wednesday night. With that suddenness and unexpectedness that marks the course of events in House of Commons, a nice question sprung upon it just now. In Committee on Plural Voting Bill. LULU, in charge of measure, risen to speak on Amendment. Up gat A. S. WILSON (only one S., please, Mr. Printer) and spied strangers. Regarded as a joke, this repetition a little heavy. Trotted out yesterday. No reason why it should not flash forth again to-morrow and on succeeding days when the clerks and private secretaries show themselves in the pew behind the SPEAKER's chair.

CHAIRMAN pleaded question was settled by vote taken on previous day. Then CARSON's fine intellect, trained in law courts on both sides of Channel, asserted itself.

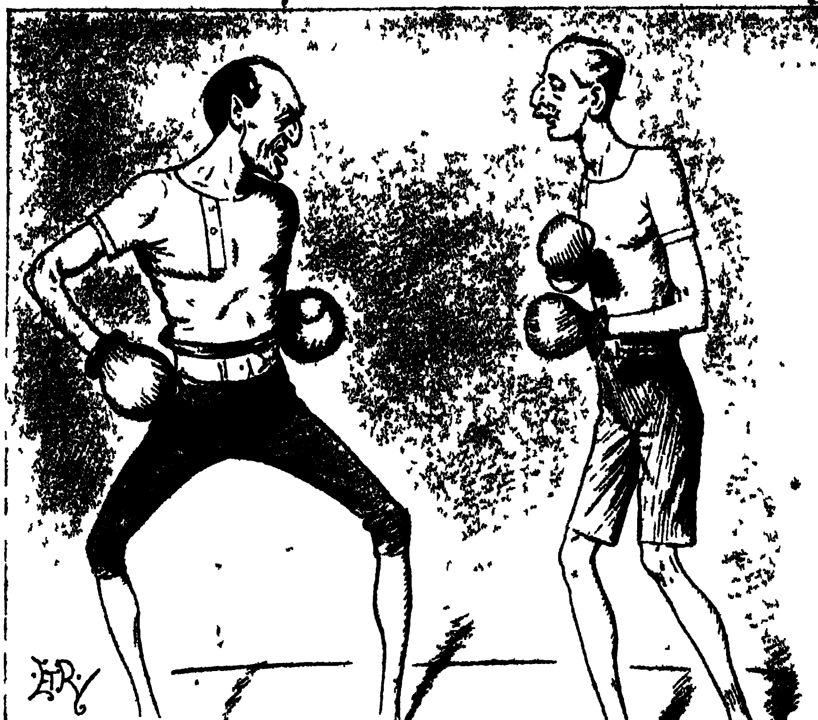
"May I say, Mr. CHAIRMAN, that I spy different strangers from those present yesterday?"

Overcome by difficulty here presented, the CHAIRMAN yielded. House cleared for division. In interval someone remembered CARSON wasn't here yesterday. How then could he make the nice distinction he had set forth with such effect? Harassed CHAIRMAN, confronted by this fresh dilemma, feebly replied that "when the right hon. gentleman said he saw different strangers, he must have seen them."

CARSON himself discreetly said nothing, and there matter left. But mystery remains. CARSON did not deny the soft impeachment of his absence yesterday. That being so, how could he to-day spy strangers different from those he didn't spy yesterday?

This question occupied attention of Mother of Parliaments to exclusion of such minor matters as Plural Voting, a Bill prohibiting this privilege being the ostensible business of the day.

Business done.—The great CARSON



HITTING BELOW THE BELT

Sir E. C-rs-n. "This is a Bill not of a statesman, but of a sneak."

(Sir E. C-rs-n, and the Rt. Hon. L-w-s H-rc-rt.)

[Mr. Maddison in a recent speech said, "Is he (Sir E. C-rs-n) such a tender soul that, unless you put him in the quiet, reserved demesne of academic representation, he would not find his way in? *He would find his way in anyhow.*"]

Problem absorbs attention. *Falstaff's* men in buckram a minor mystery by comparison.

House of Lords, Thursday. Education Bill stands first on Orders of Day. Autumn Sittings ordered so that Lords may deal with Bill. No hurry. Might have been entered upon on Tuesday when sittings resumed. Committee put off till Thursday, deferred now till Monday, when with waste of a week behind us we really will get to work.

The Leader of the House, hale, hearty and eighty, looks on with friendly smile. Boys will be boys; and YOUNG WEMYSS and the rest of them out of their wealth of time can comfortably waste a week. Yesterday Lord RIPON passed the portals of his eightieth year. Has had time to learn the value of a swiftly passing day.

Fifty-four years have sped since he entered the Commons Member for Hull. Since then he has known most men who have been making history for England and the world. Can recall three series of Cabinets in which he sat under three successive Premiers—PAM, JOHNNY RUSSELL, and Mr. G. Is sole survivor of PALMERSTON'S last Cabinet; was President of the Council in GLADSTONE'S first. Now he is Lord Privy Seal in C.-B.'s first Cabinet, Leader of the Ministerial Party in the House of Lords, and still one of the best shots in the coverts at Studley Royal.

Business done. Lords conclude that next Monday they really will take the Education Bill in hand.

House of Commons, Friday night.—Not much gaiety yet developed in still young Parliament. Such as it be it is eclipsed by death of Colonel SAUNDERSON. Like some other institutions of elder Parliaments (including PRINCE ARTHUR) he was not at home in the transmogrified House. He addressed it once or twice in earlier part of Session. Effect akin to that of skilful musician, his harp broken, attempting to recapture the old charm by touch of unfamiliar strings. Next Session, the Home Rule question to the fore, the Colonel would doubtless have been himself again.

He was, intellectually and physically, in every fibre a fighting man. But he never hit below the belt. Possibly there was exception in the case of the still anonymous Nationalist whom he encountered in the free fight that surged in Committee on the last stage of Gladstone's Bill of 1893. Naturally some hurry at the moment. Here was a fellow-countryman, presumably an advocate of Home Rule, fortuitously projected over his shoulder on to his knee and requiring straightway to be pummelled.

As a rule, otherwise invariable, the Colonel hit hard but struck fair. No one said bitterer things of his Nationalist brethren than he. Perhaps no one, certainly none on their own side, was more highly esteemed. His personal popularity extended through every section of parties. Unsought, unpurchased, the tribute was the more precious.

Handicapped by illness, SAUNDERSON was past his Parliamentary prime. That was reached in the Parliament of 1892, when he hilariously, with back to wall, fought the Home Rule Bill. Many of his flashes of humour, shining in debate, illumine the memory. One of many I recall in private conversation. During the Home Rule debate a friend, dwelling on the opportunities it provided for Irishmen to come to the front in national affairs, said:

"You are sure to come to the top of the tree."

"Yes," retorted SAUNDERSON, with grim smile, "hauled up by a rope round my neck."

We shall not look upon the Colonel's like again. He was a man apart, an evolution of the richly endowed Irish character, of which at his grave the mould was broken.

Business done. In Committee on Plural Voting Bill.

THE AMAZING AMAZONS.

HERE'S the Rime of the Ten Pioneers,
Who, braving all masculine jeers,
In a dare-devil manner
Uplifted their banner
And went for the Commons and Peers!

But alas for these claimants to fame!
In spite of their chorus of "Shame!"
A posse of bobbies
Rushed out from the Lobbies
And ruthlessly closured the game.

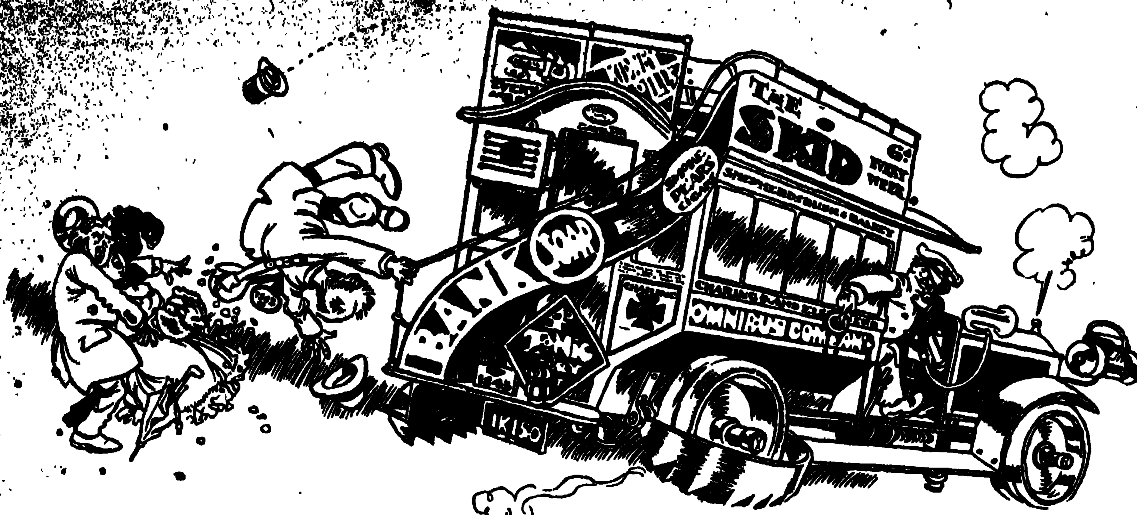
'Twas a moral defeat of brute force
By reformers of ready resource,
For their cries and their capers
Loomed large in the papers,
And martyrs want *notice*, of course!

Next morn, before Judge HORACE SMITH,
They gave a fresh taste of their pith;
They flouted the cadi
And screeched, did each lady,
And treated the Law as a myth!

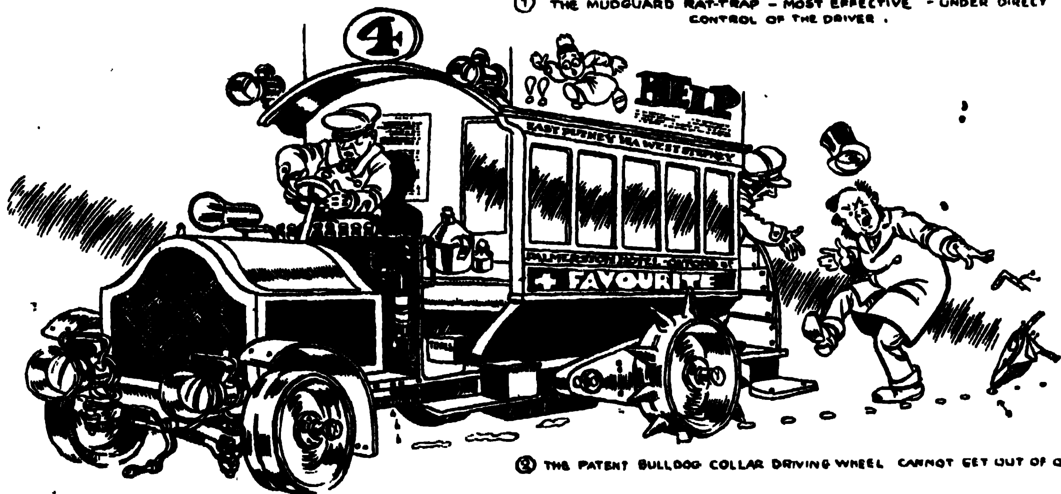
Peace doubtless will reign for a space
In the homes which these heroines grace!
Though the fines were not heavy,
They trooped in a bevy
To jail with a jubilant face.

But the rest of the sex, we are told,
Only laugh, when they should have condoled;
So it seems a bit silly
To go and eat skilly,
And earn the repute of a Scold!

ZIG-ZAG.



① THE MUDGUARD RAT-TRAP – MOST EFFECTIVE – UNDER DIRECT CONTROL OF THE DRIVER.



② THE PATENT BULLDOG COLLAR DRIVING WHEEL CANNOT GET OUT OF ORDER



③ THE SIDESLIP BUFFERS – SUPPLIED SINGLY OR IN PAIRS – UNDER CONDUCTORS CONTROL – GUARANTEED.

WHY SIDE-SLIP?

Our Artist offers his three Patents gratis to the World.

POUDRE DE JALOUSIE

Or, The Powder Plot.

Comparisons between Cilèa's *Adriana Lecouvreur* and Puccini's *Tosca* may be odious, but they are natural. Each of the two operas is a very modern Italian setting of a fairly modern French tragedy with a French theme. But in *Tosca* (much the shorter opera) the action is more swift and direct, the scheme less complex, its climax more inevitable. In *Adriana Lecouvreur* it is difficult, unless one knows the original play, to follow all the intricacies of the plot; and one feels that the tragedy might easily have been avoided if *Maurizio*, whose absence is never satisfactorily explained, had turned up a little earlier. Here again in the last scene—in *Adriana's* house (not of course to be confused with Hadrian's Villa)—we have the natural sequence of things delayed as if with the pure object of letting us gloat over the lady's agony. It is not till she has exhibited quite a long series of spasms that *Maurizio*, who has been supporting her shattered form, observes that there is anything unusual in her condition. He then makes the following tardy comment:—

Che? tu tremi . . . trascolori.

In this last word the facts, of course, are misrepresented, for she had started the scene with a complexion of unearthly pallor which did not admit of variation.

There is nothing perhaps in *Adriana* to equal the charm of the love-interludes in *Tosca;* but in the overture to the Fourth Act there are passages of exquisite beauty. One traces in them a strong resemblance to the music of another of Puccini's works—*Madama Butterfly*; Cilèa's opera being the earlier of the two.

Signora Giachetti again acted with extraordinary dramatic force. Her behaviour was just what one always expects in a person who has inhaled the fumes of a deadly powder concealed in a bunch of violets. I can't think where she gets her experience in the art of being poisoned. Signor Sammarco played *Michonnet* with the humble devotion of a faithful dog. There is no better craftsman on the operatic stage. Signor Zenatello had "a rather vague and thankless" part. *Maurizio's* profound admiration for his own exploits and for the splendour of the name which he eventually consents to confer upon his lover tended to alienate our sympathies. Yet we had all felt keenly for him in the embarrassment which he suffered from the advances of the *Principessa di Bouillon*, played by the handsome Signora de Cisneros, who possesses some poignant contralto notes. She was so tall and overwhelming that one's heart went out to the medium-sized hero (whose affections were engaged elsewhere) in his obvious reluctance to being smothered by her embrace.

Signor Mugnone, who conducted, enjoyed several well-earned ovations. He has a fixed formula of action in acknowledging these tributes to his genius. Uniting with one hand the fingers of the artistes on each side of him, he thrusts forward his remaining hand in the direction of the orchestra and waves it solemnly to and fro; with what signification, none but himself can say.

O. S.



Signor Mugnone takes a call between Signora Giachetti (*Adriana Lecouvreur*) r. and Signora de Cisneros (*Principessa di Bouillon*) l.

The Decadence of our Dumb Friends.

"A Shipley cabdriver called in the Bay Horse Inn at Baildon the other night, leaving his cab and horse outside. Whilst having a drop of whisky the horse moved on to the footpath, for which offence he was fined 5*s.* and costs at the Otley Police Court this morning."

Bradford Daily Argus.

They may joke with difficulty in Rochdale; yet when anything really humorous is said they are the first to see the fun of it. Witness the *Rochdale Observer's* report of a speech made in that town by a Labour M.P.:—

"It was to such problems as this that the Methodist Union for Social Service must turn its attention—unemployment, sweating, child labour, intemperance, gambling—and endeavour to remove from the pathway of progress towards the social idea the social evils and anomalies that now exist. (*Loud laughter.*)"

WANTED—A NAME.

[The *Evening News* has been endeavouring to find a suitable name for the Piccadilly-Brompton Railway, so far without success. *Mr. Punch* is in a position to add to this list of failures.]

Dear Sir,—The best description for the new railway is coincident with the humble initials of—Heaven forgive me for the phrase—"the present writer."

I am fully aware that the railway will eventually start from Hammersmith, but I have it on the best authority that it will ultimately Go to King's Cross. You will, I imagine, see my point if I merely sign myself G. K. C.

Dear Sir,—I Trust (excuse the expression) that I am not too late to suggest a name for the Piccadilly-Brompton Railway. It is, I think, useless to try and Combine (pardon the word) the names of all the stations on the route, and it has occurred to me that as people who use the tube are bound to leave the Sunlight *pro tem.*, as indeed they seem to be already doing, the "Sunlight" would be—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—a not inappropriate name.

W. H. L-v-r.

Dear Sir,—Shakespeare, I feel sure, would have said, "What's in a name? A tube-rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but it seems to me that, although at present there are several alternatives open in making the journey from Hammersmith to King's Cross, in future the new tube will undoubtedly become "The Only Way."

M-rt-n H-rv-y.

SOME OPTIMISMS.

[A Trafalgar Square cabman has returned an accidental overcharge of 1*s.* to a fare.]

The following uncorroborated telegrams have been received from the Millennium News Agency, Ltd.:—

Charged yesterday at Westminster with disorder, a suffragette in a subdued voice implored the magistrate to have her name kept out of the newspapers.

We learn that Mr. Hooper, of the *Times* Book Club, desires to entertain the Publishers' Association to dinner.

A Way they have in the Provinces.—"Mr. J. L. Lowson proposed 'The health of the King and Royal Family,' Mr. J. Hodgson responding."

Teesdale Mercury.



FIRST NIGHT OF THE NEXT MUSICAL COMEDY. THE AUTHORS BEING CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

THE JESTER TO HIS AUDIENCE.

[The Editors of certain popular Monthlies, in genial and homely postscripts invite the frank criticism of their readers upon the contents of their magazines. This should be a lesson to all Authors and Editors, and to no one more than to the professional humorists. On behalf of the latter we hasten to approach *our* readers in an equally candid and humble spirit.]

READ, gentle Reader, read this modest lay,
And get it firmly planted in your chest.
Then, guided by your sense of humour, say,
Whether it be a jest.

The Will is here, that is, the thing is meant
To be a jest, as subtle as absurd,
Though less absurd than subtle. For th' intent
You have the author's word.

It ought to be a jest, you will agree,
How gained it else its destination, viz.,
This present page? But ah, what ought to be
By no means always is!

Such are the facts that you should bear in mind.
R., as the Frenchmen put it, S. V. P.
(Attention will oblige.) Your verdict find:
"*Jeu*"—or "*No Jeu d'Esprit.*"

Thus, if within your bosom, breast, or soul
This trifle shall impulsive mirth evoke
It must be, Sir (or Madam), on the whole
A most successful joke.

But, if it leave you overwhelmed with gloom
And homicidal melancholy, squash
Our Hopes; pronounce it (brief but final doom!)
Unmitigated bosh.

Commercial Candour.

[illegible] advertisement of Liver Tablets:—

"A box in the house is worth pounds in the physicians' pockets."

EXTREME CASES.—What is worse than raining cats and dogs? —Hailing motor omnibuses.

MORE ABOUT LORD ROSEBERY'S MISADVENTURE.

The Daily Telegraph's Edinburgh correspondent communicated to last Thursday's issue of that paper further details regarding Lord ROSEBERY's motor mishap. Our own Edinburgh correspondent, not to be beaten, now sends us still further particulars, and states that if we will only give him time he has every hope of being able during the next few weeks to tell us some more about this historic breakdown in the snow. Up to the time of going to press the following fresh facts have come to hand:

Contrary to the assertion of the *Telegraph's* correspondent, it was not a little ditch which upset the car. Unfortunately (writes our representative) it cannot be described even as a furrow, desirable as such a description would have been under the circumstances. It was a rock, and by a strange coincidence it was the very rock which inspired WORDSWORTH, years ago, to write:—

"A Rock there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites."

It is incorrect to say that his Lordship referred to his chauffeur as a "lad." It must not be forgotten that Lord ROSEBERY speaks French almost as well as the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, and would not therefore boggle at the word "chauffeur." His Lordship also speaks English like a native, and the report that he was "able to chat to the Lodge-keeper" is therefore probably true. His reference to having dined with the KING on the previous evening came about in a curious way. The Lodge-keeper's wife invited him to share in the humble fare of her supper-table—viz., porridge and haggis. His Lordship cautiously and courteously thanked her, but explained that he was not hungry, adding: "Last night I was dining with the KING."

The distance between the Lodge and the house, states our correspondent, is nearer three-quarters of a mile than half a mile, so that his Lordship's achievement in covering this distance on foot, after having walked no fewer than three miles across bleak country, says much for the pluck and endurance of the noble Peer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Listener's Lure is quite one of the nicest books that Mr. E. V. Lucas has published with Messrs. Methuen during the past few weeks. The epistolary way is, perhaps, the way of least resistance for the writer of a tale; but that doesn't matter so long as the reader's course is equally smooth. At first I confess (if Mr. Edmund Gosse, of *The Daily Mail*, will pardon my use of the first person) that the number of characters employed in this oblique method of contributing to the story made me feel as if I had contracted a squint. But I soon found my way about the book, and lost no time in being fascinated by the author's humanity. Mr. Lucas's mind is a storehouse of fancies, new and old; most are new, but all are fresh with the charm of his sensitive humour. And then, in letters you can write so much that has no sort of bearing on anything in particular: delightful stories *à propos de bottes*, casual criticisms of men and manners, incidental self-exposures, not permitted to the living voice. Indeed, if *Lynn Harberton*, for one, had said aloud all the things that he wrote I might have called him a bit of a prig. Not, of course, in Mr. Lucas's hearing, for fear that he might retort by calling me a University man, and I should have no answer to this shattering charge.

Listener's Lure is simple in design; it devotes itself to sentiment and character rather than action; yet when we reach, late in the book, the solitary event (*Edith Graham's* engagement to *Harberton* the wrong man) in which our interest, amid many diversions, has been centred, the charm is over. Nevertheless I nurse the sanguine hope that here, in this book of letters, we have the half-way house between Monologue and Romance; where the "Wanderer" on many high-ways and by-ways may rest and take courage before he adventures up the difficult heights. Meanwhile, being more than ever impressed by the worth of a good listener, I hang upon Mr. Lucas's lips and am all ear; trusting, if only in this negative way, to win his fastidious approval.

England of the good old coaching days, when the Prince Regent called himself the father of his people, and wheat was eighty shillings a quarter, was not a very merrie England. But the whole country was infinitely happier than the unfortunate trio who were the owners of the *Running Horse Inn* (Macmillan). The woes of Job or of the lady who was courted by Auld Robin Gray were trivial compared to the sorrows of *John* of the inn and *Bess* his wife, and *George* his long-lost brother, who returned from the wars on the day of honest *John's* marriage to the girl he (*George*) had left behind him. Customers deserted the inn; the bank which held their savings broke; *John* shot his father-in-law by mistake, and *George*, after trying to run away with *Bess*, was hanged for the murder under the eyes of repentant *John*, who arrived at the scaffold just in time to be too late, and found on his return home that *Bess* had fallen over a cliff. There's tragedy for you! But, my nable! (to use poor *John's* favourite oath), a little less of it, prithee, next time you take up your pen, Mr. A. T. Sheppard, for you have a pretty gift of writing, an it were turned to a less harrowing theme.

When Mr. Douglas Sladen undertakes to describe a town, an island, or a province, he does it thoroughly. His latest effort has *Carthage and Tunis* (Hutchinson) for its object. For weeks and months he besieged these historic places with inquiry, ransacking their stores ancient and modern. Some writers of travel-books trot through a country, ride round a town, straightway sit down and write a volume of observation and suggestions. *Experientia docet.* Mr. Sladen's siege of the metropolis of the Orient was conducted in due form of parallels. He makes minute study of the classic historians of Carthage in her days of empire. Beginning with Dido, he goes on to quote Appian's graphic account of the destruction of the town and its fortresses. He roots up the Arabian geographer El Edrisi, who visited the city in the twelfth century, when its amphitheatre still stood. This is well done, since there is nothing left of Carthage (above ground) but history. The visitor, or the stay-at-home content to regard it from afar, will find in the first of these two bulky volumes all that is known of a fascinating wreck of early empire. Mr. Sladen, who, not to speak of finding sermons in stones, is amiably disposed to discover good in everything, touches but lightly on an eye-searing modern structure on the sacred soil. Speaking of the cathedral erected thirty years ago by the pious efforts of Cardinal Lavigerie on the site of the Temple of the Capitoline Jove, he mildly remarks: "You are vexed that the cathedral should occupy so much of the hill of Carthage." I was indeed. It is impossible from any point of view to avoid this white monstrosity, which vulgarises hill and bay and Carthage. Looking on it one wishes that Cato were still alive. "*Delenda*" is nothing to what he would have said on beholding it. Passing on from dead Carthage to living Tunis, Mr. Sladen, a lively instructive guide, lingers long in the enchanting bazaar, a rare span of Eastern life, accessible from London in something like two days. The text, admirably written throughout, is illustrated with six maps and more than three-score illustrations, some in colours.

Helen Mathers' *Tally Ho*,
Published by Methuen (Self & Co.),
Presents a lady, name of *San*,
Whom a military man
(Taking a rather shady course)
Woos that he may win her horse.

That is, in brief, the groundwork which
The author sets her to enrich,
Adding, like a smooth veneer,
A first-class sporting atmosphere
Which, though it isn't *Jorrocks*, still
Displays indubitable skill.

But this, though good, is not the thing
That makes the book worth noticing:
Its persons show, it seems to me,
Exceptional vivacity;
Indeed, the lady *San*, for one,
Beats all Miss Mathers yet has done.

Mr. Lewis Melville's *Victorian Novelists* (Constable & Co.) is very sketchy, but if it serves to send readers to the works of the writers it appraises it will serve. To find Douglas Jerrold among novelists is something of a surprise—his novels were not his best work; and the absence of George Eliot, Charles Lever and Charlotte Brontë impairs the value of a book which is thorough enough otherwise to begin with Lytton and close with William Black. In the chapter on Sheridan Le Fanu I should have liked to see some reference to the first draft of *Uncle Silas*, in his little-known but very admirable collection of short stories called *The Purcell Papers*.

The Tribune, in a review of Q's *Sir John Constantine*, quotes the author as saying, "Here is interred the soul of the Bachelor Q"; and then adds; "We will *not* say *Requiescat in pacem.*" That is quite right of *The Tribune*. *Requiescat in pacem* ought never to be said of anybody, living or dead.

NATURE STUDIES.

My Razor.

Amongst the dear dead days of my long ago no day stands out in my mind with a greater distinctness than that of my first shave. It was a dark and dismal day of November rain, and as I walked along Piccadilly my eyes were irresistibly attracted by the brilliant lights of a shop-front in which "Gents' Complete Shaving Outfits" were advertised in bold letters. I paused, my hand strayed to my chin and cheeks, and I was once again aware of the down that decorated them. It had been a subject of considerable controversy. My father had been contemptuous, and my brother had been abusive with a frankness for which the race of brothers has been distinguished from time immemorial. But my mother had spoken encouraging words:—

"Of course," she had said, "it isn't at its best now, but whatever you do, don't shave it. Let it grow in a natural way, and in a year or two you'll have a beautiful silky beard that everybody will envy. If you shave it, it will turn into hard stubble, and then when you want to grow a beard some day, where will you be?"

Dixon, however, decided me. He was older than I by two years, and was now in the army. "Good heavens," he had said on that very morning, "what's that stuff you've got on your chin? What on earth do you want to go about like a moulting bird for? You run along and get shaved."

I could not face the idea of getting shaved. The hairdressers whom I knew were cynical men, and I feared their ridicule. I therefore stepped into the shop, and in a few minutes became the possessor of a complete shaving outfit. I hurried home, the lather was applied, the family butler told me how the razor should be held, I gashed myself twice, and then, proceeding with a swift and incredible resolution, made my face hairless. Since then I have been a slave to the shaving habit, and, seeing that the years of my slavery have been many, I may lay claim to a certain knowledge of the whims and oddities that diversify the characters of razors.

The life-destiny of a razor is to begin by being sharp, to continue by being stropped, and to perform with silent celerity the duty of removing hair. It is a simple life and should require no great expenditure of energy. Yet the chief point about any known razor is its unconquerable perversity. There are mornings when my razor defies the strop and the soap. It passes harshly over my tender cheek, and, though it removes the lather, no hair comes with it. In vain I coax it to the performance of its task. After a minute or two of steady urging it goes off into a fit of the sulks and bites me to the bone. There is nothing for it but to wipe it, lay it aside in its receptacle, and give its brother a trial. The brother, having made a miserable failure yesterday, has come to a better mind and now goes on its way over the tracts of skin with rejoicing. In the end I get shaved somehow, but the toil from first to last has been hard, and my outlook on the world has been ruined for the day.

It is strange, too, to reflect how unreasoning is the animosity that a razor often shows to his friend, the strop. Nothing ought to be easier than to flit to and fro over the smooth leathery surface. Yet there are moments when the ill-tempered razor deliberately stops in its swift course in order to ruin its own edge by slicing away a fragment of the uncomplaining strop. Macaulay's strops, I have heard, were great sufferers. His razors, no doubt, resented his omniscience, and were compelled to take it out of something.

There is, in fact, no more perverse and ill-conditioned animal in the world than a razor. To eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a razor has become a proverbial expression for disappointment and futility; but on the whole it is just as sensible to use your razor on a block as to expect it to perform its primary duties.



FORGETTING HIS PART.

"Spare a pore boy a copper, kind Lidy. Ain't had a bit ter eat ter-dye, Lidy!"

THE SOAP KING'S DAUGHTER.

(A Scenario.)

TIME: Some sixty years hence. SCENE: the Park Lane drawing-room of the Earl of SUNLIGHT, grandson of our own Mr. W. H. LEVER. The old Earl is in earnest conversation with his charming daughter, Lady LUX LEVER. It seems that since the first Earl cornered soap in 1906 the price has been rising so rapidly that now almost the entire wealth of the British Empire flows automatically into the family's coffers. People, to preserve their self-respect, must be clean, at whatever cost. The consequence is that every penny that can be spared from the other necessaries of life is spent on soap, at incredible prices. Lady LUX, the richest heiress (in fact, the only heiress) in the kingdom, is eagerly sought after by the impecunious noblemen, notably Lord JASPER SCRUBBS, the brother and heir of the old and decrepit Duke of BATH. So much being made clear by dialogue, the Earl of SUNLIGHT has a song:—

When I was young I used to think,
Perhaps a little oddly,
That men might be as black as ink
So long as they were godly.
But wisdom comes, as years progress,
And Youth's ideals shatters:
And now I see that cleanliness
Is the only thing that matters.

The youth who would succeed in life,
All opposition squashing,
Who'd make a name, and win a wife,
Must never scamp his washing.
A girl who's sensible will feel
No diffidence in snubbing
A suitor who cannot conceal
His urgent need of tubbing.

Having touched thus on the brighter side of his position, Lord SUNLIGHT comes to the single fly in his ointment. There is one man in London, AUBREY JELLICOE, who has the spirit to defy convention, to abstain wholly from soap, and to remain rich and frankly grubby. Nothing can move him, not even the glowing advertisements written for the Earl's soap by Mr. HOOPER, the descendant of the great *Times* littérateur. What is Lord SUNLIGHT to do?

LUX goes out, and *enter* Lord JASPER, who propounds a devilish scheme. It should be mentioned that he loves Lady LUX (in his own vile way). He proposes that LUX shall lead AUBREY to fall in love with her, tell him that she cannot marry anyone who does not use soap regularly and in large quantities, and so induce AUBREY to spend his money. As a reward, he, JASPER, is to marry her. Lord SUNLIGHT consents. None of LUX's suitors have any money, and JASPER is as eligible as any in point of rank. The scheme is mentioned to LUX. The dutiful daughter reluctantly agrees to play the part.

Act II. TIME: three months later. SCENE: the terrace in front of Loofah Castle, the Earl of SUNLIGHT's place on the Wash. *Enter* AUBREY. He is wonderfully changed. Before, he suggested Mr. TREE as *Caliban*, or Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *The Pertick'ler Pet.* Now his face shines with repeated scrubbings. His linen is spotless. Music cue: "*I'm so happy I don't know what to do.*" Song: AUBREY (Air, "*Mr. Chamberlain*," appropriately from *The Beauty of Bath*).

Now who was the man whose face to scan would have taken you all your time,
Because it was so concealed, you know, behind a mask of grime?
Who was the chap who cared not a scrap for what the people said?
Who is the man who, if he can, should hide his shamefaced head?

It's AUBREY JELLICOE, it's AUBREY JELLICOE!
I said, "to wash is simply bosh!"
But now I know
That my views were most unsound;
So now I've changed my ground,
And I'm your clean, keen AUBREY JELLICOE.

I said that I hoped that, if ever I soaped, you'd write me down an ass:
I felt no shame when the moment came to see myself in the glass.
I never cared when people stared. It didn't "amount to shucks,"
(As Americans say) until one day I fell in love with LUX;

And I'm AUBREY JELLICOE, the speckless JELLICOE!
No spot or stain can now remain
On me. Oh, no!
Though all my money's spent,
Yet I am quite content
To be your clean, keen AUBREY JELLICOE.

Exit. Enter LUX. It appears that a hitch has occurred in the scheme. She has made AUBREY love her, and spend all his fortune on soap; but now she, in turn, loves him. Will her father give his consent? Never. She asks him.

Lord Sunlight. My child would wed a commoner without a penny!
Can I believe you?
Lady Lux. Is there no hope, then?
Lord Sunlight. Child, I won't deceive you.
Not any!

Big scene now. *Enter* JASPER. JASPER (*sings*):—

Jasper. With the guile of a snake I have sought her,
And now may I claim my reward?
I worship your beautiful daughter:
Consent to our union, my Lord.

Lord Sunlight. Yes, I think you may fittingly clasp her.
My boy, here's my blessing. She's yours.
And, 'pon honour, you're a lucky, young JASPER!
She's jilted her suitors in scores.
But since such a thorough success is
The neat little scheme that you planned,
I hereby approve your addresses,
And formally give you her hand.

Enter AUBREY. He sees JASPER about to embrace Lady LUX, and, overhearing Lord SUNLIGHT's last words, breaks in:—

Aubrey. Hullo, what's this little drama?
Hullo, what is this that I see?
You blot on this sweet panorama,
This lady's engaged, Sir, to me.

The Earl explains. Dramatic pause. Then LUX plays the trump card which she has been holding back, which is that many years ago, quite by accident, she discovered an excellent substitute for soap. It is efficient and can be manufactured at an infinitesimal cost. Will her father give his consent to her marriage with AUBREY, or must she resort to the last, dread expedient of giving her secret to the world? JASPER slinks off R., Lord SUNLIGHT takes the centre of the stage, and with a hand on each of their heads, says in a low voice, as they kneel before him, "My children, bless you!" (*Curtain.*)



GOGGLES AND MAGOGGLES.

(A chance that Sir William Treloar may miss.)

LORD MAYOR'S CHAUFFEUR (*feelingly*). "DOMINE DIRIGE NOS!"



PROVERBS REVERSED.

"One man's poison is another man's meat."

Voice from the other side. "THANK GOODNESS! I WAS AFRAID HE'D JUMP IT WITHOUT BREAKING THE TOP BAR!"

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is, we fear, no such thing as gratitude. The offer of the Bishops to improve the Education Bill has only called forth abuse from the supporters of that measure.

Mr. BIRRELL has explained that the permission which was given to certain schools to accustom children to the idea of defending their country was due to a misunderstanding.

The Book War, it is true, may not yet be at an end, but the superstitious draw attention to the fact that "To-day's Suggestions for members of *The Times* Book Club" appears within a slight mourning band.

We thought it was bound to happen. Miss CORELLI, like Mr. CAINE, is about to issue a pronouncement on the Book Club dispute. She will take up the cudgels on behalf of the public in the forthcoming number of *The Rapid Review*. Miss CORELLI, like Mr. CAINE, is, of course, one of the public.

There is, we are afraid, no doubt that people do not read literature as much as they used to. Anything, therefore, that is likely to bring about an improvement in this respect is to be welcomed, and we were pleased while regretting the necessity—to see the following notice at the end of an instalment of a tale by Mr. CROCKETT in *The Daily Mirror*: "A £500 house or £500 in cash given away for reading this story."

Yet another communication from the dead! A letter was published last week in *The Express* pointing out the dangers of the proposal that coroners' juries shall dispense with a view of the body. The letter was signed, "A Victim."

By a new regulation on and after January 1st next dogs throughout the country will have to wear collars. A correspondent, who hopes we will not think him a prude, suggests that in the summer months, at any rate, there should be added to this scanty minimum of costume a muzzlin' head-dress.

In an account of the National Anti-Sweating League's Conference, we came across the following interesting statement: "The National Anti-Swearing League's Conference for the discussion of a legal minimum closed yesterday."

WILL THE SOUTH AFRICANS BE BEATEN
BY
P. H. D. SEWELL

asked a *Daily Graphic* poster one day last week. It certainly seems a big job to tackle single-handed.

"In my experience," says Judge LUMLEY SMITH, "nautical witnesses always stick to the story they tell, but it is generally very difficult to tell on which side the truth lies." This raises the interesting question: Can truth lie?

One day last week the prison at Guernsey contained not a single convicted prisoner, so the gaol was thrown open to the general public for inspection. We trust that this enterprising move on the part of the authorities succeeded in attracting custom.

The ill-fated *Montagu*, it is stated, is to be used for some important gunnery experiments. We would respectfully suggest that, contrary to usual custom, foreign spies might be invited to view the bombardment—from the *Montagu*.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY-MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter V. (Continued).

London's Free Spectacles.

To the free picture-galleries, museums, churches, &c., we shall come later; just now we are concerned with the free spectacles offered by the streets and open spaces of our giddy metropolis. What for example could be more interesting than a gentle stroll among the statuary emporia of the Euston Road? Whether your taste be classical or sentimental, whether you like stone dogs or weeping angels, this is the place. All are here and all are free.

The Zoo, not far off in Regent's Park, it is true costs a shilling or sixpence, but by loitering in the neighbourhood of its boundaries you may hear the lions roar or the elephants trumpet, and if you have luck an animal may escape while you are there and you may see the hunt, or if it is one of the larger carnivora you may even take part in the hunt yourself—in front. This would be very interesting to the provincial in London.

The methods of escaping from various kinds of wild beasts having never been clearly set forth, it may be well to detail them here.

(1) From an elephant. Climb a tree.

(2) From a lion. The old way is best — thrust your umbrella down his throat, and open it.

(3) From a boa-constrictor Wear a steel vest.

(4) From a gnu. Stand under a chestnut tree.

(5) From a bear. Run as fast as you can to Chalk Farm station, throwing out a bun at intervals.

To resume our more general instructions. No one ever need be bored in London. If it comes to the worst you may spend a happy hour in counting the windows of Queen Anne's Mansions, or you may go to Scotland Yard and watch London's leading Scotchmen, all of whom are disguised as policemen. But enough of this.

Chapter VI.

London Noises.

The following table of London noises was recently drawn up by one of the more intelligent and leisurely officials of the Board of Trade or the Local Government Board, we forget which. It is, however, absolutely accurate.

Table of London Noises.

10 hansoms	equal	1 growler.
6 growlers	=	1 motor car.
2 motor cars	=	1 traction engine.
8 traction engines	=	1 motor bus.
4 motor buses	=	deafness.
8 " "	=	nerve collapse.

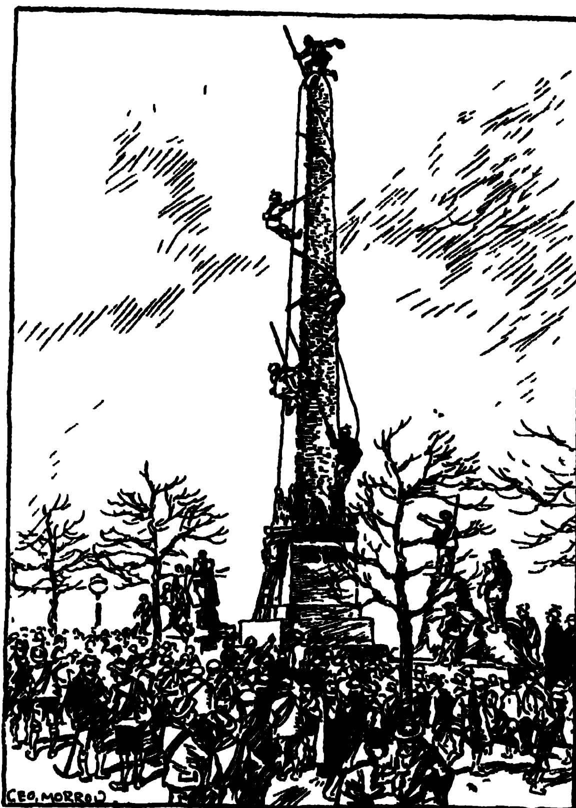
Chapter VII.

Adventure and Sport in London.

London's adventurous side is too little known. The midnight flat racing in Rotten Row—how few persons have seen this! The young Liberal bloods ratting on the Terrace—what ordinary man can describe that exciting scene? And then the bull-baiting that still goes on in a disused yard not a hundred yards from Lambeth Palace; the cock mains that are fought only a few yards from the Poultry; the drag hunts over Primrose Hill; the fierce runs with the Regent's Canal otter hounds; the archery meetings at Newington Butts; to say nothing of the duels at daybreak in Parliament Hill Fields. There is an idea, carefully fostered by the police, that duelling is dead in England. Well, let the great foolish public think so. *We know better.* But there are some things of which it is not [illegible] to say too much.

Let us rather turn to that [illegible] and daring assault on Cleopatra's Needle which is made every first of November by those members of the Alpine Club who happen to be in town. London has few ceremonies more heart-stirring than this. Picture to yourself what it must mean—the lofty and, one would say, impregnable column from ancient Egypt, wrested from the very desert by the hand of ravaging man; the grey light breaking over this vast and wonderful city; the sombre rushing river, with every steamer, so crowded during the day, now lying idle and asleep; the intrepid climbers, masters of a thousand peaks—the terrible Rigi, the bloodthirsty Gorner Grat, the frowning Pilatus—all braving the cold of the dawn to add one more to their laurels. Few scenes equal this in impressiveness. So long as Englishmen dare to attempt this appalling Needle, so long is the nation safe, and the alarmist may hold his peace. But if ever the old courage fails? Ah!

(To be continued.)



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON

The Alpine Club pays a visit to Cleopatra's Needle.

THE LADY CABBY.

[*The Daily Mirror* reports that a lady, described as a young and attractive blonde, has applied for a licence to drive a cab.]

With a tear I murmur "Eheu!"
For the disappearing Jehu
And the Jarvie who will soon be obsolete,
For the Lady Cabby's coming,
In the distance she is drumming
Jarvie Jehu's ignominious retreat.

What a change in Town's appearance
When she's made a final clearance
Of our present ruby-visaged gondolier!
Shall we miss him much, I wonder,
When he's vanished and gone under?
I repeat, I murmur "Eheu!" with a tear.

For it's oh! my Lady Cabby,
In your hands I'll be a babby
When you softly say, "I leave it, Sir, to you;"
It will mean an extra tanner
For your fascinating manner,
And another for your pretty eyes of blue.

THE SPOILS OF ROMANCE.

The statement of a lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* of Thursday last that the minimum which she paid to the Government in rates, taxes and duties was £50,000, has naturally excited a great deal of interest in literary circles. From an extensive budget of correspondence which has reached this office, *Mr. Punch* selects the following typical letters:—

Dear Sir,—The remarkable figures given by the lady novelist in last Thursday's *Daily Mail* only serve as one more striking proof of the exorbitant profits made by the tribe of publishers. The minimum amount that she pays annually in rates, taxes and duties being £50,000, I think we may safely estimate her income at £1,000,000. Now, as we all know, on the best possible authority, that the publisher makes 800 per cent. profit, it follows by process of logic that the firm who issue her novels must make £8,000,000 profit *from her books alone*. I trust that some of the Labour Members will take note of this astounding admission, and bring the utmost pressure to bear on the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a view of imposing a special income tax on those who follow this nefarious calling.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Harry Frederickson.

Kind, generous Mr. Punch,—The revelation of the lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* emboldens me to enlist your assistance. I have written a novel which my father, who is a *very* severe critic, pronounces to be little if at all inferior to the best work of Miss Corelli. At that rate it must be worth *at least*, say £15,000, but I am not grasping, and would be prepared to dispose of the copyright *entirely* for £5000. Will you advise me what publisher I ought to apply to; or better still, purchase the MS. yourself, in which case you would be practically sure to make a huge profit on the transaction? I may add that I am only sixteen, that this is my first book, and that its title is *The Python of Pampeluna*. The name alone is worth a small fortune and *quite original*.

Yours gratefully,
Madeline Owen.

P.S.—I feel so certain that you will say *yes*, that I have so far anticipated your answer as to order a lovely new winter jacket in which I intend to be photographed for the frontispiece of *The P. of P.*

P.P.S.—Pampeluna is in Italy, isn't it? Of course I have never been there, but, as my father says, local knowledge is the ruin of imaginative insight.

Dear Sir,—I have the best reasons for believing that no lady novelist has ever paid more than £1,000 per annum in rates and taxes. I can only account for the extraordinary figures given in a contemporary on the assumption that the printer, who was possibly thinking of Dr. Robertson Nicoll at the time, added 00 to the total.

I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,
Maria Scarlatti.

Dear Sir,—The figures given by the lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* are somewhat difficult to reconcile with the hard facts of the greatest circulations. Estimating her income, as one is bound to do, at not less than £1,000,000 a year, I calculate that this would mean an annual sale of not fewer than 10,000,000 copies. My own experience, if I may be allowed, without offence, to introduce a personal element into the discussion, inclines me to believe that no contemporary novelist, male or female, can point to the achievement of such an impressive total. In these matters, however, it is always preferable to apply a practical test; and I am ready and willing to back the circulation of my forthcoming romance, *The Blonde Woman*, against the next novel produced by the lady novelist in question: the loser in this competition to abstain from interviews for the space of a fortnight.

Faithfully yours, Manxman.



THOROUGH BUT NOT PEDANTIC.

(Overheard at the Louvre.)

American Tourist (suspiciously). "Say, Guide, haven't we seen this room before?"
Guide. "Oh no, Monsieur."
Tourist. "Well, see here. We want to see everything, but we don't want to see anything twice!"

From an advt. in *The Law Journal*.—
"Where Shall I Send my Patient
Price 3*d.* post paid."

THE HEN PARTY.

[According to *The Daily Mail*, 160 fowls have been invited to enter for an egg-laying competition at Rayne, in Essex.]

Walk up, walk up, ye barn-door hens!
Just pay your entrance fees
And take your places in your pens
As quickly as you please!
Come, black hens, white hens, fat hens, slight hens,
Hens of every hue,
Leghorn, Minorca, buff Majorca,
Cochin-China too!
All hens that cluck, come, try your luck!
Come, Orpington and game,
Come, great and small, no breed at all—
Come, fowls that thirst for fame.

At other shows, too well one knows,
The snobs conspire together,
And foolish men will judge a hen
By pedigree and feather;
But here none care what plumes you wear,
Or whether you inherit
The bluest blood since Noah's flood,
For nothing counts but merit.

No idlers here will dare appear,
No empty-headed beauties
Who love to strut resplendent but
Neglect a hen's first duties.
A task is ours to test the powers
Of any bird, and shrivel
The self-conceit of fowls that meet
To flaunt and flirt and frivol.

Then, earnest dames, enrol your names!
This is no mere diversion,
For each and all must stand or fall
Upon her own exertion.
No gaudy dress here wins success,
Nor fashionable figure.
Come! Show your stuff, and, like *Macduff*,
Lay on with all your vigour.

HOW TO DISCARD.

(*By Mr. Punch's Bridge Expert.*)

I have received an interesting letter from X. Y. Z., of the Portland Club, on the subject of discarding at Bridge. He points out that, whereas it used simply to be a question of discarding from weakness or strength, there are now no fewer than nine ways of disposing of one's surplus cards when one has run out of the original suit. He asks me which I consider to be the best way.

* * * * *

Now it must be remembered that the sole object of the discard is to give your partner information as to your own state. It is obvious that the more times you can discard the more information you can give. One of the most effective combinations is this, which I discovered quite by accident when playing at *The Times* Book Club the other day. Spades were led, and on the second round I played a small diamond. On the third round I discovered that the four of spades had stuck to the ace of hearts; whereupon I dislodged it and put it on the table. This manœuvre conveyed the requisite information to my partner, for after staring at it for some time he said: "Good lord, if the silly idiot hasn't revoked again!"

* * * * *

That, however, was a short-sighted view to take of it, for in reality I had discovered a new and brilliant method of signalling. The small diamond made it clear that I did not wish diamonds led; while the four of spades added that if he went on with spades I should have to unguard one of my strong suits. There remained clubs and hearts, in each of which I had five to the ten.

* * * * *

It may often happen that you have nothing in your own hand of any value, and that you wish your partner to disregard you and play entirely for himself. In this case (supposing you have agreed to discard from weakness) the simplest way is to drop, as if by accident, one of each of the three remaining suits on the table at your first discard. In spite of your apologies for your clumsiness, your opponents will insist on two of the cards remaining exposed. Suppose that these are a spade and a club, and that you leave a diamond on; then your partner knows at once that he isn't to lead spades, diamonds, or clubs. As you are already out of hearts, the deduction is a simple one. This is known as *The Three Discard Trick*, and is very popular.

* * * * *

By the way, the same information may be given to your partner by "Yarborough again, confound it all!" But not so subtly.

* * * * *

In the course of his letter X.Y.Z. refers to the "Odd and Even Discard"—the discard of an odd-pipped card meaning "from weakness," of an even-pipped card "from strength"—and asks if it is likely to be popular. Personally I feel sure it is; and, feeling this, I have invented, on the same line, an elaborate system of "throwing"—the sole motive being to convey information to one's partner. It is known as *The Macaroni Convention*. Here it is.

I. *An odd red card.*—"My hand is now in Class D, and may be had for 1*s.* 10*d.* net."

II. *An odd black card.*—"The whisky is behind you."

III. *An even red card.*—"Good lord, I've revoked."

IV. *An even black card.*—"Don't say anything; perhaps he won't notice."

V. *A multiple of three in red.*—"You'll have to pay for both of us. I've only got a shilling on me."

VI. *A multiple of three in black.*—"He played that one before; I saw him."

* * * * *

So much for the simple observations of the Bridge table. But the system goes further, and includes the naming of every card. Thus the king of hearts is shown by discarding first the three of diamonds and then the seven of clubs—or, if you have not those, by any 3-7 combination. The ace of clubs by a 2-8 combination . . . and so on. If you happen not to have the right combination to indicate the particular ace or king, then you throw the card itself, and your partner at once sees that you have it.

* * * * *

By the way, I need hardly tell X.Y.Z. and my other readers that after a ball or dinner-party he should always discard twice in his best suit.

LINES ON A MODERN POLYMATH.

Should you thirst for information
On spontaneous generation,
On the form of the "Springbokken,"
On the spectre of the Brocken,
On the myst'ries of Eleusis,
On alcohol and its abuses,
On tobogganing or skating,
Poker-work or badger-baiting,
On the merits of Pelota,
On the Czardas or the Jota,
On the pterodactyl's molars,
On the style of Surrey's bowlers,
On the canvases of Titian,
On the late Tibetan mission,
On the climate of Manchuria,
On the recent Papal *curia*,
On the way to make a silo,
On the filling of a stylo,
On Debussy, Strauss, or Reger,
On the underwear of Jaeger—
If on these or other topics—
Such as earthquakes in the tropics—
Your instruction is deficient,
There's a journalist omniscient
Who will brilliantly and brightly
Play the intellectual Whiteley.
In at least a dozen papers
Simultaneously he capers,
Lavishing his erudition
Sans the slightest intermission.
But I hear you put the query,
Of this catalogue grown weary,
Who is this scholastic Titan
This thrice admirable Crichton,
Blend of Rosebery and C.-B.?
Tell me Who on earth may he be?
Answer: 'Tis the great Saleeby.

Up till now the record for plurality of authorship has been held by the eight creators of *The New Aladdin*. This record has now been lowered at Wyndham's Theatre, where there is a curtain-raiser written by Twelve.



Bertie (to Caddie, searching for lost ball). "What are you looking there for? Why, I must have driven it fifty yards further!"
Diplomatic Caddie. "But sometimes they hit a stone, Sir, and bounce back a terrible distance!"

FANCIES FOR FREAKS.

[We hear nothing at present of any repayment of hospitality on the part of the apes and ponies that have been entertained at American Freak Dinners.]

When Emperors' shifts were gay but brief,
And Rome's *élite* (*conscripti patres*)
Affected laurels in the leaf,
And not the lotion culled from bay trees,
Caligula, whose moulting locks
And mind beneath 'em wanted something,
Built for his horse a marble box
And made a consul of the dumb thing.

Then, though, no doubt, patrician sparks,
Who gave their appetites a free swing,
Indulging in *alaudæ* (larks)
And wine that showed the Hybla beeswing,
Observed with what Imperial tact
He made preferments—sense would tell 'em
That Caius the divine had cracked
Some rivet in his cerebellum.

So with our Cæsars not of blood
But beef (to take a case) or blacking—
They own, perhaps, a priceless stud,
Yet mental links are often lacking;
Their polo-strings come round to dine,
And invitations to their villas
Conclude with this alluring line,
"The guests must bring their own gorillas."

Not that we deprecate all modes
Of honouring our mute retainers,
Who tug (the horse) laborious loads
Or (apes) the whiskers of their trainers.
Who has not—though the face is plain
And lack of speech imposes trammels—
Suspected hints of human brain
In most domesticated mammals?

And yet how better far for both
The brutes themselves and these Luculli
Whose wits are waning, while their sloth
Induces torpor and a dull eye,
If these their kingly state should cut
And (guests at their dependants' tables)
Hob-nob above the homely nut
Or share a carrot in the stables!

Another Author Boycotted.

We are not surprised to see that in its last Literary Supplement *The Times* Book Club has black-listed St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. It is notorious that for some years past the author has been receiving no royalties, and that in consequence the publisher has been making even more than the usual 800 % profit.

Our Effete Aristocracy.

"The Duchess of Norfolk was quietly dressed in dark cloth; Ellen Lady Inchiquin was with a daughter; and Lord Mar and Kellie, Lord Colebrooke, and Lord Wandsworth were all bent in the same direction."—*Daily Mail.*

Where is the straight back, the upright carriage, for which Englishmen are so noted in fiction?



POINTS OF VIEW.

Foreman. "Donal' carries twa o' thae pipes."
Dugald. "Ay, I hae obsairved him a' the forenoon. But ye maun just remonstrate wi' Donal' yoursel'."

OUR LADY OF MIRTH.

Who was it said they had begun to bore us,
These plays without a vestige of a plot,
Medley of comic gags and kicks and chorus?
The fellow lied, they certainly had not.
Still, deathless maiden of the many titles,
Offspring of Chaos and Terpsichore,
You hold the Pit's impressionable vitals,
You suit the Upper Circles to a T.

The changing years may modify your numbers,
The East be rearranged to suit your scenes,
But no profound sophistication cumbers
That artless innocence of bygone teens;
You live! the subtle genii who stage you
With magic carpet or embroidered robe,
Still hire the good old galaxies to play Ju-
Jitsu around the habitable globe.

We like the well-known song on current topics,
We like those vagrant "visitors" who choose,
Whether in London tea-shops or the tropics,
To wear a low-necked dress and high-heeled shoes;
We like the joke a trifle over-pointed,
But satisfied by immemorial age,
Those ladies, too, the lithe and double-jointed,
Whose toothful grins are still the public rage.

He was a fool indeed who banned repletion,
And found a feast no better than enough:
Such meagre sentiment might suit the Grecian,
But Northern minds are made of sterner stuff.
Go on, entrancing girl, the latest comer
Is welcome as the first-born of the batch;
Seasons may die, but your eternal summer
(Quotation from the Bard) will always catch!

One sees you in a sphere with sorrow laden,
Faced with the prospect of its final twirl,
Still on the boards as the *Millennium Maiden,*
Or possibly *The Cadi and the Curl;*
Framed in a house that palpitates with laughter,
And grasps with pride the wonted points of wit,
5000 A.D. or after,
And looking (for your age) extremely fit.

FROM "THE TIMES" OF 1907.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907.

TO-DAY'S SUGGESTIONS
for Members of "The Times" Book Club,
376-384, Oxford Street.

The Bondman Play.
By Hall Caine. (*Oct.* 1906.)

The author's successful play is here presented in a complete and most attractive form, with good clear letterpress and eighteen portraits of the players now performing it.

Copies of this book, published at 2s. 6d. net, may be secured by docile subscribers in Class G at 2d.

Walks Round my Parish.
By Septimus Lemuel. (*Jan.* 1907.)

A pleasant gossiping book, written in the form of a narrative, but conveying much information.

A Guide to the Railways of England.
By George Bradshaw. (*Oct.* 1907.)

A new edition, brought up to date. With index and map.

Encyclopædia Britannica—Ninth Edition.
By Hugh Chisholm. (*Circa* 1870.)

A discursive book dealing with the probable fate of Livingstone and kindred matters.

Copies of this book, published at £169 net, will be given away to admirals in Class Z.



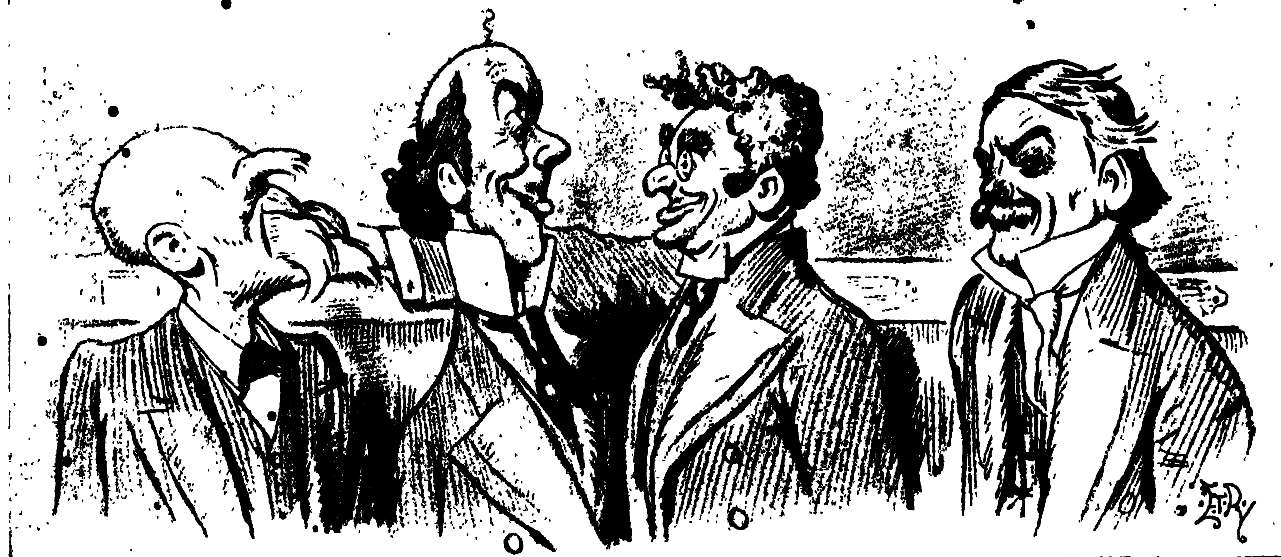
CUTTING IT UP.

(After Rembrandt's picture "The School of Anatomy")

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.





KŒPENICK AT WESTMINSTER (No. 2).

With the exploits of the Cobbler-Captain still fresh in mind, Our Artist can hardly sleep o' nights for thinking of what might happen if some talented rascals contrived to masquerade as our Ministers – even for a moment. A certain vague facial resemblance to our respected rulers might enable them to play havoc with South Africa, reduce the Navy, veto the use of the rifle in schools, grant Home Rule (or something uncommonly like it), and truckle disastrously to the proletariat. The House of Commons Police cannot scrutinise ostensible Cabinet Ministers too closely if this danger is to be avoided.

House of Lords. Monday, October 29.—Having agreeably wasted last week, noble Lords to-day settle down in Committee for inevitable fight over Education Bill. House crowded in every part. Even Opposition benches presented unwonted appearance of fulness. This largely due to the ministrations of the Church. Like the Irish Members in another place, the Bishops, whate'er betide, remain in their own camp below Gangway. Ministries may come and Ministries may go. They sit on for ever, occupying one-third of space appropriated to Ministerialists. Wearing the white surplice of a blameless life, they, whilst doing something to redress the balance between Conservatives and Liberals, add occasionally needed touch of sanctity to mundane affairs.

Whilst floor of House was thronged, some two-score devoted ladies sat in galleries flanking the chamber. With the patience that is one of their many endowments, they seemed to listen, what time husbands and brothers wrangled below as to whether Clause 1 should be postponed; whether it should come into operation at later date than Bill proposed; or whether it should be entirely transformed. What noble Lords fought each other for, wives and sisters



"What's the next Article?"

(Lord L-nd-nd-rry.)

in the Gallery could not make out. A solitary gentleman in the Diplomatic Gallery, after struggling for some time with the problem, undisguisedly went to sleep. Had mastered it so far as to convince himself that peace of Europe was not at stake. Whether the Bill should come into operation in 1908 or 1909 really need not disturb a foreign visitor's sleep. Nor did it

For the Peeresses it was a different thing. The Lords were diligently whipped up for a field night. Vital interests at stake Great heart of the nation palpitating. All the newspapers writing about what the Lords would do. Proper thing to go down and watch the fight. But ah! the dreariness of it!

At one time promise of little diversion. Lord Emly began it. Moved amendment to Clause 1. Speech delivered in level voice, with monotonous manner. Took in the universe as pasture land whereon to browse. At various stages of its interesting but irrelevant history, it had much to do with France. John Morley and Lloyd-George flitted through the scene "when bubbling cataracts of blood poured off the guillotines on to the streets."

That understood as reference to period of First Revolution. Methuselahs of iniquitous energy, they turned up again eighty years later, "when, as they murdered the hostages, the Archbishop of Paris and the clergy, the Communists shouted, 'Clericalism is the enemy.'" From this, with slight détour with intent to smite the Nonconformist conscience, quotations from Robespierre and Danton came in with striking appropriateness.

In the Commons this performance would have had but short run. Warning cries of "Question! Question!" would have been raised, and the Speaker or Chairman of Committees would, on the Standing Order dealing with irrelevancy, order the Member to resume his seat. Noble Lords are more tolerant with their own order. A Peer's a Peer for a' that. To rebuke one publicly would be to suggest possibility of flaw in a sacred cult. Accordingly they sat with polite air of attention whilst the precious minutes sped.

At approach to end of first half hour it grew too much even for the patience of the Peerage One Peer coughed. Two or three moved restlessly in their seats A low buzz of conversation went round. Anxious glances were bent on the mass of manuscript in the hand of the orator. He seemed good at least for an hour.

"In France," Lord Emly incidentally remarked, "the State edited the Catechism the State which denied the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul."

That was too much. Ampthill made desperate appeal to Chairman of Committees "How long, how long?" he cried, throwing up his arms with despairing gesture, reminiscent of Wilson Barrett. More to the point was threat to move that Emly be no longer heard Pained astonishment was written deep on Emly's spacious brow. What did noble Lords want? That he should confine his speech to his amendment? Very well. Magnanimous minds, though wounded, cherish no resentment. He would proceed to allude to his amendment.

A moan of anguish rose from the parched lips of the stricken host. Ampthill showed sign of rising again. "I move my amendment," Lord Emly hurriedly said, and sat down, leaving unread not the least interesting portion of his manuscript, which dealt with the history of the Church as affected by the ingrained lack of ceremony in the manner of Oliver Cromwell, and the lack of sympathy with ecclesiastical institutions displayed by his instruments and associates.

Business done.—First round on Education Bill. Government defeated by majority of 200.

Tuesday night.—In both Houses almost simultaneously hum-drum course of business broken up by sudden eruption. In the Lords the Primate, who is having a thoroughly good time, moved amendment to Clause 2 of Education Bill. Ministers declined to accept it. The statesman long known in Commons as St. Michael and All Angels (now cornoneted but retaining the Saintship as Viscount St. Aldwyn) submitted variation on Cantuar's amendment. This commended itself to both sides. That of itself suspicious circumstance. Better think the matter over.

Crewe suggested deal'ng with it on Clause 3. Lord Harris, thinking the time had come to put himself on, bowled what umpire (Onslow) declared no-ball. Moved that the House adjourn. Had this been carried—and the Opposition in the Lords can carry anything—the Bill would have been destroyed. At Chairman's suggestion Harris moved "that the House resume." On division this was negatived. Noble Lords who had arranged to sit till midnight found themselves on their way home by eight o'clock.

In the Commons Plural Voting Bill stuck fast in Committee. Lulu appealed to Opposition to let it move along. This the fifth day they had been discussing the first clause. Let them forthwith proceed to division.

"Never witnessed such effrontery!" cried Carson, upon whom the bland, almost child-like, presence of Lulu at the Table acts as a red flag flaunted in face of bull.

The Opposition deaf to entreaty, C.-B. swooped down with the Closure. Carried amid duet, Opposition chanting "Gag! Gag!" the Ministerialists chiming in with "Sneak! Sneak!" A delicate reminder of Carson's indiscretion of last week when he so named Lulu.

Thus it came to pass that whilst in the Lords the Opposition carried every-



Shutting up Little Emily.

(Lord Ampth-ll.)

thing before them with majorities approaching eight score, in the Commons the balance was struck by majority exceeding thirteen score.

Business done.—Lords reached deadlock on the Education Bill; Commons closure debate on Plural Voting Bill.

House of Commons. Thursday night.—On a day in last Session SWIFT MACNEILL, having received from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL answer to question on the paper, rose, and shaking clenched fist at the happily distant Minister, shouted, "I will now put to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL another question which distinctly arises, Mr. SPEAKER, out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given."

Captain CRAIG, jealous for the fame of Ulster, resolved that South Donegal shall not in the matter of bulls lord it over East Down. Accordingly to-night announced intention to move "an amendment consequential upon certain other amendments I will propose later on."

The CAPTAIN still wonders why Committee should have lapsed into convulsion of laughter.

Business done.—Trades Disputes Bill passed Report stage.

Friday.—No end to trouble of ST. AUGUSTINE, President of Board of Education. Discovery accidentally made that he has sanctioned the serving out of arms and ammunition to boys in public elementary schools. Labour Members, turning aside from consideration of Trades Disputes Bill, hotly resent innovation. JOHN REDMOND bitterly complains that whilst in hapless Ireland grown men are forbidden to use firearms, in England they are dealt out to babes and sucklings. HOWARD VINCENT, back from reviewing army of the United States, and giving a few practical hints to the PRESIDENT, whose military experience, though picturesque, lacks the scientific precision of the Westminster Rifles, warmly applauds. But, though audible, this scarcely sufficient to counterbalance demonstration of dislike and suspicion.

ST. AUGUSTINE's dream noble and patriotic. In his mind's eye he sees Battersea Park an armed camp, with London's children, instead of wandering aimlessly about interrupting the musing of great minds with inquiry as to "the right time," formed in battalions, marching, counter-marching, under personal command of BOBS, V.C., daily growing perfect in the use of the rifle.

And here is JOHN WARD, removing his overgrown felt hat that would serve admirably as a target, rising to ask whether the parents of the children had been consulted on this menacing introduction of the principle of conscription?

ST. AUGUSTINE broken down with disappointment at reception of his scheme.



THE OPENING DAY OF THE SEASON, NOV. 5

Sportsman (dreamily). "STARS—ROCKETS—CATHERINE-WHEELS! OH, OF COURSE, IT'S THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!"

"This is just the sort of thing, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "that discourages a man in the public service. As Minister of Education it is my primary duty to teach the young idea how to shoot. I set about its performance, and see what follows."

Business done.—Many Public Elementary Schools deprived of their shooting licence.

A Shady Business.

"COUNCILLOR LILE said he was sorry there had been imported into the matter statements which were untrue. It was umbrageous to call this a Holborn Scandal, as it was nothing of the kind."—*Holborn Guardian.*

Fame!

IT had been a dull week for SHAKSPEARE, Mr. BERNARD SHAW having written two letters to *The Times* without one kindly reference to his fellow-dramatist. But things were going on in other parts of London none the less, and at the issuing counter of a public library in Mile End a boy was heard to apply for a book as follows:—

"I want a novel called *A Winter's Tale*; it's a book what's been dramatised like BARRETT'S *Sign of the Cross*."

Commercial Enterprise.

"THE UP-TO-DATE BOTTLE-CARRIER.
SAVING OF 100% IN PRICE.
SAVING OF 200% IN REPAIRS."

PLAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I.

ARTEMIS OF THE STRAND.

THE Greek play at the Adelphi may be dead before these lines appear in print; but the fear of that calamity—which I should honestly deplore—shall not deter me from easing my mind upon so attractive a theme. As an academic exercise *The Virgin Goddess* is something more than creditable to its author Mr. RUDOLF BESIER; as a stage-production it confirms Mr. OTHO STUART'S reputation for sportsmanship. But the difficulty with these archaistic essays is that they are apt to prove too antique for 95 per cent. of the audience and too modern for the remainder. Mr. BESIER, leaning to compromise, has sought to appease M. WALKLEY by a remarkably close adherence to the unities beloved of ARISTOTLE, and by illustrating the hallowed workings of Greek Destiny; and at the same time he has appealed to the modern mind by embroidering his scheme with subtleties, and deranging the statuesqueness of his figures with occasional bursts of fury and clamour.

Hæphestion (an impossible Greek name, pronounced with a short e in the second syllable; it should, of course, have been *Hephæstion*) murders his



King Cresphontes . . . Mr. Alfred Brydone.

brother, the king of Artis, ostensibly on the ground of cowardice; but to this motive is added another—that of passion for the king's wife; and it is this second, and probably primary, motive which causes Artemis, in whose worship he had taken the vows of chastity, to demand the sacrifice of a life. Yet, strict as the moral principles of this goddess were known to be, I doubt if mere illicit desire, as distinct from an actual breach of her law, would have incited her to vengeance. It is true that the punishment of Actæon, converted into a stag and torn in shreds by his misguided pack simply because he caught a glimpse of her in her bath, might be urged against this view. But that was a case of personal pique. In the present instance I grant that the love motive is cleverly introduced, since it softens our hearts to the murderer and adds a strong force of pathos to his eventual sacrifice of the woman whom he loves; but the subtlety of this complication is perhaps rather modern.

Again, the blindness of the king's mother (played by Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD on the best lines of classical tradition) has too modern a note of appeal. Certainly, as in the case of the blind seer *Teiresias*, her sightlessness adds poignancy to her power of prophetic vision; yet this foreknowledge of doom is here somewhat of a superfluity, since the denunciations of the *Priestess* (admirably delivered by Miss MADGE McINTOSH) supply all that is needed in that department.

There were two deeds of blood in the play; and each was apparently performed in the interior of the Temple of Artemis. I confess that it struck me as an impropriety that the Holy of Holies should be thus utilised as a shambles. It was quite right and Greek, of course, for these unsightly things to be done "off"; but Mr. OSCAR ASCHE (who looked like a Farnese Heracles in training) was quite large enough to have killed his brother somewhere else, when he was not at his prayers and unarmed; and, from what I know of Artemis, I am sure that she would have preferred that the execution of *Althea* should take place in an adjacent grove. The interiors of Greek Temples were not meant for blood-sacrifices.

The callousness of the chorus of acolytes, male and female, was appalling. After personally witnessing the murder of their king, they casually strolled out of the Temple with their property lyres and pipes, and at once threw off an In Memoriam Ode, set to what sounded just like Christian Church music. The next time that Mr. ASCHE entered the sacred shrine on butchery bent they had the decency to pop out into the fresh air without assisting at the horrid spectacle; and put in another Ode of a more broadly reflective character, suitable for keeping in stock for a variety of occasions.

On the whole Mr. BESIER'S verse was adequately Greek in spirit; and, if not distinguished by actual genius, maintained a workmanlike level. The habit, common with the best in this kind, of putting highly-wrought imagery into unlikely mouths, is not a very noticeable vice in his work. Once I caught him mangling a Christian phrase where someone proposes to keep the State "unspotted in the world"; and once I was shocked to hear *Althea* address her lover as "Heart of my heart!" a tag that might have come clean out of a drawing-room phantasy by Mr. WEATHERLY or Mr. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Miss LILY BRAYTON, whose physique does not seem to allow her to be forceful without visible strain, was best in the moving passage in which she surrenders herself to voluntary death. She



ANY ORDERS FOR THE BUTCHER?

Hæphestion (*Master of Artis*) . . . Mr. Oscar Asche.

knows how to keep still, and her poses, set off by a lovely *himation*, were admirably plastic. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, on the other hand, was never so happy as when he found himself in a scrimmage with six men on the top of him. Watching the feats of this splendid Rugby forward it was difficult for us to believe that, after having declared himself,

"Indomitable as a man foredoomed"

(this is from BROWNING'S *Artemis*, not Mr. BESIER'S), he would have tamely submitted to the threats of a female referee. I should have thought more of him if he had persuaded the author to let him go through with his original scheme.

Mr. CHARLES ROCK is a sound craftsman, but nature never meant him for a Captain of Greek infantry. His men had a bad habit of shouting Ay! on the slightest provocation, as if they had been British Tars or M.P.'s. I liked their bare legs better than the fleshings of the acolytes. As for the *chitons* of the chorus of maidens, no attempt seems to have been made to let them fall in simple Greek lines. They were hopelessly bunched about the breast and waist.

Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, whose one beautiful scene served for the whole play, should make a closer study of the architecture of Greek Temples, and so avoid repetition of his present hybrid design,

with its Doric triglyphs and Ionic volutes. Mr. CHRISTOPHER WILSON, before he next attempts to write incidental music for a Greek play, had better run up to Cambridge and hear Sir CHARLES STANFORD's setting of the *Eumenides*; and meanwhile might cut out that noisy *pizzicato* plunking of his fiddles, which is so intolerable a distraction. I said "Hush" during one of these excesses; but the conductor took no notice.

II.

ENTERTAINING DEVILS UNAWARE.

Perhaps our tastes have been vitiated by an over-lavish use of epigram on the stage; anyhow in *The Charity that Began at Home* I thought that the fine gold of Mr. HANKIN's wit had been beaten out a little too thin. The first scene was an almost exact reproduction of life; and the humours of a British interior do not often lend themselves to photography. I have, I hope, a right contempt for the conventional drivel that is written about the need of action in drama, dialogue being, of course, the most common of all forms of action; but I am certain that even social drama should answer certain demands which are not satisfied by written dialogue, or why put it upon a stage at all? And I felt that apart from the admirable acting of Miss HAYDON and Mr. EADIE, both of whom materially contributed to a realisation of the author's design, there was very little in the play which might not have equally edified me on the written page. Indeed there were one or two noticeable defects which might well have escaped my unimaginative mind had I merely read the dialogue in print; but being visibly presented on the stage were a sore affront to my sense of decency. One was in the scene where, amid a tittering of the bolder spirits in the audience, the condition of the maid-servant who has lost her virtue is freely discussed in her actual presence, the miserable girl being all the while shaken with sobs. The theme in itself may not be unfit for treatment on the stage, and one can understand how such matters might, for the purposes of an author's scheme, be regarded as a subject for levity; but this levity cannot be tolerated in the presence of the victim who is so pitifully incapable of sharing it. This graft of humour on a stock of Stage Society realism was incongruous to the point of absolute repulsion. As for the general motive of the play, charity is perhaps not so wide-spread a virtue that we should need anyone to point out to us the dangers of an indiscriminate exercise of it. However, nobody supposes that Mr. HANKIN is in earnest, and so that doesn't matter much. What does matter is that his cynicism appears to disregard the laws of average and probability. By arbitrarily choosing all his examples (varied enough in themselves) from the same type—the type, that is, on whom charity is likely to be wasted—he runs the risk of seeming to beg the question. After all, the charitable people who practise indiscriminate hospitality cannot always be entertaining devils unaware. There must be a stray angel or so even among the forlorn and unpopular.

But, when all is said, Mr. HANKIN's talent remains undoubted; and his ultimate success as a playwright can only be a question of time and experience.

O. S.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT THIS YER SOAP TRUST FOR—AND WINTER COMIN' ON TOO!"
"YES, AND US BRUNETTES!"

Motto for the Ninth.

"As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it."—*Robert Burton*.

WOMAN'S WAY.

THE following advertisement appeared in Thursday's *Morning Post*:

"MUNICIPAL REFORM.—I will meet you to-night, darling, at eight o'clock, but you must first vote for the Municipal Reform Candidates. PRUDENCE."

So far as the man in the street was concerned the matter ended here; but, knowing the sex as he does, *Mr. Punch* was not at all surprised when the following further advertisements arrived (by mistake) at his office.

2. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Thank you, dear, I knew you would. But before I meet you I must be sure that your hands are clean so far as the Soap Trust is concerned. PRUDENCE.

3. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Yes, darling, I did say eight o'clock, and I am so glad you have given up Sunlight. But first I must have your promise that you will boycott all those horrid publishers. PRUDENCE.

4. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—How sweet of you to promise only to read *The Times' History of the War*, and LOCKHART's *Life of Scott* in future. That's my darling boy. But you do think women ought to have votes, don't you? PRUDENCE.

5. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Yes, dear, eight o'clock in Bouverie Street, but oh, before we meet just tell me that you like *The Daily Mail* Literary Supplement, that you will ask that Honourable you know to vote against the Education Bill, that you think Germany can smash our Fleet, that you believe in the divine right of the Football Association, that ... I'm over the six shillings. Good-bye. PRUDENCE.

6. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Don't understand. Leaving for the country this afternoon. Don't forget I have your promises. PRUDENCE.

LORD ROBERTS may be right in having no faith in Mr. HALDANE's Army Scheme, but we think that the expression "Mr. HALDANE's Skeleton," which his Lordship used the other day, is one that will be challenged by anyone who has seen the War Minister in the flesh.

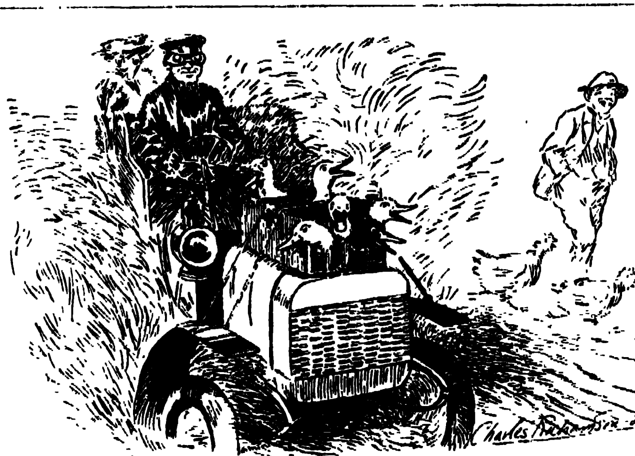
"Miss PANKHURST said Mrs. MARTYN was still in the infirmary, but was determined to complete her sentence."—*Daily Paper*.

A WOMAN's last word—as usual.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

"A LIFE which, if I may so express myself, began early and has lasted for several years, an observant habit and a retentive memory, have enabled me to set forth as things seen and heard by me a good many incidents." Thus Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL presents his credentials on opening a gallery of *Social Silhouettes* (SMITH, ELDER). They range over a wide area, from the schoolboy to the schoolmaster (two of the best), from the curate to the bishop, from the Labour member to the Whig, from the diner-out and the carpet-bagger to the invalid. "Let us part good friends," Mr. RUSSELL pleads in the final chapter. There is scarcely need for the entreaty. He is not the man to sacrifice a smart saying because if uttered it might give pain; but on the whole the volume is singularly free from acerbity. Among many interesting stories he mentions one new to me. Thirty-three years ago, Sir GEORGE GREY sat for Morpeth, a Whig stronghold unchallenged since the passage of the Reform Bill. In the fulness of his heart, the statesman, grown old and contemplating retirement, designated G. W. E. R., then a boy at Harrow, as his successor. This considerate, and to the youth, pleasing proposal was shattered by the electors, who, on the eve of the General Election of 1874, intimated to the amazed veteran that they had had enough of him and meant to return THOMAS BURT. They were as good as their word, and the ex-coalminer sits for the borough to this day. Mr. RUSSELL pays a just and generous tribute to the unique position the right hon. Member for Morpeth has won in the estimation of all sections of parties coming in contact with him through successive Parliaments.



BILKINSON DOESN'T REALLY KNOW HOW HE WOULD HAVE GOT ON WHEN HIS MOTOR HORN WENT WRONG SIX MILES FROM EVERYWHERE, IF HE HADN'T SUCCEEDED IN BUYING THE COUNTRYMAN'S DUCKS.

If IRVING BACHELLER had left
His *Silas Strong* a simple story,
I should have deemed him passing deft
Within his special category,
But no—he sticks a "Foreword" in
To tell me how he came to write it,
And of the cause he'd like to win
If only I would help him fight it.

The cause is that of virgin woods
(American) which saws are felling,
To be transported, labelled "goods"—
Horresco referens for selling!
And that annoys me, in a way,
For, though my brain is of the lightest,
I know that writing books won't stay
Those saws advancing in the slightest.

Besides, I'm just a homely chap
Who likes an honest bit of reading,
And hate to find I've turned a tap
Of gilded pills of special pleading.
Still, men there may be—who can tell?—
Who'll gladly read, and, when they've done, win
Our IRVING's fervent thanks, as well
As those of Mr. FISHER UNWIN.

While others less modest persuaded themselves, perhaps too easily, that they were "making history" in the House of Commons and on the platform, Sir BENJAMIN STONE, M.P. (one of the faithful seven of Birmingham) has been patiently pegging away with a camera, making history enough for all of them put together. His record of men and things as they exist at Westminster, of which we get a fascinating glimpse in *Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures* (CASSELL & Co.), will be a priceless storehouse to our successors. It may well come to be called "Historic Peeps; or, Extinct Objects of the '*Stone* Age.'" He has led off, willing captives, to his own particular gate and archway on the Terrace where his camera lurks, statesmen and politicians of every class and party, officials, distinguished visitors from all over the world.

Everyone and everything connected with Parliament has faced that trusty weather-beaten little lens: from Mr. BALFOUR to the Mace, from Lord ALTHORP to the House of Commons' bootblack, from Mr. EDMUND GOSSE to the clock-face of Big Ben, from the Unionist Whips in solemn conclave to the Pygmies of the African primeval Forest, from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN right down to the Parliamentary caricaturists.

Sir BENJAMIN does not "retouch" his subjects, an enormous gain in likeness and in interest. There they stand with the Thames breezes ruffling their hair, their clothes the despair of the *Tailor and Cutter* but the joy of the student of character. Sir BENJAMIN has also snatched from oblivion many old-time ceremonials and moribund survivals of ancient festival.

No one writes better stories for children (and their elders who like children's stories) than E. NESBIT; and she has never written a better story than *The Railway Children* (WELLS GARDNER)—not even *The Treasure Seekers* or *The Would-be-Goods*, those Bastable classics. The new story is of a family who dwelt near the Line and made friends with engine-drivers and passengers and extracted all the joy that a Line can offer. And that is all I shall tell you; the rest *est à vous*. One criticism only I will suggest, and that is that many mothers in real life who happen to be living near the Line may have nothing for E. NESBIT but disapproval—since no child can possibly read this book without wanting similar adventures.

In her latest novel MISS KATHARINE TYNAN is a little unkind to her heroine *Bawn Cardrew* (but *née Devereux*). The young lady is made to tell her own story, and the artlessness of the achievement is not sufficiently concealed by the author's art. In fact, *The Story of Bawn* (SMITH, ELDER) reminds me of the simple but feeling remark of the Scotch schoolboy, "Please, teacher, there's too much sugar in the semolina pudding." That is the trouble with Miss TYNAN's book. It is pleasant to the taste, and pure and wholesome, but it is a trifle too sweet. Still, though *Bawn* says it herself, or rather repeats, as un-self-consciously as may be, what she hears or overhears others say about her, she is as charming as she is beautiful, and her story has just the touch of distressfulness proper to a tale of John Bull's other Island. So that when she is saved at the eleventh hour from sacrificing herself for the sake of her family in a loveless marriage, and finds herself in the arms of *Anthony Cardrew*, one can only regret that one has lost the sweet tooth of childhood's days.

ROBUR ET AES.

[According to official returns, 3,058 street accidents, due to vehicles, occurred in the metropolitan police district during the month of September.]

OAK and triple brass were bound
Round his breast who first set sail,
Leaving firm and solid ground
In a cockle, light and frail,
Tossed before the rising gale.
Death raged round,
Yet he was not found to quail.

What defences then had they
(Bolder still than he, I ween)
Who first left the light of day
Diving through the waters green
In a fatal submarine?
FLACCUS, say
What their armour may have been!

Tell me that, and tell me, too,
What defence the gods have planned
For the dauntless mortal who
Takes his life within his hand
When he dares to cross the Strand—
Which to do
Needs a courage few command.

Well may warriors, brave and tried,
From that roaring flood retreat!
Death appears on every side
Up and down the perilous street,
Till the heart forgets to beat.
Heroes hide
When that boiling tide they meet.

Vanguards, skidding here and there,
Swift as Arrows hurtle by;
Frantic hootings rend the air
As the severed lamp-posts fly
And the shop-fronts shattered lie.
Everywhere
Rack and ruin seare the eye.

Mammoth motor-waggons crush
Wildly through November grime;
Past them motor-cycles brush,
As they race with flying Time
In their wild career of crime;
So they rush
Through the sea of slush and slime.

Prehistoric buses crash
Into Covent Garden wains;
Cycling newsboys, more than rash,
Strew the ground with warm remains,
While from unexpected lanes
Hansoms dash,
Threatening to bash one's brains.

What, then, arms his dauntless core
Who this final test can stand?
Death (as I observed before)
Rises up on either hand,
And at his malign command
Seas of gore
Flood for evermore the Strand.

The Plastic Idea.

"STOUT youth, for bakehouse; must mould well."—*Liverpool Echo.*



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment and a little action would add much to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. I.—"THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN."

PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMAN WHO HAS JUST CRAWLED THROUGH THREE STREAMS, FALLEN IN SIX PEAT-HAGS, BEEN BOGGED TWICE, AND THEN MISSED THE ONLY ROYAL HE HAS EVER SEEN.

Commercial Enterprise.

FROM the window of a Cheapside photographer: "We can attend in any part of the country at a few minutes' notice."

Journalistic Candour.

AT the head of the advertisement page in *The Star*: "To-day's most interesting columns."

"Young man, tall, smart, seeks SIT as Chauffeur, or Under."—*Times.*

IT is, we believe, more usual in the profession for one man to adopt the two positions alternately.

Easily Pleased.

"The Chairman said the reduction of the tram fares from 2*d.* to a 1*d.* had worked satisfactorily, the number of passengers having increased from 202,000 to 203,000."
Daily Despatch.

FROM the financial point of view it doesn't seem quite right, but if the idea was merely more company for the conductors, then the Chairman is rightly satisfied.

From a Modern Novel.

"ANDRÉ deliberately drew from his pocket the letter that she had thrown in his teeth. . ."

WHERE is the MASKELYNE of our youth? He would have made it a rabbit.

A SUNDERING BAR OF SOAP.

My Jane, 'tis better so for both,
Better that we like this should part
Than later on, when ring and oath
Had strictly sealed us heart to heart;
Better to bear the sudden pang
Of virgin loves that timely sever,
Than have the serpent's horrid fang
Gnawing our married chests for ever.

Uplifted by the natural pride
Resulting from a new *trousseau*,
You might have made a jocund bride,
But not for very long, oh no!
The Spectre must have come between,
Spoiling your too short-lived elation,
And fetched us forth to Bargrave Deane
To see about a separation.

I sent you late an amorous line,
And there, mid many a sparkling trope,
Thinking to make your cheeks to shine,
Enclosed a slab of Sunlight Soap;
But you thereat scarce deigned to look,
And straight returned my gallant tender,
Saying you would not let your cook
So much as try it on her fender.

You told me you had proved and found
My pledge of faith how false it was;
You said it didn't weigh a pound,
But something short of 15 oz.;
Sooner a solid inch of dust
Should on your unsoaped features gather
Than you 'd consent to take on trust
Me or my Lever's loathèd lather.

Thus on a point of Soap we break!
It looks a trivial cause, I own;
Yet there 's a virtue here at stake
Second to godliness alone!
Nor could my trust in marriage-ties
Endure a frame of mind that menaces
The principle which underlies
Man's first Combine (see *Book of Genesis*).

Better, as I remarked above,
Now, ere the fatal wedding chime,
To see our adolescent love
Safely extinguished just in time;
I'd sooner bear this present jar,
That dislocates our vow to Venus,
Than subsequently find a bar
Of Honeymoonlight Soap between us! O. S.

Mr. Punch begs to call attention to an extraordinary coincidence as revealed in *The Sketch* this week. On page 104 of that paper there is a photograph of a gentleman, and under it appear the words, "Mr. George H. Denneby, engaged to Miss Queenie Coppinger." Felicitating him mentally, *Mr. Punch* passed on to the next picture, which, to his amazement, he saw described as "Miss Queenie Coppinger, engaged to Mr. George H. Denneby." That he should be engaged to her is not at all surprising, but that she should *at the same time* be engaged to him!—Well, *Mr. Punch* feels that the least he can do in the unique circumstances is to offer them both his very hearty congratulations.

Motto for Lieutenant Collard.—*Va piano.*

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury. I am so deeply convinced of the necessity of this amendment that I now beg to move it.

Lord Halifax. I do not rise, my Lords, for the purpose of intervening for more than a few moments in your Lordships' debate. Is this fair? Is it right? Is it honourable? Is it what we have a right to expect? Are we going to take it? I may seize this opportunity of referring to a remark once made by a noble Lord who is no longer a member of your Lordships' House, or, for the matter of that, of the world at large——

Lord Ampthill (intervening). Is the noble Viscount entitled to discuss——

Lord Emly (interrupting). When my ancestors lost their heads in the French Revolution——

Lord St. Aldwyn (interposing). Is the noble Lord aware that we are now discussing——

Lord Cawdor (breaking in). This is not the House of Commons——

Lord Salisbury (interjecting). Let me recall your Lordships to the portentous and unparalleled and unmatchable and unexampled gravity——

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh (interfering). My Lords, the Catholics of England will never——

Lord Harris (expostulating). My Lords, I have been listening with great attention to this debate, and I confess that I utterly fail to understand where we are. Who, my Lords, has moved what? Will not the noble Earl who has charge of this Bill give us some guidance? There was once, I remember, a slow bowler who had a most deadly delivery. It used to puzzle us, my Lords. My Lords, we are now puzzled. [*Opposition murmurs of sympathy.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury. My Lords, I will endeavour to explain, or, if I may use a vulgar phrase, to put the matter in a nutshell. If this amendment is carried we shall by the insertion of mandatory words previously rejected by the Government and therefore eminently worthy of your Lordships' best attention, nullify—at least I hope we shall to some extent, though to what extent I cannot quite say, but at any rate the effect cannot well be the same; and we shall thus, if we strike out lines fourteen, fifteen and sixteen, and substitute the words "such teaching as a majority of parents may or shall after an appeal to the Board of Education—" I think this makes it perfectly plain.

[Lord Harris *faints and is carried out.*

Lord Stanley. To which Clause does the Archbishop refer?

Six Noble Lords (rising together). The Clause to which he refers has already been omitted.

Lord Onslow (Chairman of Committee). Ah yes, that was the day before yesterday, but it was reinserted yesterday.

Ten Noble Lords (rising together). We never understood that.

Lord Onslow. Anyhow, that is what was done.

Lord Lansdowne. We re-omitted it half an hour ago.

Lord Onslow. That being so, the Archbishop is perhaps not strictly entitled to move his amendment.

The Archbishop of Canterbury. I shall move it, nevertheless.

Lord Salisbury. Hear! Hear!

[*Their Lordships then divided, and there appeared—*

Content, 352
Not Content, 31
Majority in favour of the amendment, 321.

From an article in *Blackwood* on Charles James Fox:—"He was familiar with all the hells of Europe; and, had he never sat in the House of Commons, he would still have been notorious."



A FAMILIAR WELCOME.

[illegible] (*in a moment of affectionate expansion, sings*). "COME INTO THE GUILDHALL, MAUD!"

[Their Majesties the King and Queen of Norway are being entertained by the City Corporation on Wednesday, November 14.]



"Mummy, what's that Man for?"

THE HUMAN DOG.

["Dogs mostly acquire beautiful manners and a full education without any schools, and often without any teacher to speak of. Dogs do not want prisons, for crime is unknown among them."—*Ladies' Field.*]

I'm told by folk who ought to know
 That puppies as a rule
Acquire a charming manner, though
 They never go to school;
The tactful art which sets apart
 The courtier from the guppy,
The charm, the grace, still find their place
 Instinctive in the puppy.

Now, Scamp, I have no notion where
 Your manners were acquired,
But howsoever learnt, I swear,
 They leave to be desired.
Your voice is gruff, your welcome rough,
 Your pranks are mad and elfish,
And—worse by far—you always are
 Abominably selfish.

A ladylike and dainty cat
 Comes tripping down the street.
Do you politely pause and chat,
 Or tail-wag when you meet?
Or, even say a curt "Good-day"?
 No, Hooligan, you utter
A piercing cry, and off you fly
 To chase her down the gutter.

Don't tell me there's a racial feud
 Twixt cats and dogs. That's rot!
You're just as combative and rude
 To any brither-Scot.
A bandied pup comes sidling up
 To have a friendly pow-wow,
And with a snap you greet the chap,
 You vicious little bow-wow.

With men you are no better bred;
 The postman hopes you'll die;
The newsboy watches you with dread
 And hatred in his eye.
You love to come with muddy tum
 To sit on silk foundations,
And wipe the dirt on Aunt Jane's skirt,
 Of whom I'd expectations.

Me too, your lord, you treat as ill
 As any other folk;
You drag me forth o'er dale and hill
 When I would lie and smoke.
Or, should the rain your zeal restrain,
 You, Scamp, who ought to guard one,
Will make your lair in my best chair
 And drive me to the hard one.

O Scamp, when all your faults I see,
 I gather on the whole
Yours is too villainous to be
 A little canine soul;
And when I mark the wicked spark
 That twinkles in your eyes, Scamp,
I simply must believe you're just
 A human in disguise, Scamp.

"A few years ago it seemed as though that admirable novelist, Mrs. Gaskell, was beginning to be forgotten, or remembered only as the author of *Cranford.*"—*Daily Mail.*

The writer is evidently confusing Mrs. Gaskell with Mr. A. C. Benson.

Six South Africans were playing for the O.U.R.F.C. the other day, and no doubt the usual number of Americans will be included in the Oxford Athletic Team at Queen's Club next spring. Moreover we learn from the *West Briton* that "the Hon. A. V. Agar-Robartes, third son of Viscount Clifden, is one of the Frenchmen at Oxford this term."

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter VIII.

The Clubs of London.

The great centre of Clubland is Pall Mall and St. James's Street, but of late years there has been a decentralising tendency, and the term West-end Club now includes Soho as well as Fitzroy Square, while the fast smart set chiefly affect the National Liberal Club on the Embankment, where a Hungarian band is exclusively retained for the benefit of the Eighty Club.

To start on a walk through Clubland, one cannot do better than begin in Waterloo Place, which is flanked by the Senior United Service and the Athenæum. In the summer these two venerable institutions exchange hospitalities, much to the mutual gratification of the Episcopal bench and science on the one hand and of Generals and Admirals on the other. Strange as it may appear, the standard of proficiency at Bridge and Billiards is much higher at the Athenæum. Indeed, gambling is so rife amongst the hierarchy of intellect, that the frequent headline "Raid on a West-end Club" nine times out of ten refers to a descent of the police on the Athenæum. Waterloo Place is dull and decorous enough by day, but at 2 or 3 A.M. the spectacle of a bevy of prelates, judges and Fellows of the Royal Society flying precipitately before the minions of Scotland Yard lends it a most engaging animation. These escapades, however, are invariably hushed up, and the absence of any inquiry into them before the Police Commission furnishes a sinister illustration of the immunity which wealth and rank can secure for high-placed culprits.

The fact that strangers are never admitted into the Club and that (so it is asserted) an oath of secrecy is extorted from all members, explains the singular fact that the precise nature and extent of these orgies has never yet transpired. There is a terrible story, however, of a prelate supposed to be deceased, who is really immured in solitary confinement on the top storey for his failure to meet a debt of honour. His white-walled prison, which was built to accommodate him some few years ago, may be seen from Pall Mall on any moderately clear day. The best view is from Waterloo Place.

Passing hastily westward from the precincts of this ill-omened institution, we note first the Travellers' and then the Reform Clubs. Of the first commercial travellers are all *ex-officio* members; the second, we need hardly remind our readers, was founded to commemorate a culinary triumph of Soyer—cutlets *à la Réforme*. In the spacious central hall the only full-length statue is that of a lady—a fact which bears eloquent testimony to the spread of feminism in Liberal circles. Whatever Clubs may be wrecked by the next riot of our political Amazons, the Reform will surely be spared.

The Carlton, called after the famous hotel, next greets our inquiring gaze. Here the old *noblesse* and the new plutocracy meet on terms of perfect gastronomical equality—a striking tribute to the genial *camaraderie* of English Society. On the other side of the road we note the Junior Carlton—renowned for its famous marble staircase, which reproduces the texture of Gorgonzola cheese with such astounding accuracy that an absent-minded member is stated to have once been detected in the fruitless endeavour to obtain mural refreshment from its unyielding surface.

The generous bulk of the Army and Navy Club next arrests our attention, but not for long, its ominous nickname of the "Rag"—derived from recent military excesses—proving it to be no place for the pacific sightseer. Any stranger entering its portals, whether by accident or design, is at once tarred and feathered. The statement that all subscribers to the Army and Navy Stores are *ex-officio* members of the Rag is not accurate. Again crossing the road we are struck by the sombre and scholastic façade of the Oxford and Cambridge Club. It may not be generally known that conversation within its walls is habitually carried on in the dead languages, and that the hall-porter is the author of a dainty little *brochure* on enclitics.

The charming bijou residence which adjoins the Oxford and Cambridge is the Guards' Club, the rendezvous of all the railwaymen of London. Punctually at 1.15 you may see Sir George Gibb, Chairman of the Metropolitan District, arriving for his frugal chop, a splendid protest against the habit of overcrowding so prevalent on his line; and if you wait for half-an-hour you will see him, nine days out of ten, coming down the steps arm-in-arm with Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.

St. James's Street, into which we now turn, is full of interest to the student of sociology. Here is Boodle's, the home of plutocrats, where no member has less than £15,000 a year, and the youngest is affectionately known as Boodle's Baby. Here too is Brooks's, the head-quarters of the Soap Trust; and Arthur's, founded by the late Premier, in the billiard-room of which he wrote most of his famous *History of England*. There is a well-authenticated story in the Club that he never entered the reading-room; and it is on record that he once only was observed to notice the tape-machine and then merely to tear a strip off to take the place of a missing evening tie.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

Raid on the Athenæum Club.

White's Club is noted for its old-fashioned exclusion of coloured gentlemen, and the fact that all the scions of the White family—Sir George White, Sir William White, Mr. Arnold White and Mr. Percy White amongst others—are hereditary life members. No White, in fact, can be black-balled. The Devonshire, once Crockford's, is remarkable for its unusually large proportion of clerical members and the fact that, by the Rules of the Club, Cavendish is the only tobacco allowed in the smoking-room. The red blinds of the New University Club are the only outward indication of the anarchist views held by the majority of its members.

But now let us traverse Bond Street and look in at *The Times* Book Club and have 100 up with Mr. Moberly Bell in the billiard-room, giving him 15 start. But no—on second thoughts we will not.

A LETTER FROM A BRIDE.

Claridge's.

Dearest Daphne,—What a simply horrid institution honeymoons are! At the same time, what a blessing they're briefer than they used to be! I was so thankful to get away from that penitential old prison the Dunstables lent us and come to town. We shan't settle into the house in Park Lane much before the spring. In the meantime it's much livelier and comfier here, and we shall be on the wing again soon.

It *was* rotten luck that you couldn't be bridesmaid after all. The wedding went off all right. I went through it without turning a hair, and came up smiling. My bridal gown was a dead-white satin *princesse* robe, quite plain and simple—some of the mater's old Brussels point on the bodice and train, and the Brussels veil she was married in herself. People were simply most awfully kind in their comments. Some-one said I looked "a dream," and some-one else said I was "a perfect picture" (the bridegroom, I suppose, being the gold frame). Josiah looked particularly awful, my dear. Wedding garments do *not* suit anyone who's stout and bald. After the ceremony, too, he smiled a lot, which *also* is *most* unbecoming to him. Indeed, once or twice during the reception at home, with *all* my pluck, I felt, as I looked at him receiving congrats, that, though I'd scarcely been married an hour, I must rush straight off and get a divorce.

There were only one or two little hitches in the day's function.

Babs the Second, evidently disliking her duties as "pagess," turned refractory, and finally had to be carried screaming from the church. Stella Clackmannan's little Nigel, not demoralised by this awful example, did duty for both like a little angel.

The village choir was more than a bit out of tune in "*The voice that breathed o'er Eden;*" then the supply of white mums that the school children strewed in my path ran short. Oh, and another thing, some local people, in spite of requests to the contrary, threw a lot of those beastly confetti over me, and, though I had to smile, I felt more like braining them.

The bridesmaids, on the whole, were a success, but those Incroyable hats want some wearing, as you know, and, between ourselves, Winnie and Cuckoo Delamont didn't come through the ordeal well, especially Cuckoo.

Everyone was so sweet in carrying out the scheme of a white wedding, and dressing accordingly, except the Duchess of Dunstable, who said she forgot, and came in plaid! Of course she *didn't* forget, but she had nothing suitable in her wardrobe, and didn't mean to get anything. I'd be the *last* to talk scandal, particularly of family connections, but the Dunstables are just as miserly as they make 'em. They agree in *mising*, though in nothing else. My dear, the little five-o'clock tea-set they sent me is *plated!* There! I know one oughtn't to look a gift-horse in the mouth—but when the gift-horse turns out to be not a *horse* at all, but a common little *donkey*, one can't help mentioning it. And now I beg to make a present, to all and sundry, of this social conundrum:—When a girl gets a positively *rotten* wedding-present from people who are simply rolling, ought she to thank them for it as if it were a proper one?

I don't think anyone cried when I went away, except Hildegarde and my old Nurse. *I* didn't cry. No, old girl, it wasn't that I was hard and unfeeling, but there *are* occasions when, if you once began to cry, you'd never leave off.

That other wedding took place at St. Agatha's, Berkeley Square, the day after mine. Someone who was there has told me about it. Norty looked particularly handsome, she said, and rather serious for once. His brother Kiddy was best man. Aunt Goldingham had a brand-new transformation (auburn this time) and wore a gown of chiffon-velours (dregs-of-wine shade), with toque to match. She carried an ivory prayer-book. Two of the little Hyltons—her great-nephews, you know—were pages. The church was packed (I rather fancy they put boards outside with "House Full"), and the choir of



Mrs. Snobson (to Mrs. Smith—née Vere de Vere—whom she has been cutting; but, meeting her at the Duchess's, makes up her mind to be civil). "So glad to see you, Mrs. Smith! You really *must* dine with us one day next week."

Mrs. Smith. "Thanks. Why?"

St. Agatha sang "*O Perfect Love*" in their best style. Among the crowd who witnessed the performance was POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, dressed for fifteen, with young RONNY FOLJAMBE in tow (he's just left Eton, and I suppose was having an object-lesson in marriage *à la mode*). The happy pair are 'mooning at Aunt GOLDINGHAM'S place, Fairy Glen, near Torquay.

JOSIAH has such a queer vocabulary. I don't mean *slang* or *mining* terms. He uses those sometimes, and then apologises, though *they're* all right, and I've annexed some of them myself. But yesterday he said that someone or other was "ladylike." I simply yelled. Then he got a bit huffy, and said he supposed the term was old-fashioned, and sometimes he feared that *what it meant* was old-fashioned too. Really, as a retort, it was "not 'arf," and I told him so. I've asked him if I have any in-laws? He is vague on the point, and evidently doesn't mean to produce any,—which is by way of being a blessing, for *in-laws* that, socially speaking, are *outlaws* would be a problem that would want some solving.

The other day some friend or relative of JOSIAH'S, who had evidently read the account of our wedding in the papers, and was foggy as to how far my little title will stretch, wrote to him and directed it—"The Hon. JOSIAH MULTIMILL."

Isn't that a gem, my dear?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

ACCORDING to the *Chronicle*, "a fairly representative meeting of the dramatic critics of various London newspapers and others was held yesterday at the 'Turbine' Rendezvous." WALKLEY, A.B., was on the bridge, and STOKER BRAM was placed under arrest.

DR. HORTON has suggested that, instead of using the names of natural phenomena and obscure heathen gods to distinguish the days of the week, we should call them after good and great men.

Thus, Sunday might be re-named Shawday, after the author of the New Ten Commandments.

Saturday, as being a day devoted to athletics, might be called Fryday.

So far, these are all that we have worked out satisfactorily.

"French, German, and Italian teaches practically, Viennese; also at home; moderate prices; ladies or gentlemen.—MAX."

Southern Daily Echo.

WE give the enclosed for what it is worth, only remarking that Mr. BEERBOHM is now in Italy.

PETER.

I WAS nervous, exceedingly. But "any mother of any PETER . . . . is always a charming personality;" this was the phrase, taken from the pages of *Mr. Punch* of a few weeks back, with which I had primed myself in anticipation. If the worst came to the worst (I thought) it might serve to propitiate Them while I beat a tactful retreat. What They were, and the worst, and the occasion on which it might befall, I will explain.

INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

1. **What famous novelist liked dinner?**
2. **State your reasons for believing that Sir Walter Scott, although called "The Wizard of the North," did not really know any good conjuring tricks.**
3. **Which poet walked at the rate of three miles an hour?**
4. **Who was the best writer?**
5. **Which poet was so unknown to fame, not only at the time of his death but also during his life, that no one knew of his existence?**
6. **What living novelist has written the best book about an egoist?**
7. **Who amused himself at the age of four by playing with toys?**
8. **In what novel is the most detailed description of French beans?**
9. **Name a blind poet who wrote epics on the Siege of Troy and the Wanderings of Ulysses.**
10. **Who was intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity?**
11. **Describe the historic meeting between Shakspeare and Dr. Johnson.**
12. **Give some account of Martin Tupper's humorous works.**

The above questions, which may at first sight seem to form part of the Research and Literary Competitions in "The Reader," for answers next week, were in reality drawn up by Mr. Punch, and will probably never be answered at all. But they serve to show what an interest, and lively interest, is now being taken in Literature.

But first I must premise that, incredible as it may seem, the PETER of this history is a real PETER, not a nickname or a character out of a book. This, in an age of make-believe PETERS, King PETERS, PETERS with Households, or those others whom we have loved on the stage of Wyndham's or the Duke of York's Theatre, is, I am aware, to test your belief in him to the utmost. My PETER, however, was no mere literary fiction, but a remarkably solid fact, so christened by grown-up and responsible godparents in a real church, nay, a cathedral; a PETER moreover who, at goodness knows how many or how few weeks old, already weighs a wholly preposterous number of—whatever units they employ for baby-weight. And it happens that PETER'S father is my oldest and best friend in the world, and PETER'S mother is already one of my dearest; and—*I had never yet seen* PETER.

I wasted my italics there. They should have been kept for this reflection, which is infinitely more important and more charged with alarming possibilities; PETER *had never yet seen me!*

Now you understand, and (I hope) appreciate the position. Is it strange that I was nervous at the prospect of this interview? So much depended upon its result. I had an uncle once who would estimate character solely by the behaviour of his dogs, a peculiarity to which (having always a certain fellowship with the four-footed) I was indebted for many tips. "There can't be much harm in a lad," he would say, "if the dogs take to him," and there followed a sovereign. This of a terrier. Conversely then, and how much more, if PETER should howl, or discover any symptoms of antipathy towards me? Where then would be the honourable record of a bachelor friendship, the tradition of a blameless career at Oxford and elsewhere? In two pairs of eyes I felt that I should have been exposed for ever. Probably I should be forbidden the house, or (at best) tolerated as a trickster whose worthlessness had been laid bare. This was the thought that was unnerving me as I approached the place of inquisition.

PETER'S parents live in a flat. It is a very small flat, at the head of a long and most uninteresting staircase, and in it they have dwelt since their marriage like two charmingly self-satisfied turtle-doves on the topmost branches of a tall tree. Physically of course they are not in the very least like turtle-doves, but the simile is an obvious one for the contentment of their nest. That however was W.P.—Without Peter. How his arrival might have affected this, and other things, I was now to discover.

PETER'S father greeted me in the hall, walking delicately like AGAG. "Hush!" he said by way of welcome, and added, "Asleep."

I followed him in obedient silence; before however we had done more than seat ourselves, a cry, thin, tremulous and strange—infinitely strange in that familiar room—shattered the stillness. The face of PETER'S father instantly assumed an expression of alert and proprietary interest. "He's awake," he explained. "That's PETER."

"Ah," I said, "indeed!" I had to raise my voice slightly to say it, but



Young Subaltern (having applied in vain for the customary overdraft—to bosom friend). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, A MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING! MY BANKERS HAVE LOST THEIR NERVE!"

I was conscious the while of only one thought, that I had suddenly grown unutterably old. It was the knell of a generation that was sounding in this insistent voice; all at once I saw myself and my own concerns as things that were past.

"He'll be in soon now," said PETER's father. He spoke nervously, much as might the host at a theatrical entertainment that had been imperfectly rehearsed. Clearly he, too, was apprehensive of this meeting. I shuffled my feet in assent, and we waited.

And then, before I had expected it, He entered, on the arm of a transfigured likeness to the hostess I remembered, and I saw him, the arbiter of my destiny, clad in some traily covering that may have been clouds of glory or a mere earthly garment of silk and laces. I shall attempt no more detailed description, and as a matter of fact he was wholly unlike anything except a very pink and crumply baby. He was quite silent and terribly alert.

The moment had come. "PETER," said she who held him (and even her voice was not wholly free from anxiety), "look, who's this?"

I stood up, and on the instant various ingratiating modes of address, commencing with the word "Didums," fled incontinent, leaving me naked and defenceless before the searching scrutiny of the eyes that met my own.

Blue eyes they were, and hugely, disproportionately round. They seemed to grow larger and rounder as they looked. For a long moment he regarded me without comment, and I fancy that three faces were a little pale with the strain of that suspense. And then, slowly, deliberately, comprehendingly, PETER *smiled.*

So that was all right. Instinctively we all breathed sighs of relief. The momentous question of "Who's this?" had been decided in my favour, and PETER had taken me under his protection. Soon he was clasping one of my fingers in an absurdly tiny fist, with the apparent intention of cramming it down his own throat. And quite suddenly he began to sing, a song formless and weird, such as a German goblin might croon upon the summit of the Brocken, all rolling gutturals and unexpected turns. The words of it no mere man might comprehend, but fortunately without this the meaning was sufficiently clear.

"Pass, friend," said PETER. "All's well."

THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

(As recorded by Mr Punch's Tape Machine.)

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; and, it being after nine o'clock, and the cabbage valued at over twopence by its owner, the Recorder of BEDFORD gave her fifteen years' penal servitude, and five years' police supervision; whereupon Miss BILLINGTON put her head over the wall and cried "Justice for Women," and was removed in custody. Half-time. Everton *18*, Aston Villa *0*. But Mr. LEVER was experimenting in the Metric System, which means that for every pound he got a rebate of fifteen ounces in advertisements, until a great *Mail* bear, coming up the street, put its nose into the shop. "What! no soap?" So *he* died, and she very imprudently married the HOOPER; and there were present the FREDERIC HARRISONIES, and the Retired Admirals, and the Country Clergymen, and 1906/2387 himself, with the little R in front, and they all fell to playing the game of "Cut out a clause who can," till the sawdust ran out of their gaiters, and Mr. BIRRELL was elected Governor of New York by a large majority over Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR. Bank Rate unchanged.



Aunt. "I THINK YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS VERY NICELY, REGGIE."
Young Hopeful. "AH, BUT YOU SHOULD HEAR ME GARGLE!"

A VEXING QUESTION.

["He left a name at which the world grew pale."—*Samuel Johnson.*]

"PUNCH, or The London"—? that's a question, Sir,
Concerning which my mind is doubtful; dare I
Confess my inclination to prefer
Plain Chărĭvārī?

When there are some who, gifted with an 'ear,'
Thrill with dismay and turn quite sick and shivery,
Should it, perchance, be their sad lot to hear
Aught but Chărĭvārĭ!

Again, some Constant Readers (so I 've heard)
Insist upon the sound that rhymes with Harry,
And, therefore, would pronounce this awkward word
As Chărĭvarry.

And one, I knew, who lingered on the "i";
Alas! that scholar is not now alive or he
Assuredly would say, if pressed, "Well, my
Tip is Chărīvărī."

Then, since our notions are so hazy, who
Will guess the answer to this crucial question?
Come, *Mr. Punch*, I beg to trouble you
For *your* suggestion!

[Declined—ED.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

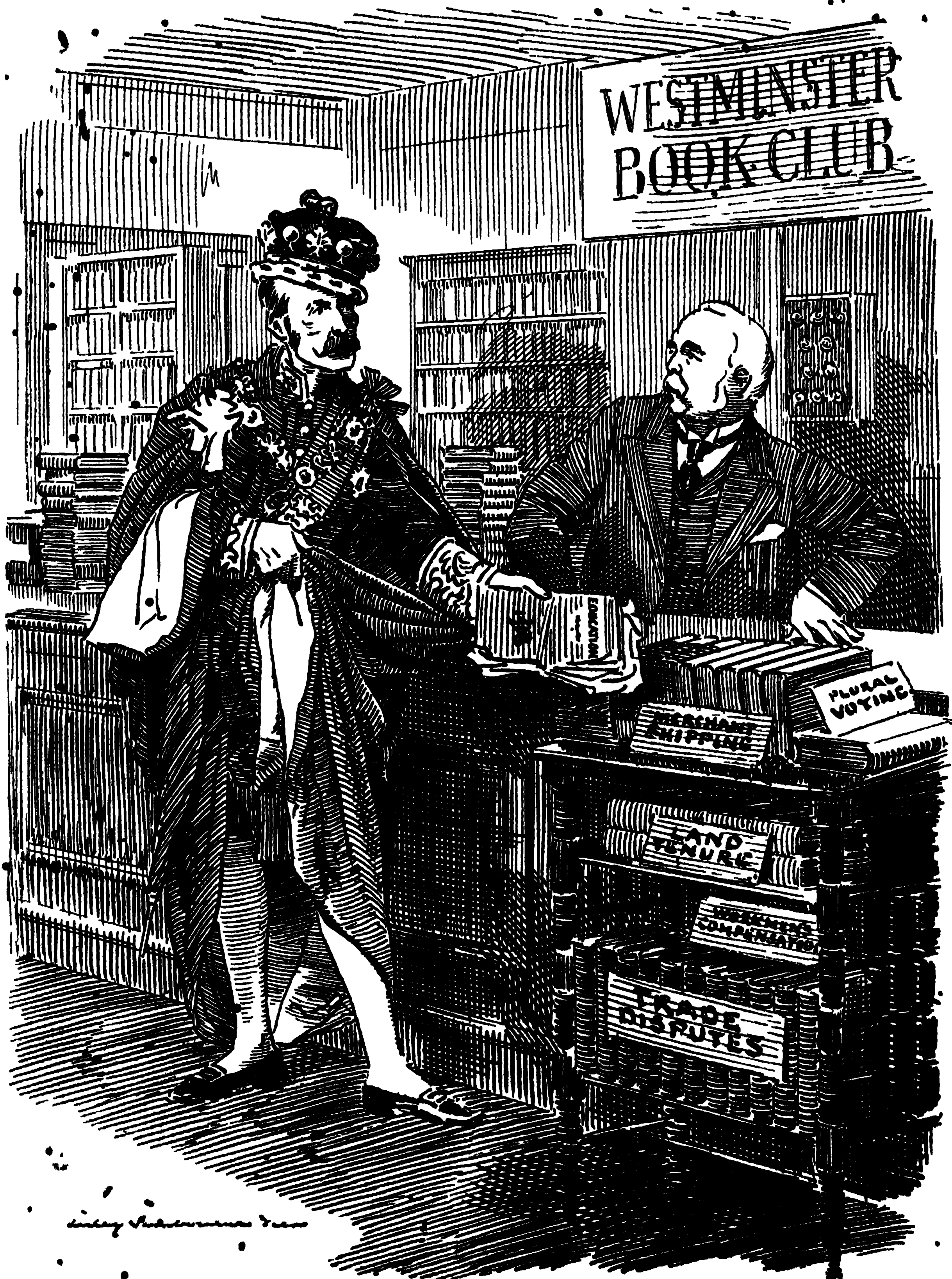
WHEREAS in a cartoon of October 31st which reflected upon the Soap Trust *Mr. Punch* reproduced in a very modified form the motive of MILLAIS' "Bubbles," a picture in the possession of Messrs. PEARS; and Whereas the said Messrs. PEARS apprehend a consequent misunderstanding in the public mind as to the position of the said Messrs. PEARS in relation to the said Soap Trust; Now this is to give notice that the said Messrs. PEARS have no sort of connection with the said Soap Trust.

Have we lived before?

"WITNESS was at the house at about three o'clock on the previous afternoon, and he saw PRIESTLEY through the window. He rang the bell, and the maid answered the door, but declined to open it, and told him to go to a very warm place. He had been there about four times previously, but had not seen PRIESTLEY."—*Southport Guardian.*

Strand "Improvement" (St. Clement Dane's end).

As onward the lustres relentlessly roll,
Since whatever the L.C.C. does must be right,
The legend "This site to be let, as a whole . . ."
Should be changed to "This hole to be let, as a sight!"



SLIGHTLY SOILED.

Lord Lansdowne "OH! I'M BRINGING THIS BOOK BACK. CAN YOU LET ME HAVE ANOTHER? I'VE FINISHED THIS ONE."

"C.-B." "FINISHED IT? I SHOULD SAY YOU HAD! FAIR WEAR AND TEAR I DON'T MIND—BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR THIS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

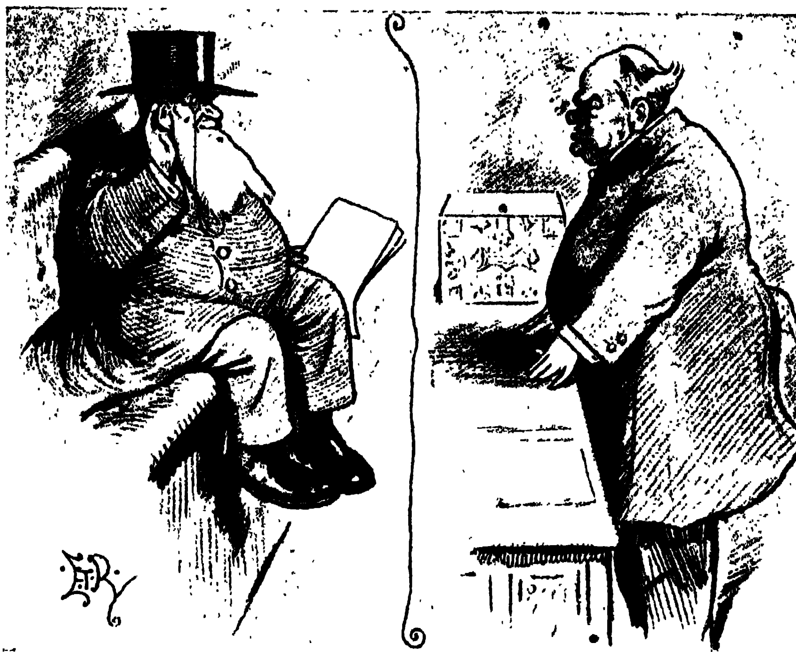
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday night, Nov. 5.—Battering of Education Bill intermitted for brief interval, during which a painful scene went forward. Not often have noble Lords looked upon four Members of their order brought up to the Bar, manacled, in charge of BLACK ROD armed to the teeth. Lord RIPON and Lord HALSBURY so profoundly affected by the spectacle that they mumbled inaudible sentences across the Table.

From other sources of information the melancholy story was gleaned. It seems that the four Peers, Lord MANNERS (not "SALISBURY'S MANNERS;" he is now Duke of RUTLAND), Lord LEITRIM, Lord GRIMTHORPE and Lord ARMSTRONG, have been diligently voting throughout the Session, regardless of the fact that they had not taken the Oath of Allegiance. For this offence the law decrees penalty of £500 for each separate crime.

Affair deplorable in each case. In GRIMTHORPE'S, offence is aggravated by circumstance that he has recorded his votes in favour of the Government, thus giving them a fictitious appearance of strength.

Printed copy of the Orders enables noble Lords to gather that Leader of House is whispering across the Table expression of desire to amend the division lists by striking out the names of the



"MUMBLED INAUDIBLE SENTENCES ACROSS THE TABLE."



BECKETT THE MARTYR.

Lord Gr-mth-rpe. I didn't know I had to swear so often! I thought they were pulling my leg!

peccant Peers. Three of them, overwhelmed with sense of guilt, stand dumb, wistfully watching the countenance of HALSBURY, and wondering what it is he is murmuring in response. GRIMTHORPE, hardened by exceptional enormity of his guilt, conscious that he can expect no mercy from a majority whose overwhelming number he has on several occasions illegally reduced by one, ventures upon explanation and extenuation.

It was alleged that, in addition to voting for the Government, he had outraged the law after having been warned of the illegality of his action.

"It is true," he pleaded, "that whilst I was washing my hands a noble Lord asked me if I had taken the oath. I took the remark at the time as a joke. I fancied he was trying to pull my leg. I thought no more about it till the Clerk called my attention to the situation, and then," he added, rattling his chains with gesture of despair, "I knew it was no joke."

Noble Lords assented to the reasonableness of this last conclusion. As "The Tenth never dance," so Clerks at the Table never joke. But it was felt there was some weakness in the earlier part of the unhappy Peer's statement. Why, because he chanced to be washing his hands, should he misconstrue a friendly warning as a feeble joke? Then there was hopeless muddle of metaphor in the reference to his various limbs. Why, when washing his hands he should think a noble Lord was pulling his leg, was a sequence of ideas that did not commend itself to the logical mind.

The end of the business was that Lord RIPON withdrew his proposal to get rid of the matter by amending the division lists; agreed to refer the matter to a Committee. Thereupon the House turned with renewed energy to the exhilarating business of battering the Education Bill.

Business done.—In the Commons Trade Disputes Bill passed Report Stage. ATTORNEY-GENERAL explains that when at earlier stage he argued against immunity of Trades Union Funds from action at law he did not mean to debar himself from subsequently insisting upon the justice of such immunity.

Tuesday night.—Rather the fashion just now to speak disrespectfully of the House of Lords regarded as a business assembly. Its procedure certainly is a little quaint. But, as Bishop of ST. ASAPH knows, it can upon occasion promptly, resolutely stand up for principles of law and order.

After House had been cleared for one of several divisions taken to-night, the Bishop bethought him of something he might have contributed to debate. Rising with air of conviction that distinguished him when he was Select Preacher to the Universities, extending his right hand as if about to bestow preliminary benediction, he began his speech. To his surprise he was met by cries of "Order! Order!"

As the Vicar of GORLESTON said about the Episcopal Bench as a body, a good heart beats below the gaiters of ST. ASAPH. But this really too much for most angelic temper. A constant visitor to Peers' Gallery in the Commons, he was not unfamiliar with what he would not call turbulent, much less rowdy,



PLUS ÉVÊQUE QUE LES ÉVÊQUES.

Bishop of L-nd-n. "'Pon my word, young Salisbury fairly outbishops some of us—gives one quite a refreshing *layman* sort of feel'ng!"
Archbishop of C-nt-rb-ry. "Makes me feel quite a rollicking Bohemian by comparison!"

interruption. Was it possible that the House of Lords, inoculated with the spirit of disorder, deliberately selected a right reverend Prelate as the subject of its sportiveness?

"Sit down and put on your hat," a lay brother whispered.

That all very well. But what if he had no hat? When Bishops put on their surplices they don't crown the seemly edifice with a topper.

The Bishop saw it all now. In the Lords, as in the Commons, if a Member desires to offer remark after division has been called he must, in accordance with antique undated ordinance, remain seated with his hat on. The Bishop accordingly sat down wistfully and thought of his hat left with his umbrella in the robing room. Three Peers proffered loan of a hat. The vision of a surpliced Bishop offering a few remarks from under a silk hat—"This style, 10*s.* 6*d.*," as the *Mad Hatter's* whom *Alice* met in Wonderland was labelled—was too searing. The Bishop declined the hat and sacrificed his speech.

Business done.—Pounding away at Education Bill. Not much of original edifice remains.

House of Commons, Friday.—Everybody knows when a door is not a door. Novel turn of ancient problem sprung upon Commons. "When is a part of the House outside the precincts of the House?"

Case arises in connection with discovery of clerks from several State Departments seated in pen behind SPEAKER's Chair. This the result of [illegible]'s masterpiece of strategy, whereby [illegible] gentlemen, accustomed through the ages to find seats under the Strangers' Gallery, now come into more convenient contiguity with their chiefs on Treasury Bench.

Innovation moves to profoundest depths the prejudices of those stern unbending constitutional authorities, Viscount TURNOUR and CLAUDE HAY. Visitors to far-off Ind will remember how, when meeting natives on the Ghats as they pass homeward from their morning bath in the sacred Ganges, the dusky devotee shrinks close to the wall lest he suffer loss of caste by casual touch with an unbeliever. So these champions of privilege shrink, not only from possible touch, but from actual sight, of strangers seated within the sacred precincts of the House.

"I spy strangers," said TURNOUR, confident in the hoary experience of his third year of membership. As for CLAUDE HAY, he backed his noble young friend up with reference to Standing Order 273, whose dictum he proceeded to read.

"Are we to understand," he sternly asked, "that Standing Order 273 is practically repealed?"

"No," the SPEAKER drily answered. "There is no Standing Order 273. There are only 96 Standing Orders."

For once in a modest career CLAUDE HAY was shut up. In excess of zeal he had seen more than double. As for that veteran Parliamentarian the Viscount, the SPEAKER ruled that a recent division established the position that, provisionally at least, the pen behind SPEAKER's chair is not a part of the House. *Argal*, the presence of Strangers there is not a breach of privilege.

The SPEAKER proving thus virtuous, there will be no more cakes and ale in the form of daily spying strangers as soon as questions are disposed of.

Business done.—Trade Disputes Bill read a third time. PRINCE ARTHUR joins the Labour Party.

"MR. H. GILES, of Trafalgar House, Marine Parade, Yarmouth, fishing from a boat, has taken with rod and lie a record whiting, which, when weighed on Britannia Pier, scaled 3½lb."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

IN these days of scepticism a printer cannot be too careful.

SPORT FOR PLUTOCRATS.

OUR MR. SMITH left Euston for Holyhead the other day. He may have set out in search of pleasure or he may have set out in answer to the call of duty. Possibly, having stepped into a railway carriage merely to see for himself if railway carriages were all that they were popularly supposed to be, he was whisked off before he knew anything about it. We do not know why Our Mr. SMITH undertook the journey and probably Our Mr. SMITH does not know himself. How then can *you* expect to know?

The first thing that caught the eye of Our Mr. SMITH as (for reasons unknown) he got into the carriage was the communication cord. Communication cords exercise a strong fascination over all human beings, and Our Mr. SMITH was essentially human.

"Ah," he said, "it *is* a cord. Why not pull it?"

On pulling it Our Mr. SMITH was delighted to discover that the cord was loose, so he went on pulling till he met with resistance. From that moment he felt that there was someone pulling at the other end, and redoubled his efforts accordingly. Sometimes he gained, sometimes he lost an inch or two, but on the whole he maintained the S.Q.A. Finally he was interrupted by the genial voice of the Guard.

"Your little joke," said the latter, "appeals to me thoroughly, but the man at the other end, a dull fellow, is becoming annoyed. It is his business to get that cord taut before the train starts. Now, it is also his business to test the wheels of the carriages, and for the latter purpose he is furnished with a weighty and dangerous implement. Incidentally, he is a burly individual with rather a quick temper. I think that I should let go if I were you."

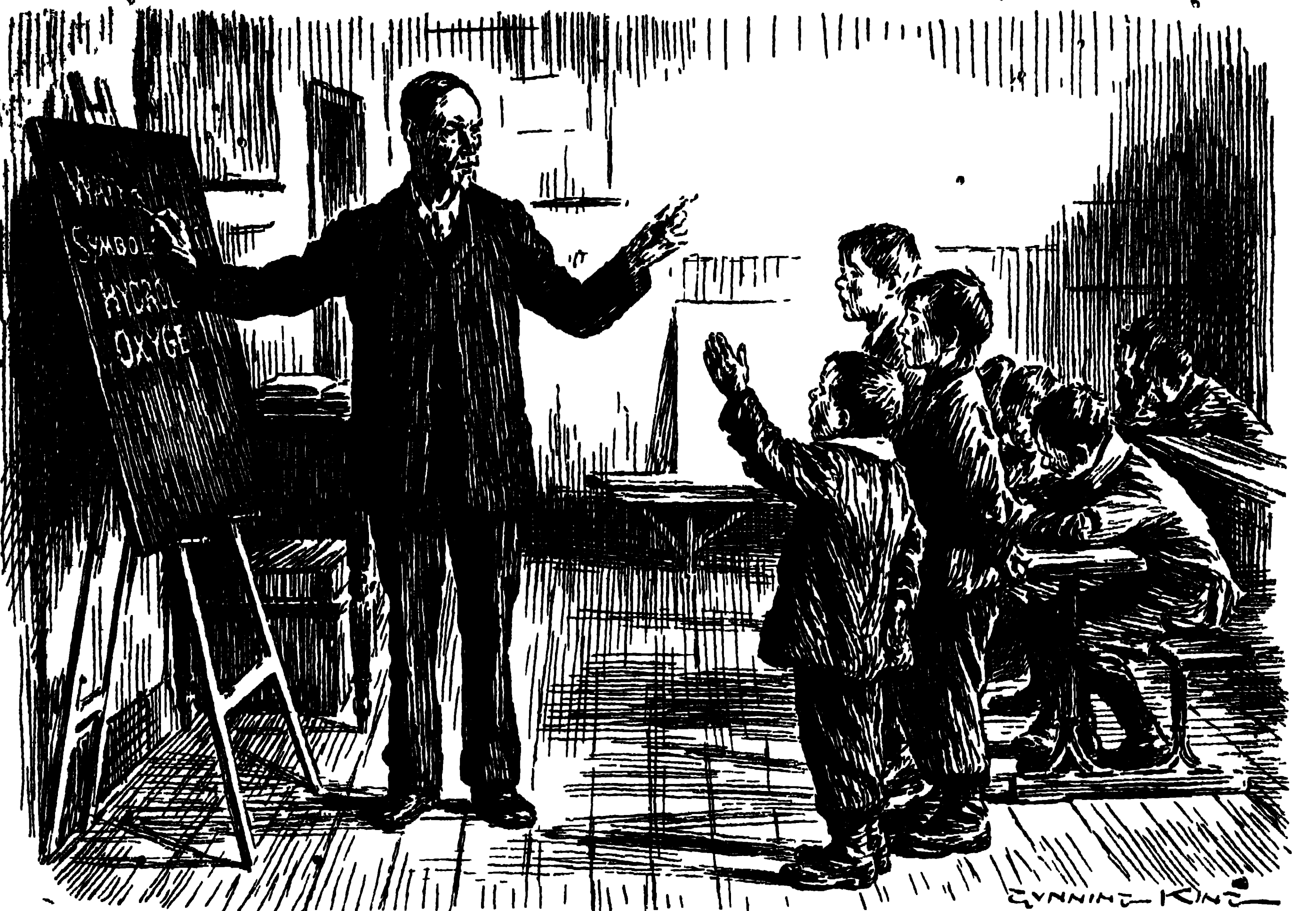
"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH, as he relinquished his hold, "I thought from his repeated jerks that he was getting cross, but I did not know that he was armed." Shortly afterwards the train seized its opportunity and started.

Have you ever noticed the roving disposition of the eye of Our Mr. SMITH? But no, of course you cannot have done so, for you have never even seen Our Mr. SMITH. Then you will have to take our word for it that Our Mr. SMITH's eye would not desist from roving, and the next object that caught its attention was the other communication cord.

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH, "I wonder if there is any one at the other end of *this*." He pulled [illegible] stopped, and the Guard reappeared at the window.

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH, "were *you* at the other end this time?"

"Oddly enough," said the Guard, "I



Schoolmaster (*at end of object lesson*). "NOW, CAN ANY OF YOU TELL ME WHAT IS WATER?"
Small and Grubby Urchin. "PLEASE, TEACHER, WATER'S WHAT TURNS BLACK WHEN YOU PUTS YOUR 'ANDS IN IT!"

was. However, anticipating something of this sort, I tied my end of the cord to the door-handle. Do you think the joke was worth repeating?"

"Ah," said Our Mr. SMITH (a most objectionable habit of his), "perhaps it was not. I am sorry. Let the train proceed."

So the train pushed on, but not for any great distance. Our Mr. SMITH could not get away from those cords, and, before he knew it, he had pulled again.

"No joke," said the Guard, "is worth playing three times."

"Joking apart," said Our Mr. SMITH, "you never told me what the cords were really for."

"My dear fellow," said the Guard, "how can I ever forgive myself? Let me explain the whole thing to you." And he gave a detailed history of the idea, and thoroughly explained the working of it. He even read and elucidated the notice underneath, which he humorously referred to as the "directions on the bottle." "Observe," he said, "how the Company has, by substituting *chain* for *communication-cord* and slightly accentuating the *down*, transformed an otherwise prosy notice into an exquisite couplet, thus:—

"To stop the train
Pull down the chain."

Finally, the tact with which he called attention to the Improper-Use £5-a-Time clause was admirable. Our Mr. SMITH was quite touched by his politeness.

"No," he said, "you need not go over it all a third time."

"If you are quite sure that there is nothing more that you want," said the Guard, "we will be getting on. But remember, if you need anything you have only to pull the cord."

The train had barely got up full speed again when Our Mr. SMITH pulled for the fourth time.

"You did not tell me," he said to the Guard, "which cord to pull."

"Either," said the Guard as he started the train again.

It would be tedious to relate the details of every occasion on which Our Mr. SMITH pulled those cords. Suffice it that he displayed a lively interest in all the places of note *en route*. At each stop the Guard proved to be a mine of information, and had no difficulty in answering Our Mr. SMITH's searching questions. The two of them even entered into arguments, maintained on both sides with perfect good taste and moderation, on the more obscure points that cropped up.

Twice only was there any friction. The first time it was at Colwyn Bay, where Our Mr. SMITH had set his heart on having a bathe. For this purpose he desired the train to wait for him, but the train would not.

"It is not for ourselves that we mind," said the Guard, "but there happens to be a boat waiting for us at Holyhead, and those nautical fellows *are* so particular."

"If that is all," said Our Mr. SMITH, as he began to undress, "the boat need not wait. I am not crossing to-night."

"No?" replied the Guard—almost rudely, Our Mr. SMITH thought—"but some of the other passengers are."

The second time it was at the Menai Straits. So pleased was Our Mr. SMITH with the Tubular Bridge that he wanted to go back and have the fun all over again.

"Though we *are* the Irish Mail," said the Guard, "and though we *do* prefer

going straight ahead, we have nevertheless shewn ourselves ready to stop as often as you liked. But we draw the line at going backwards."

Our Mr. Smith was a sensitive man and did not pull the cords again till just before Holyhead.

"My bill, please, Guard," he said as that official's head appeared at the window.

The Guard handed in the account.

"Ah," said Our Mr. Smith once more as he wrote out the cheque, "you have not charged for this last stop."

"You have been a good customer," said the Guard (thus showing that *he*, at any rate, bore no malice), "we will say nothing about that."

THE EXPLANATION.

Ferdinand. Here's my hand.
Miranda. And mine, with my heart in't.
The Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 1.

You called, and I did not reply
To your polite command;
Whereat you heaved a tiny sigh
And trifled with your hand.

Did I play false with you? Ah, no!
It was not that at all;
I did not hold a trump, and so
I could not heed your call!

To the Editor of "The Evening News."

Dear Sir,—The "ideal breakfast" would be a large plate of porridge, a grilled sole, an omelette, a couple of cutlets and a kidney, toast and marmalade, a slice of melon, and three cups of coffee. Personally I take a small glass of hot water. Yours, etc., Dyspeptic.

Nature Notes.

Facts about the Shark that our readers did not know.

"But is not this success largely due to the monstrous and shark-like practice of charging 2*d.* every time a visitor sits down on one of their chairs?"
Daily News Correspondent.

From *The Northern Whig:*

"To-day at 3.30.
By Special Request.
Meetings for Young People and Mothers
will be addressed by
The Boy Preacher,
Y.M.C.A. Hall."

We have nothing against The Boy Preacher, but we think he has too many initials.

Philosophic Note.—Augurs of evil are apt to bore.

OLLENDORFF SET TO MUSIC.

I hardly like to suggest so daring an innovation, but it would be very nice if one of these days some popular Italian composer would try and get hold of an original libretto. At present we are having weekly *réchauffés* of French tragedies—funeral baked meats warmed up for our Covent Garden Parties. This time it is a rissole of Sardou's *Fédora*, to be washed down with water from the Jordan (*acqua da* Giordano). Something, I suppose, in its scheme of passionately conflicting emotions attracted the composer. "Here," he said, "is ready-made stuff for opera." But it never seems to have occurred to him that the dull intervals of prosy dialogue which may be necessary to the evolution of the plot of a drama are not the most likely



Off for a gallop in the Oberland.
De Siriex . . . . Signor Scandiani.
Olga . . . . . . Signora Garavaglia.

material for operatic treatment. Here is a sample:

Dr. Lorek *enters hurriedly with assistant.*

Gretch. Ah! Doctor!
Lorek. An accident?
Gretch. A murder!
Lorek. The Count?
Gretch. The Count.
Lorek. Where is he?
Gretch (pointing to bedroom). There!
Fédora. In Heaven's name, a doctor!
Lorek. Here I am, Madame.
Fédora. Some water, quick.
Gretch (to De Siriex). Your name, Sir?
De Siriex. Jean de Siriex, *attaché* of the French Embassy.
Gretch. Thank you, Sir.
Lorek (after writing a prescription, to Policeman). Take this to the chemist's and fetch a priest at once.
[*Exit* Policeman.

* * * * *

Regarded as matter for Grand Opera, this is hardly up to the level of Ollendorff at his best. I am not surprised at the splendid reception which the gallery gave to Signor Giordano. He is a brave man. And I hope he may never become a coward through catching too keen a sense of humour.

The main motive of the plot is sufficiently strong, but for half the time—and the opera consists largely of intervals—it is eked out with superfluous characters and incidents.

Much that was meant for dramatic force was mere staginess; as in the popular appeal at the close of more than one of the brief arias in the First Act; the sudden orchestral explosion which punctuates the moment when *Fédora* kisses her Byzantine cross; the rather too obvious contrast between the tragic confession in the foreground of the ball-room and the gay applause of the maestro's rendering of Chopin; and finally the very *banal* conclusion that follows *Fédora's* death.

Signora Giachetti's acting redeemed the opera from commonplace. It was a pure joy to watch her eyes, so eloquent of every passing phase of emotion. Signor Zenatello was not at his very happiest. I think he must have shared my dislike of the cut of his evening coat. Signor Scandiani, who was more comfortably served in this matter, was sufficiently gallant in his eulogy of the duplex Russian woman:—

La donna russa è femina due volte.

But I did not care for him in the forced frivolity of the Third Act, where his costume of a cavalier in a bowler hat, lightish kid gloves, improbable gaiters and spurs looked rather silly against a background of Swiss lake and précipice. There was some tampering here with the stage directions, which order *De Siriex* to enter "*in costume da ciclista*," and *Olga* to elope with him on her *bicicletta*, "*in costume da 'sportswoman.'*" There was nothing to show whether Signora Garavaglia recoiled from bloomers as unsuited to her figure, but she actually appeared in a riding habit, and there was no sign of a bicycle. As for horses, I cannot just now recall the address of any very good jobmaster in the Bernese Oberland.

Altogether, thanks in part to incongruous trivialities, the last Act, which might have been a great one, was not very convincing. Signor Zenatello found it difficult to be perfectly tragic in knickerbockers, and they gave *Fédora* far too many pillows to die upon.
O. S.

The Superiority of Woman.

"Hand-dredges, worked by parties of six men or of three men and a woman, are useful for prospecting river-beds."
Mining and Scientific Press.

CHARIVARIA.

The Kaiser has expressed his satisfaction at the fact that the majority of the motor-buses now running in London are of German manufacture. And this is the monarch who poses as the friend of England!

Germany is being sorely tried. The other day it was the Army which lost its *prestige.* Now it is the turn of the Police. A body of Bavarian Police mistook one of their own officers for a Bohemian bandit last week and shot him.

Statistics show that 3,000 wives are deserted in Chicago every year. This proves what we have always been led to believe, that the American is the most considerate husband in the world.

We have not had to wait long to see the effect of weakening our Fleet and our Army. Mr. Keir Hardie now threatens armed revolution in the event of the demands of Socialism not being granted.

Mr. Haldane has explained to those who complained of recent discharges at Woolwich Dockyard that it is not possible to keep the whole of the plant in the Government factories working in time of peace. It is thought now that the Labour Leaders will declare themselves as no longer opposed to war (provided, of course, that no workmen have to fight).

Sympathy continues to be expressed for the Government which gave way on the Trade Disputes Bill before the Municipal Elections proved that the Labour Party, after all, was not so influential as had been feared.

At Chelsea a crowd of roughs, exasperated at the sweeping Reform victories, tore down the board which had been placed outside the Town Hall to publish the result of the poll, and trampled it under foot. It is thought that the election will nevertheless be allowed to stand.

Dr. Clifford, it has transpired, does not read *The Daily Mail.* This just shows how one ought not to judge any man hastily. In future, in considering Dr. Clifford's conduct, we must bear in mind that he does not enjoy the same advantages as the rest of us.

It is rumoured that Mr. Hall Caine has spontaneously given permission to *The Reader* to publish extracts from any of his works under the heading "Culled from the Classics."

Much has been made of the report that during the last decade in a certain district of Essex the birth statistics show an overwhelming preponderance of girls. A correspondent now writes to point out that this is really only a case of heredity, seeing that the girls' mothers were girls.

This, of course, may be the explanation, but it seems to us more likely that in the rural districts, nowadays, there is little to attract boys, while girls are not so hard to please.

Boots while you wait.
Novel Exhibition at the
Agricultural Hall.

So says a contemporary. Carol-singers, however, deny that this is a novelty.

A leading dress authority in the East End informs us that, had the threatened serious rise in the price of soap taken place, there is every probability that the fashion of wearing low-neck dresses in the evening would have received its death blow.

A gentleman writes to tell the Editor of *The Express* that his little son, four years of age, has a luxuriant crop of dark hair, one lock of which is a brilliant red. We fail to see anything remarkable in this. We have not infrequently met poor fellows whose locks were *all* a brilliant red.

During the threatened wet weather several fresh bus routes are to be opened up by a new line of motor vehicles, known as "The Skiddaw."

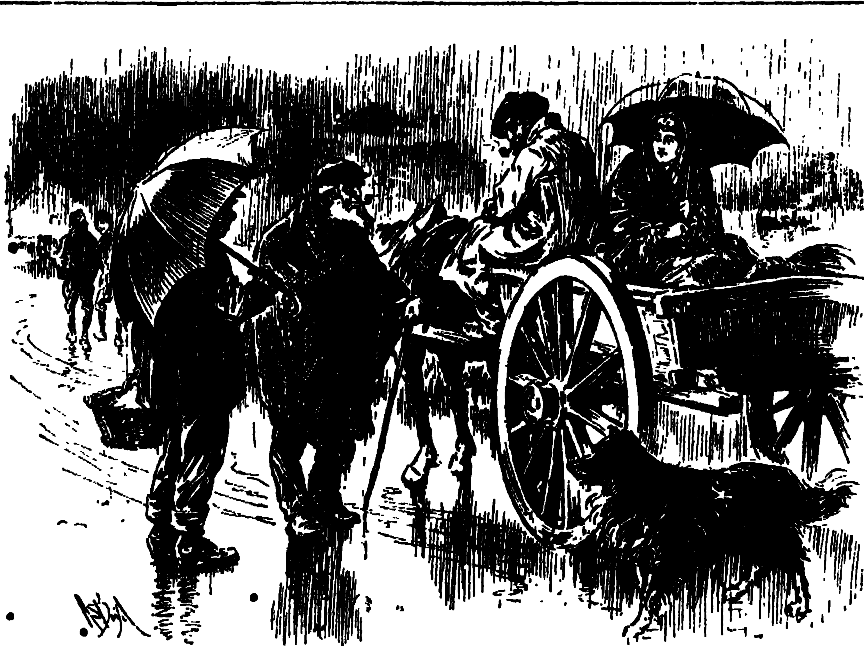
Attacked for consenting to the discharge of some bed-ridden old soldiers from Netley, Mr. Haldane declared, "After all, a hospital is a place of cure, and not a home for the incurable." The War Office is, of course, also not a hospital.

The King's birthday follows so closely on November 5 that we are pleased to see that official notice has at last been taken of this fact, and that the birthday honours comprise a Knighthood for the Superintendent of the Royal Gunpowder Factory.

We like to see foresight. The weather on Lord Mayor's Show Day was so threatening that one of the items in the procession was a life-boat fully manned.

Two youths who attempted to steal some valuable lions, tigers and leopards from a railway siding at Omaha were, according to a transatlantic cable, detected owing to the presence of mind of a number of wolves, who began howling. The suggestion that, as a reward, the wolves shall be given their liberty has not been taken up with much enthusiasm locally.

It is a mistake to think that it is only the Englishman who keeps his head in a crisis. When a passenger steamboat suddenly struck a rock off Hong Kong the other day, a number of Chinese on board promptly started looting the passengers' trunks.



THE DAYS THAT WERE.

Mrs. Auchterlody. "Weel, Sandie, yon was a fine dry day we had last month."

Sandie. "Deed aye, it just put me in mind o' ane we had when I was a bit laddie, but it was, if onything, fully drier."

Probable Scene in the proximity of Police Trap, now that the practice of warning Motorists has been declared legal.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In Mr. Hilaire Belloc's book, *Hills and the Sea* (Methuen), there is much written in praise of song. There is even a chapter called "The Singer," in which we read that "The man who sings loudly, clearly, and well is a man in good health. He is master of himself." Now that is Mr. Belloc. He goes singing and shouting his way through this book, full of pleasure in the morning and himself; master of himself, sure of himself; a man in good health, sometimes a man in offensively good health. And as he sings always of himself so a review of his book must be a review of the singer rather than of the song. After which preface I beg to say that I, personally, like Mr. Belloc up on the hills and down in the sea; I love him for the dangers he has passed; I admire him very much when there's anything doing, or, failing deeds, when he is being funny. But, on the flat, I should be careful about introducing him to people; and, having introduced him, I should hang about nervously, and pray very hard that my friend should like him. "A splendid fellow," I should whisper, "but of course you have to get to know him. Then you don't mind his little ways." Wherefore I recommend this book heartily to his admirers, doubtfully to others. The others should take *The Path to Rome* first.

On Mr. Fisher Unwin flashed a happy thought when he conceived the idea of republishing the Parliamentary sketches by Edward Michael Whitty, which, appearing more than half a century ago in the long defunct *Leader*, fluttered the dovecots at Westminster. *St. Stephen's in the Fifties* presents a living picture of the House of Commons in the historic session of 1852-3. There were giants in those days, notably Disraeli and Gladstone. Whitty was present on the memorable night when Dizzy, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's Government, summed up debate on his Budget. Rising at 10 o'clock, he spake for three hours. Gladstone, leaping up as he sat down, proceeded at almost equal length to demolish the fabric of the Budget, and heap contumely and scorn on the head of its framer. It was a speech that turned out a Government.

Whitty had a quick, relentless eye for pretence of any kind. Pomposity, verbosity, humbug, and insincerity he could not away with. He dashes off in a few sentences a vivid picture of a man. Of Lord John Russell he writes, "He is always for preserving his country—in ice. The frigid voice, the didactic tone, the reserved gesture, consisting of cat-like and cautiously placing his hand on the table and slowly withdrawing it, are very repulsive to a stranger who cannot understand how that cold nature got a Leadership." There is Johnny Russell in all his inches.

I should like to quote the sketch of Dizzy addressing the House; of Lord John Manners, "who is about as manly as *Goody Twoshoes*, whose reading has been confined all his life to *Keepsakes*;" of Bulwer Lytton—"you wonder how such a dismal-looking personage could turn out some of the best novels of the day;" of Pam, of Sir John Packington and of Bob Lowe in the making. The reader must turn to the book, where he will find these things and much else. Whitty intimately knew the House of Commons a quarter of a century before I came to live in it. In looking over these brilliant thumb-nail sketches, I am confirmed in a long-held conviction of the continuity of its peculiar indescribable atmosphere. The more it changes the more it is the same thing. An illuminating sentence, written in 1852, goes to the root of things as they exist to-day. "The House of Commons," Whitty writes, "never takes an out-of-door estimate of a man. It always judges and decides for itself according to its own peculiar way of judging." This is a text that might be enlarged upon by many modern instances.

Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl has discovered a new way to treat that nearly worn-out subject, the Boer War. His book, *Old Fireproof* (Duckworth), is a story told ostensibly by a military chaplain whose manner of telling it is fairly indicated by the following quotation: "I will not take upon myself to say 'Lo, this was right!' or 'Behold, that was wrong!' Rather I will try to keep soberly to quiet record of as much as could be clearly seen or heard." The author has managed to imbed in this peculiarly stilted diction a story which is perhaps above the average of its class. But it takes a deal of getting at. I shall have the same kind of admiration for anyone who can honestly tell me he has read every word of it as I have for a certain American whom I met in Venice. "Say," he remarked to me; "seen that Tintoretter in the Doge's Kennel? Covers four acres of wall area, with about three faces per square foot. Wull, I've *done* every—single—blamed—face!"

Congratulations to *Mr. Punch's* twins, Messrs. Graves and Lucas, the authors of *Wisdom while you wait*, on the instant success which has attended the appearance of their new brochure, *Signs of The Times* (Alston Rivers)—perhaps the most brilliant of all their efforts in this kind. Their artist, Mr. George Morrow, has entered admirably into the spirit of their humour.

FROM THE DIARY OF YOUNG NORWAY.

[By an enterprise unprecedented in the annals of journalism, our representative forestalled the special correspondent of *The Daily Mirror* last week, and obtained the following extract from Prince OLAF'S diary, by methods into which it is no business of ours to inquire. This interesting fragment from the pen of the illustrious visitor to our shores will doubtless be the more eagerly perused on account of the fact that it was not written for publication.]

Sunday.—Haven't been seasick yet. Hope nothing happens before I get to England. Papa and Mamma are coming with me, although I told them it wasn't really necessary. Expect Grandpa will be there to meet us, as I'm his grandson and Mamma's his daughter.

Monday.—Don't think much of Grandpa's yacht; it won't keep still. Did not lunch with Papa and Mamma to-day; did not lunch at all—first time I have missed in three years. I hate the sea and don't want to be a sea-king. If I can't be a king without being a sea-king, I want to be an engine-driver. Uncle GEORGE met us at Portsmouth. He's a Prince like me. But *his* Papa and Mamma don't follow him about everywhere he goes. He didn't give me half-a-crown, although he's my Uncle. Asked Papa if he was a *real* Uncle. Papa said yes; so don't see how he can get out of it. There's one tune the band keeps on playing which I don't like. Not a bad tune really, but every time I hear it I have to stop whatever I'm doing, and stand quite still with my hand to my head, until it's over. Don't know why, but I get into such a row if I don't do it. They played it when Uncle turned up. When I'm King I won't have any nonsense of that sort. Grandpa's a King, like Papa. They played that tune again at Windsor, and I pretended not to hear it. I like Grandma awfully, although she didn't give me half-a-crown. She kissed me in front of all the people. If I can't be an engine-driver I'd like to be a Mayor. People in streets seemed glad to see me; I stood on the seat and bowed all the way to the Castle. Mounted policeman would be rather a nice thing to be. My room isn't half bad, but I don't care much for the pictures. Toys very satisfactory. There's a footman as well (Grandpa knows how to do things in style), and I made him kneel down so that I could play mounted policeman. Then Nurse came in and stopped it.

Tuesday.—Didn't join the shooting party to-day. Stayed in Castle watching Grandpa's soldiers, who amused me. Listened to band—that tune again, but I took no notice. Then Nurse came in and caught me taking no notice. She *was* wild and said I must. I said I shouldn't. She said I must. I said I shouldn't. And we kept on like that till the tune stopped, so I won. Looked at newspapers. I like them taking a lot of notice of me, but don't see why they should keep on calling me a "pretty incident."

Wednesday.—Papa and Mamma went with Uncle GEORGE and Auntie MAY to a place called London. Wanted to go too. Papa said he was awfully sorry, but there wouldn't be room for me at luncheon. They got back in afternoon. They had to eat soup made of tortoises, so I am glad I didn't go. Papa brought back a gold box. I wanted it to keep dominoes in. It's really for cigarettes. I expect I shall get it if I keep on at him. Last night, Grandpa gave Papa a garter, but I haven't had any half-crown yet. Of course, nobody can see Papa's garter when he wears it, so he wears a sash, just to show that he's got one. I should have chosen a pony myself.



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. II.—"THE PARTING."

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST DROPPED A FUSEE BETWEEN HIS HORSE AND SADDLE.

"Under the Victorian Pure Food Act," says *The British Australasian*, "sausage-meat or saveloy sausage must contain not less than 75 per cent. of meat, and not more than 58 per cent. of water."

POSSIBLY the saveloyard does not often go up to the full legal limit and put 133 per cent. of meat and water into his sausages. But when he does, one can understand that the thing needs to be put into a skin to keep it from bursting.

"Wreckage is being washed ashore at Abermawr, Pembrokeshire. It is feared there has been a wreck."—*Morning Leader.*

AUDITED and found correct.

Punch, M.R.I.C.A.

THE PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST.

[*With acknowledgments to the Editor of "The Car."*]

Who is the happy road-deer? Who is he
That every motorist should want to be?

The Perfect Automobilist thinks only of others. He is an Auto-altruist.

He never wantonly kills anybody.

If he injures a fellow-creature (and this will always be the fellow-creature's fault) he voluntarily buys him a princely annuity. In the case of a woman, if she is irreparably disfigured by the accident, he will, supposing he has no other wife at the time, offer her the consolation of marriage with himself.

He regards the life of bird and beast as no less sacred than that of human beings. Should he inadvertently break a fowl or pig he will convey it to the nearest veterinary surgeon and have the broken limb set or amputated as the injury may require. In the event of death or permanent damage, he will seek out the owner of the dumb animal, and refund him fourfold.

To be on the safe side with respect to the legal limit, the Perfect Automobilist confines himself to a speed of ten miles per hour. He will even dismount at the top of a steep descent, so as to lessen the impetus due to the force of gravity.

If he is compelled by the nature of his mission to exceed the legal limit (as when hurrying, for instance, to fetch a doctor in a matter of life or death, or to inform the Government of the landing of a hostile force) he is anxious not to shirk the penalty. He will, therefore, send on a swift messenger to warn the police to be on the look-out for him; and if he fails to run into any trap he will, on returning, report himself at all the police stations on his route, or communicate by post with the constabularies of the various counties through which he may have passed.

At the back of his motor he carries a watering-cart attachment for the laying of dust before it has time to be raised.

Lest the noise of his motor should be a cause of distraction he slows down when passing military bands, barrel-organs, churches (during the hours of worship), the Houses of Parliament (while sitting), motor-buses, the Stock Exchange, and open-air meetings of the unemployed.

If he meets a restive horse he will turn back and go down a side road and wait till it has passed. If all the side roads are occupied by restive horses he will go back home; and if the way home is similarly barred he will turn into a field.

He encourages his motor to break down frequently; because this spectacle affords an innocent diversion to many whose existence would otherwise be colourless.

It is his greatest joy to give a timely lift to weary pedestrians, such as tramps, postmen, sweeps, and police-trap detectives; even though, the car being already full, he is himself compelled to get out and do the last fifty or sixty miles on foot.

He declines to wear goggles because they conceal the natural benevolence of the human eye divine, which he regards as the window of the soul; also (and for the same reason he never wears a fur overcoat) because they accentuate class distinctions.

Finally—on this very ground—the Perfect Automobilist will sell all his motor-stud and give the proceeds to found an Almshouse for retired Socialists. O. S.

We have long felt that the only way of getting a thing is to ask for it. Waiting modestly by until somebody anticipates your wants may be pretty, but it isn't business. In this we have Joseph H. Young with us. In the *Irish Times* he says quite plainly, yet courteously:—

"Bootmakers.—I want four Peg and two Sewed Men.—Joseph H. Young, Bootmaker, Ballinasloe."

MAX IN DIEPPE.

[*With apologies to* Max *in "The Daily Mail."*]

It was time that I crossed to France, for the day when it was cleverer not to do things than to do them has passed. In that old day (whose fruitfulness was its barrenness), in the glorious eighties and early nineties, one sat tight and refrained, and gathered a great reputation by so doing. By never having a play produced one could be known as a very exceptional dramatic force; by keeping one's mouth shut one was thought a very Solon; by merely inverting a proverb once a year in the right drawing-room one became a wit, and a very dangerous one. Details were important then, and a youth who parted his hair prayerfully had the world at his feet.

But now! No one looks at one's hair to-day. Everything has changed. To-day we must all be active. We must make money where we used to make epigrams. The young men who are not active are lost. It is the age of braininess (as distinguished from brains) and pushfulness. The age of the hustler. No one who whispers is heard. In the old days, in the eighties and early nineties, the whisperer spoke the loudest. But now . . Look at me, where I am writing.

What will you? We must belong to our times. Here am I—I, Max, the most famous of the refrainers, the most accomplished artist of all in the cult of acquiring a reputation by the minimum of effort—here am I in *The Daily Mail* all among the twencents, and doing—what? Serving up Dieppe, with jocular sauce for the halfpenny groundlings. What will you?

To tell truth, it was time I went to France. All the others had been; I alone was left; and—with all these new notions as to efficiency about—it was getting to be ridiculous. One must not be that. Pathetic one may be, even now, but never ridiculous.

You get your tickets, it seems, from a man named Cook. It is a horrid name; but they seem to be good tickets. They are done up in a little green portfolio without extra charge. If you are wise you get a guide-book. Here we are on more congenial ground, for the guide-book man is named Baedeker, which has a homelier sound. I could almost conceive of a Max Baedeker . . .

One goes to France by train with an interlude of steamer. Had I realised that there was a steamer I think I should have after all refrained. The sea! How I hate its unevenness, its delays, as of a Piccadilly always "up."

As I thought about it, standing there in the booking-office with my new *Baedeker* in my hand, I wondered if it were too late to turn back. Perhaps my friends had been right, after all. I, personally, had been much delighted by the prospect of this journey, this emprise. But my good news had been received very gravely by everyone to whom I told it. Instead of the rather envious congratulations that might have been looked for, I seemed to evoke nothing but pity and awe—pity for my fate, awe at my bravery in facing it. I searched in vain for one person who would say, "How charming for you!" one person who would not dilate on the ferocity of the *douaniers*, and the strength of the coffee. But no. "I hope you won't take any articles of value with you. All the people are thieves." (I replied that I possessed nothing of the slightest value, and was insuring my luggage for a fabulous sum.) And "What on earth will you find there to write about? *Every one* has written about Dieppe." (Then, said I, my task would be so much the easier; I need only do some copying out. I did not mean this, of course; but it produced its laugh. Modern as I mean to be, I draw the line at copying.)

I always had an idea that one went to France from St. Pancras; but that is wrong. You go to Dieppe from



OUR INVADERS.

Captain of the Springboks. "WHAT WAS THIS FERREIRA TRYING TO DO WITH HIS SCRATCH LOT, WHEN IT'S *OUR* TEAM THAT'S MAKING THE ONLY AUTHORISED RAID?"

Mr. Referee Punch. "WELL, THERE'S BEEN A WARM RECEPTION FOR BOTH OF YOU—WITH A DIFFERENCE!"



"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING—"

Governess. "YOU'RE A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL, CHRISTABEL, TO KICK YOUR COUSIN LIKE THAT!"
Christabel. "I DIDN'T KICK HER."
Governess. "OH, HUSH, DEAR! I SAW YOU KICK HER SEVERAL TIMES."
Christabel. "I DIDN'T. I MISSED EVERY TIME!"

Victoria or London Bridge, by a train that takes you through Surrey and Sussex (ah, the green hills!) to Newhaven. It was there that I had my first terrible shock, for we had been so long in the train and I had read my *Baedeker* so assiduously that I had come to believe myself in very France indeed. And here at Newhaven, when I thought to step out of the train into that glowing courteous land, I found I was still in England the grey and desolate, and four hours of the dreariest element ever created separated me from my new raptures. I looked out the words "resignation" and "courage" in my pocket dictionary, and repeated them to myself until they dominated my brain. "Resignation; courage; courage, resignation," I said, over and over. By a stroke of luck, such as I must confess I rarely experience, both words are the same in French as in English, but with a slight distinction in the pronunciation.

Why some Mathematicians don't Shave.

"The WEDGE. Razors are examples of this machine .... The wedge in all practical work is driven forward by a series of blows."
Extract from Robinson's "Dynamics."

"What Manchester thinks to-day—"

"WELLINGTON himself was a stern, though not an over-severe, disciplinarian. Some of his hard stand-up fights might be said to have been won by force of discipline. Trafalgar and Waterloo are examples."—*Daily Dispatch.*

"Referring to football, the Rev. H. G. ROBERTS declared that 'manufacturers w ll be making hats a size less and the boot manufacturers a size greater if the present craze goes on.'"—*Evening Telegraph.*

Is the race degenerating? Not while our boot manufacturers are being made a size larger.

THERE is a knack about advertising in the *Church Times.* For instance:—

"RELIABLE LADY long, excellent references, Companion, Housekeeper, care, tuition backward motherless children (great experience), other position trust. Valuable elderly lady, gentleman. Cheerful, reader, walker, correspondent, drive."

And again:—

"USEFUL HELP. Small House. Two in family, treated as one."

In each case the mere words are nothing, the idea of a great soul in travail everything.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER IX.

The Eminences of London.

LONDON, like the Eternal City—as Mr. HALL CAINE has somewhere remarked in one of his most impressive passages—is built upon seven hills, viz., Campden Hill, Denmark Hill, Haverstock Hill, Highgate Hill, Lavender Hill, Notting Hill, and Primrose Hill. There are, it is true, other gentle eminences such as Hornsey Rise, Brixton Hill, Ludgate Hill, Pentonville Hill, Lord ARTHUR HILL, and the famous Roman Catholic *persiflagiste*, Mr. BELLAIRS HILLOCK, but the seven hills that count are those that we have named.

The bold contours of Primrose Hill, a dome shaped eminence of volcanic origin, render it one of the most attractive features in the landscape of the North-Western district. The best approach is by Rosebery Avenue, and to view it right one should choose the occasion of one of the periodical beanfeasts of the Liberal League, when its summit presents an aspect of great animation. The ascent is steep, but climbers can dispense with a rope, which, however, is indispensable on Haverstock Hill, a favourite resort of Alpinists and rock-climbers. Indeed, etymologists are not wanting who assert that the name is a blend of Haversack and Alpenstock.

Campden Hill, which can be approached either on foot or in a hired vehicle, has a twofold title to distinction. Its proximity to Holland Park endears it to all Liberals, while as a favourite haunt of artists and literary men it exhales an atmosphere of culture. Though easily within the four-mile radius, it contains several noble residences standing in their own grounds, with extensive lawns, shrubberies, and even forest trees. It is surmounted with a noble reservoir, stocked with rainbow trout, eels and other fish, in which first-rate angling can be had by the permission of the ground landlord, Mr. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE; and many are the Waltonians who come here. It was here that Mr. BULLEN landed his first cachalot.

Students of seismology find Campden Hill a peculiarly congenial *habitat* owing to the tremors produced by the Underground Railway. Musicians frequent it in great numbers—it is enough to mention two, Lord ALVERSTONE and Sir CHARLES STANFORD, and postillions are to be observed all day long in Church Street.

There is one other point to be mentioned in connection with Campden Hill. If you are not very articulate in giving your instructions to your cabman, it is more than probable that he will transport you to Camden Town. Should this happen, do not fail to pay a visit to the famous Veterinary College and Horsepital, which, if the metaphor be allowed, is one of the lions of the neighbourhood, as well as a triumph of civilisation. Here you will have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with quadrupeds in every stage of decline and convalescence. You will see horses and oxen in bed, in splints, in bath-chairs, almost in every conceivable position except in a teacup.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

THE QUADRANGLE OF THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN.

Campden Hill is connected by a narrow spur with the twin peak of Notting Hill, and in frosty weather excellent tobogganing can be had down the east and west sides of Campden Hill Square into the Uxbridge Road—a sport in which Mr. CHESTERTON, the Napoleon of Notting Hill, has long exhibited a remarkable proficiency.

Denmark Hill, which is rife with Scandinavian associations, involves a trip across or under the river, but richly repays the perils of transit. It has long been famous as the rendezvous *par excellence* of the dramatic profession. On its upper slopes, when the weather is not too inclement, you may encounter Miss EDNA MAY, conning her part in *Romeo and Juliet* or some other Shakspearian play, Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN meditating his next presentation, Mr. SIDNEY LEE musing on the cares of trusteeship, or Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER engaged in a friendly bout of jiu-jitsu with Mr. TREE or Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT. The "Elsinore Arms"—a sumptuously appointed temperance hotel—is a favourite haunt of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, and here, when he rides down to court the local Muse, Mr. HALL CAINE never fails to stable his Shetland pony. Brixton Hill, another gentle acclivity on the Surrey side, is within easy walking distance, while of Lavender Hill it is enough to say that it fully equals the odorous anticipation excited by its name.

SURPLUSAGE.

"MY number," said the polite member of *The Times* Book Club, "my number I have for the moment forgotten. It begins with a 'Z,' ends with a nought, and contains a number of 6's and 7's scattered here and there throughout the whole. Please give me a book."

"Owing to the lamentable conduct of the Publishers," answered the still more polite Attendant, "we have at present no books to give you. Will you accept instead a pound of butter?"

"Anything," said the member, "to oblige a lady and to spite Mr. POULTEN. But why butter?"

What do you suppose that member's number was? Speaking candidly, do you think that he really *had* a number?

I am a member of *The Times* Book Club, but I have never seen Mr. POULTEN. I have stopped men in the street and have said to them, "Are you Mr. POULTEN?" I have gathered from their answers that they were not (by a long way) Mr. POULTEN. "Then," I have said to them, "how would you like to be an Admiral?"

I may add that I have gathered also from these chance encounters much interesting information regarding my own parentage and my probable prospects in the hereafter.

But what has this to do with the case? Nothing. What I want to say is this:—I am a member of *The Times* Book Club (have I said this before?) and yet I have not written to the papers about it. Why should not I write to the papers? Why should a hearing be denied me? Why should "T.12345/6789, &c.," have his say, and not I? Why, indeed?

I desire to express my entire and cordial agreement with everything that has been said on both sides of this controversy, and to add on my own behalf the above episode which I have invented for the occasion. Having little or no point it will (I hope) successfully baffle both parties.

For the present I can think of nothing further to say on the subject.

"R.S.V.P. 9."

ROSES—FOR AMATEUR GROWERS.



"LA PETITE MIGNONNE." FINE YELLOW. SINGLE. VERY VIGOROUS.



"RÊVE D'AMOUR." SOFT TRANSPARENT PINK, VERY PRETTY; BEST UNDER GLASS.



"LUCIE BRISE-CŒUR." DELICATE CREAMY WHITE, MOST PERFECT FORM.



"PETITE INNOCENCE." STRONG COLOUR, AND A WONDERFUL GROWER. NEEDS ATTENTION.



"PRIDE OF BRIXTON." A HARDY SORT, DOUBLE, FLOWERING IN CLUSTERS.



"LORD RAMBLER." CRIMSON, GLOBULAR; VERY LARGE AND FULL.

PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE.

There were twelve tables numbered A, B, C up to—well, twelve of them; and I started at E because my name is Ernest. Our host arranged us, and of course he may have had quite another scheme in his mind. If so, it was an extraordinary coincidence that my partner's name was Ethel. She herself swore it was Millicent, but I doubt if one can trust a woman in these matters. She looked just like an Ethel. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be Ethel to me.

There is only one rule at Progressive Bridge, and that is that if you lose you go on to the next table, and if you win you stay where you are. In any case you get a fresh partner each time. That being so, it seemed hardly worth while to ask Ethel what she discarded from. As it happened, though, she began it.

"I discard from strength," she said.

"So do I," I agreed gladly. We already had a lot in common. "Great strength returns the penny," I added.

"What's that?"

"Moderate strength rings the bell. It's a sort of formula I say to myself, and brings luck. May I play to hearts?"

Ethel discarded a small heart on the first round of clubs, and a small club on the first round of hearts. After which, systematically and together, we discarded from great weakness. What with the revoke and other things they scored hundreds and thousands that game.

"You know, where Providence goes wrong," I said, "is in over-estimating our skill. Providence thinks too highly of us. It thinks that if it gives us a knave and two tens between us we can get a grand slam."

"Yes; and I think—I think, perhaps, that just the *least* little bit it underrates Dorothy's abilities."

"Indeed?" I said. Dorothy was the person who had just taken 298 off us.

"Yes. You see, Dorothy *has* played before. I don't think Providence knew that."

"It rather looks like that."

"Mind," said Ethel graciously, "I don't blame Providence for not knowing."

Dorothy laughed, and cut for me. I dealt myself three aces, and went no trumps. To my surprise Dorothy's partner doubled, and led the ace of hearts.

"One moment," I said, and I took it up, and looked at the back of it. Then I looked at the back of my own ace of hearts. Then I looked at the front of it again, and swore very softly, and played it.

"I'm very sorry," I apologised at the end of the game. "I had a wolf in sheep's clothing, an ass in a lion's skin. You saw me play the three of hearts? Well, do you know—it's very sad—he actually pretended to be the ace. Hid his head behind one card, and his feet behind another, and only — well, I thought it was the ace."

At the end of the round Ethel and I moved on.

"Good bye," I said to Dorothy, "I like watching you play. If you wait here I shall be round again soon."

My next partner was called Aggie. Ethel addressed her as Mary, but she was much too lively for Mary. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be Aggie to me.

She began at once.

"I discard from weakness, partner. I like hearts led, I never go spades on my own, I live on tapioca and toadstools, and the consequence was——"

"It's the same with me," I said, "except about tapioca. I don't like tapioca. In fact I always—er—discard from tapioca. Otherwise we agree. It's your deal. Now," I said to Ethel, "we shall see what Providence thinks of our comparative merits."

Providence made no mistake. In the whole round my partner and I scored once only. *Chicane* in spades. I moved on to G. I should never see Ethel again.

"I always play the Canadian discard," said Violet, "and I like spades led."

I need hardly say that Aggie, whom Ethel called Mary, spoke of Violet as Margery. But she looked much more like Violet, and she will always be Violet to me. I had never seen her before, though, and I shall never see her again.

"So do I," I said. "Do you know Canada at all? I always wish I had been there."

"I go a good deal to Switzerland," said Violet. "Are you fond of Bridge?"

"No, never; that is, I mean, 'Very.' Shall we cut?"

The "Canadian discard" hardly does itself justice under that name. It is no mere discard, but embraces all the finer points of Bridge. It leads through weakness, and blocks your partner's long suits, and trumps his tricks; and, though I couldn't discover any recognised system about it, revokes now and then. I too, from tact or sympathy, or some such motive, played the Canadian discard for all I was worth. We got to H without any difficulty.....

J, K, and L may be passed by, for nothing much happened there. For some reason "I" was left out, or rather, run into J. I cannot understand the point of this. To every man his table, and I feel convinced that I should have done remarkably well at "I." I had been looking forward to it all the evening. I don't much care about betting, but I am prepared to wager a hundred pounds that I should have got a grand slam at "I."

It was somewhere down in the X's that I met Maud. I had been round I don't know how many times, and was feeling quite giddy. Alice, Elizabeth, Iris, Mabel—they were all forgotten when I came to play with Maud. Hepzibah (on my right) called her Millicent or something like that, but I knew really that her name must be Maud. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be Maud to me.

"I discard from hearts," I said. "I like my weakest suit led, I have revoked three times this evening, at table G on the right-hand side of the fireplace I played the 'Canadian discard' and I shall never play it again, at K as you go round the lamp I had four aces and my partner went spades, I've had rotten luck all through, and I'm enjoying myself very much. Shall we be very cautious, or would you like to play a dashing game?"

"Oh, let's dash," said Maud.

I dealt, and went no trumps on two aces. To my great surprise Hepzibah's partner doubled and led the ace of clubs.

"One moment," I said, and I took it up, and looked at the back of it. Then I looked at the back of my own ace of clubs. Then I looked at the front of it, and swore very softly, and played it.

"I'm very sorry," I began at the end of the game, "but——"

"Haven't we met before?" said Maud, with a smile.

I looked at her hard. "By Jove! Ethel!" I cried.

"My name's Millicent," said Maud, "and seeing that we met for the first time a few hours ago——"

"Yes, you were my first partner. Ethel."

"I'm sorry. Who is Ethel?"

"I beg your pardon," I apologised. "But I always call my first partner at Progressive Bridge Ethel. It's a sort of hobby with me."

"I see," said Maud. I mean Ethel. Well, I suppose I must call her Millicent now. Though I had never seen her before, and shall never see her again, she will always be Millicent to me.

Another Scandal about J. Cæsar.

Was he a bigamist?

"It is generally admitted, even in the Radical camp, that the Ides of next March are likely to prove as fatal to the Progressive spendthrifts of the L. C. C. as they did to Lady Macbeth's wretched husband."—*London Correspondent of "The Liverpool Courier."*

"THE TIMES" EXPERIMENTAL BATTLESHIP.

(A Naval Forecast.)

Dec. 1.—*Times* announces that it intends, in connection with its Book Club, to build within two months an Experimental Battleship, to be called the *Dreadthought*, capable of destroying any Battleship in the British Navy, as model for future construction.

Dec. 2.—Law officers declare such action illegal without leave of First Sea Lord.

Dec. 3.—Sir John Fisher agrees to allow experiment to proceed on following conditions:—

(1) Battleship to be built at Houndsditch.
(2) Designs to lie for ten days on table of L.C.C. Steamship Committee.
(3) When completed, Battleship to remain in Dry Dock in permanent Commission in Reserve with nucleus crew.
(4) First Sea Lord to appoint nucleus crew.

Dec. 4.—Conditions agreed to by *Times*.

Dec. 5.—Keel of *Times* Experimental Battleship laid.

Feb. 6.—Battleship reported complete. Rejoicings at Houndsditch.

Feb. 7.—Sir John Fisher appoints Rear-Admiral Arnold White to command.

Feb. 8.—Sir John Fisher appoints, as members of nucleus crew, Editors of *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News* and *Morning Leader*, and Naval Experts of *Times* and 200 Provincial Papers.

Feb. 9.—On protest in Parliament at too exclusively journalistic character of nucleus crew, Sir John Fisher agrees to add following Peers and Members of Parliament: Lord Portsmouth, Lord Wemyss, Lord Heneage, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Henry Norman, Mr. Arthur Lee and Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Feb. 10.—Mr. Hall Caine writes to *The Times* to ask if Literature is to be wholly unrepresented, and mentions following facts: (1) That Man is an Island. (2) That the Manxman is a splendid Sailor; and (3) That by ancient charters the owner of Greeba Castle is allowed to keep three boats at his private pier. The last fact, however, he does not wish to press, &c., &c.

Feb. 11.—Sir John Fisher explains that he always intended to add a supplementary literary list, and will publish it without delay.

Feb. 12.—Literary List published, headed by name of Mr. Hall Caine, and including Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Edmund Gosse, the Editor of *Old Moore's Almanack*, Dr. Gordon-Stables (R.N.), Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. C. K. Shorter.

Feb. 13.—Rear-Admiral Arnold White hoists his pennon and makes statement to the Press that the most exhaustive trials of the seaworthiness of the Battleship will be made in Dry Dock.

Feb. 14.—Board of Admiralty issue semi-official statement to the Press to show that really satisfactory steam trials can only be made in Dock, and that if the Battleship were added to the Mediterranean or Atlantic squadrons she might be a cause of jealousy and unpleasantness to other commanders.

Feb. 15.—Rear-Admiral Arnold White writes to the Press to say that the nucleus crew is beyond praise.

Feb. 16.—Public announcement that Dr. Gordon-Stables has won Horse Marine Steeplechase.

Feb. 17.—Experiment declared successful. Nucleus crew paid off.

Feb. 18. Rear-Admiral Arnold White, speaking at dinner of Billingsgate porters, asserts that if Experimental Battleship went to sea she would be sunk in ten minutes.

Feb. 19.—Immense sensation caused by Rear-Admiral Arnold White's speech. Explanations demanded.

Feb. 20. Rear-Admiral Arnold White explains nothing derogatory to Experimental Battleship intended. He was only stating a fact well known to all naval experts when declaring that a Battleship with a nucleus crew would be destroyed in first ten minutes of naval warfare.

Feb. 21.—Explanation accepted as satisfactory. Kaiser telegraphs congratulations to Rear-Admiral Arnold White and Sir John Fisher, and states he has ordered all officers of German Imperial Navy to study system of nucleus crews.



Cabby (who has just received one shilling and twopence for a two-mile journey). "Hi, Charlie! Here's the bloke wot's giving the money away!"



Beater (*to hare that refuses to leave her form*). "GET OOP, YE LAZY LITTLE BEGGAR, AN' JOIN IN T' SPOORT!"

THE RAID AND THE RAIN.

ON Thursday last in Westminster there was something curious brewing;
You might have seen with half an eye that people were up and doing.
A sort of tension there was in the air, a sort of terrible feeling,
Made up of a wish to slap a face and to start a bout of squealing,
And to scratch out eyes, and to tear out hair, and to fly into a passion,
And to scream for votes with a feminine voice in a most unpleasant fashion;
And to seize on men and to give them fits and talk to them out of season,
As creatures who must be brought to own the might of a woman's reason.
And here and there in the murky air of a mid-November noon-tide
Queer resolute shapes were flitting about with their hair done flat and their shoon tied.
And they all looked fierce as fierce can be, and Inspector SCANTLEBURY,
When he saw them flitting about the place, he didn't look very merry:
For he had felt how a woman slaps when on the tiled floor slipping
He fell on his back and lay there flat, and (oh, but the sight was ripping!)
The feminine host bore down on him with the force of an an[illegible]y pal[illegible] storm
And slapped his face, as he lay supine, till it sounded like a hail-storm.

So he says to his men, the Inspector says, "We can't let the women shout here;
And if," he says, "they 're for getting in, you must all of you keep 'em out here.
They may howl for votes if they like," he says, "until they have spoilt their beauty;
But they shan't howl here in the Commons' House, so, men, you must do your duty."
Then the desperate DESPARD came by stealth and the passionate PANKHURST peered in,
And motor-cars brought a good score more, as to Westminster they steered in,
And things began to look very black, and the clerks of the House were quaking,
And the members were blue and green with fear, and the SPEAKER himself was shaking.
When all of a sudden the rain, the rain! oh, then there began a hurry,
For the ladies put their umbrellas up and then they started to scurry;
And DESPARD scattered and PANKHURST flew, and the rest of them said, "It's no go,"
And fled like the Russian fleet pursued by the guns of the gallant TOGO.
So that was the end of the female raid and the threats that were said in vain there
When the draggled women they turned for home as they felt the pitiless rain there.

"Traveller wanted, to push motor accessory."—*Daily Telegraph.*

IT is well said that what is the poor man's work is often the rich man's recreation.



THE CHALLENGE.

Footman of Noble House (*to* Mr. Birrell, *who has had a stormy interview*). "YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR GLOVE, SIR."

Mr. B. "NO! I *FLUNG* IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 12.—Foggy out of doors. Condition of atmosphere pellucid compared with that which fills both Houses of Parliament. Lords still in Committee on Education Bill. Have reached Clause 7. Find on arriving at this point there is no Clause 7. Someone remembers that it was struck out last week. Must put in another.

LLANDAFF submitted one. CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH supported it. Bishop of HEREFORD preferred clause of his own drafting. ST. ALDWYN "felt a difficulty about the matter." CREWE, in charge of Bill, declared against something or other. STANLEY OF ALDERLEY flashed happy thought through murky atmosphere. Suppose we don't substitute a clause? Why have a Clause 7?

Noble Lords inclined to jump at this conclusion. It would save a lot of trouble. Would also establish happy precedent. Paper bristled with amendments to subsequent clauses. If the problems were easy, capable of being understanded of the Peerage, well and good. If not, off with their heads. LANSDOWNE, taking official view, declined to approve this happy dispatch. Suggested a further amendment. ST. ALDWYN actually moved one, being a proviso to one earlier submitted.

Then came the crowning difficulty. House prepared to divide. On which amendment? Attempt meanly made to throw responsibility on CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Lord ONSLOW not born yesterday, or even the day before.

"Your Lordships," he said with freezing dignity, "are masters of your own position. If you will indicate on which amendment you propose to divide, I will submit it."

A dead silence followed. Had hoped for better things from CHAIRMAN drawing salary of £2500 a year, paid quarterly. The PRIMATE looked at Leader of Opposition. LANSDOWNE suddenly displayed absorbing interest in structure of the Woolsack. ST. ALDWYN proved master of situation. His amendment, having been moved last in a long series, still (to a certain extent) lingered in the memory. It was accordingly put from Chair, and, by a majority of 151 to 43, the clause, to quote the official reports, "was agreed to down to the words 'and that.'"

"What clause is it?" ARMITSTEAD whispered to PIRRIE.



"ON THE KNEE!"

This word of command is not wholly unknown in politics, and it sometimes leads to the same result as in the recent lamentable case at the Portsmouth Naval Barracks.

(S-r H. C.-B. and Mr. K-r H-rd-e.)

"You'd better ask the CHAIRMAN," was the cautious reply.

PIRRIE been in House only a few months; has already learnt something of diplomatic ways.

In the Commons Land Tenure Bill taken in hand. Question arose, "What shall he have who killed the deer?" In the matter of deer taken in New Forest short shrift and the gallows were of old time decreed. HOBART testified that he had not seen any deer in the New Forest. MARK LOCKWOOD, jealous for reputation of his native heath, told how his constituents were occasionally provided with venison pasty, consequent upon deer escaping from the Forest and rooting up their garden cabbages. By ancient custom they were in such circumstances permitted to slay the deer. Wonderful what a passion the deer displayed for certain cabbage tracts.

This suggested to Viscount TURNOUR a Hard Case. Clause under discussion provided compensation for damage done by game.

"That's all very well," said the Viscount. "But suppose, Mr. SPEAKER, that a Radical landowner"—here he stared hard at C.-B., half asleep on Treasury Bench—"whose property adjoined a deer park, made a hole in



A FIRST-RATE GUIDE IN A LEGISLATIVE FOG.

(Viscount St. Aldw-n.)



"Young S-l-sb-ry."
"He venerates the office of the Primate, but thinks it might be filled by a more enterprising Churchman."

shows some impatience with prolongation of his neatly ordered speech, over whose attenuated sentences he lingers with loving deliberation. In the circumstances of the sitting he and Frederick Banbury were the men of the hour, not to say an hour and twenty minutes. The Colonel rose to the occasion, many times to his feet.

Day was breaking over distant Primrose Hill when he was up again, good for another forty minutes. Hardly had he opened his mouth when a voice from the neighbourhood below Gangway, where Mr. Flavin lounged, interposed with inquiry, "What have you done to Horne?"

The remark obviously irrelevant. It might with equal point have taken the form, "What did you do with the North Pole?" Its effect on the Colonel extraordinary. Forgetting for moment iniquities of the Government, but even at white heat of anger retaining his ornate style, he retorted, "If the hon. Member will let me know who he is, I shall know in what part of the House sits a slanderer." Irish Members, properly shocked at anything approaching disorderly language, insisted on the phrase being withdrawn. The Deputy-Chairman ruling it out of order, the Colonel, more sinned against than sinning, was compelled to retract before proceeding with his speech.

Claude Hay rising once or twice in effort to look over Prince Arthur's head and count number of Ministers on Treasury Bench was accosted from Irish camp with the cry, "Sit down, Little Tich."

This greatly tickled the fancy of drowsy members.

Otherwise a dreary sitting, a waste of time and tissue, no credit to House, a distinct rebuff to the Government.

Business done.—Sat up all night with the Land Tenure Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday. Pretty to watch countenances of noble Lords as they listen to young Salisbury on his legs battering Education Bill. Members of House of Commons, looking on from Gallery over Bar, marvel at the change that has overtaken him

the hedge, let the deer into his land and then demanded compensation for damage."

This sinister picture had paralysing influence on House. Several Members composed themselves to sleep, whilst the Solicitor-General, who had been closely conning the Bill, jumped up with announcement of discovery that "it is to be construed as the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1883, which applied to land belonging to the Crown."

Lord Robert Cecil shook his head. Observing which the Labour Members, knowing thereby that the Solicitor-General must be in the right, loudly cheered.

Tuesday, 9.40 a.m. As Hart Dyke would say, if he were still with us, the early bus passenger skirting Palace Yard caught this morning a very big worm. Through the fog, clamouring for cabs, hurried a long line of legislators, some in evening dress whose crumpled state added final touch of uncanniness to the spectacle. House been sitting all night with incidental reference to Land Tenure Bill. A dreary performance that might have been avoided by exercise of a little tact. Only person who really enjoyed himself was Mr. Flavin, and in his case perfect satisfaction was marred by non-appearance on scene of the police. Still he made the best of it, interrupting Members all round, and having great game with Kenyon-Slaney.

Opportunity enticing for that eminent statesman. On ordinary occasions House

since he came into the Marquisate. Whilst he was still with us, seated on Treasury Bench, he rarely took part in debate. In the Lords he—like, yet how unlike, Gladstone going from Oxford to Lancashire—is unmuzzled.

Handicapped by Ministerial responsibility, he was never able to let himself go. Began well enough. There was the famous outburst of pride and patriotism that marked an early stage of his Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. It happened long before the war with Russia presented Japan in a new light. Some inquisitive Member asked what progress was being made in the direction of securing a Treaty between Japan and Great Britain.

"Great Britain," loftily replied Lord Cranborne, "grants treaties, she does not ask for them."

That too much even for the Premier. The Markiss not lacking in sympathy with the utterer of blazing indiscretion. Secretly proud of the demonstration of soundness of the chip of an old block. But foreign nations have absurd sensibilities on these subjects. Accordingly edict was issued that the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs should not in any circumstances make verbal reply to supplementary questions. With paper in hand, his answer dictated by the Permanent Secretary and supervised by his Chief, all was well.

In the Lords these restrictions have vanished with the past. The new Markiss sits on the Front Opposition Bench, none daring to make him afraid.



"Little Tich."
(Hon. Cl-de H-y.)

A certain amount of deference of course due to his nominal Chief. He venerates the office of the PRIMATE, but thinks it might be filled by a more enterprising Churchman. From time to time he shows how a House of Commons majority that lays sacrilegious hands on the Ark of the Church should be treated.

His style of speech is in its shrill vehemence reminiscent of the female suffragists conversing with the police in the Central Lobby. No one knows to what length his righteous passion may lead him. Even when he resumes his seat, there is no immediate surcease of apprehension. Noble Lords eye him askance as if apprehensive that he will produce and wave aloft a banner bearing the inscription "The Schools for the Church." His incursions are embarrassing to authority. But in an age of make-believe, in an atmosphere of ceremonial, it is refreshing to find a man who uncompromisingly declares his belief on questions to the fore. Like Brother HUGH, whose absence from another place is daily lamented, young SALISBURY compels esteem by inflexible honesty of purpose, unfaltering courage in upholding what he believes to be right.

Business done. – Report stage of Merchant Shipping Bill.

A NIGHTMARE OF NOMENCLATURE

See "Names for Baby" (Pearson).

YOUR *Gellibrand* is waiting by the gum-tree,
He lingers 'neath the palm and deodar;
O tell him that you love him under *some* tree,
And who the *Suffronette* you really are.
Let *Unna* call the cattle home, and stop not
To sport with *Barelina* on the green;
By the tangles of his *Adosinda's* top-knot
O come into the garden, *Glycerine!*

O *Jeromette*, my only joy, my true love,
Forgive me if I'm getting rather wild;
But I'm doubtful if I really care for you, love,
Or *Ichabod* the solitary child.
Minella might be in the Moated Grange, dear,
If it wasn't for the houses in between;
But—*Gellibrand* is feeling rather strange, dear . . .
So come into the garden, *Glycerine!*

"GERMAN, LATIN, AND FRENCH.—P. V. would like to communicate with natives speaking the above languages."—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

WE do hope he will find his Latin native all right; but he must try to turn the conversation away from tables. Latin natives are very touchy about tables, or *mensæ* as they call them.



Hilda (who has taken her little brother out to a tea-party, mindful of parental advice on diet). "GOOD-BYE, AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR HAVING US. WE DID HAVE PLAIN FOOD, DIDN'T WE?"

WHAT! BABY BEARS!

[It is stated that baby bears are fashionable as drawing-room pets this season.]

WHAT! baby bears are *comme il faut?*
Æsthetic taste has fallen low!
So dainty dames with kisses ply
A shaggy shape with greedy eye
And deck him like a boudoir beau;

And let their merriment o'erflow
At country kin, not in the know,
Who gasp, as they prepare to fly—
"What! baby bears!"

Fair dames, another debt you owe—
A debt you disregard, although
The nursery's placed so very high
To drown a small resentful cry
That how *can* modish mothers know
What Baby bears?

Commercial Candour.

(From an Aldgate Window.)

SHAVING BRUSHES.

Badger, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Pure Badger, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Real Badger, 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE country is congratulating itself that FERREIRA'S Raid has had no such disastrous effect as JAMESON'S Raid. It has not, so far, called forth a poem from the POET LAUREATE.

Two days after news of the Raid reached this country, a nervous old Highland lady read in her paper, "The South Africans have arrived in Scotland." She promptly bolted her front-door.

The late General SHAFTER weighed 21 stone. This is partially explained by the fact that he had an iron will.

It is reported that the POPE has decided to accept the situation created by the French law for the separation of Church and State, and France will now disarm.

Another statue has been stolen from the Louvre. Some cities have all the luck. No one steals any of our London statues.

It is thought unlikely that all the War Office staff will be installed in the new building before next year. The difficulty of getting the War Office to move is notorious.

We hear that the fact that a performance of *The Man from Blankley's* was given before the KING on the occasion of his birthday has caused grave dissatisfaction among certain of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects living in Bayswater, who hold that play to be a gross libel on the inhabitants of their district. It is even rumoured that HIS MAJESTY has received several invitations from Bayswater hostesses anxious to correct false impressions.

A usually ill-informed Continental contemporary tells its readers that the Book War in England has now entered on a more acute phase, and that the premises of Messrs. GREENING & Co., publishers, have been burnt down.

We are continually reminded that nowadays Humour is not confined to the comic papers. For instance, the following exchange of repartee is reported to have taken place with the rapidity of lightning last week at a meeting of the Southwark Borough Council. It was, we are told, absolutely *impromptu*. The ex-Mayor (to Mr. DEVONNY): "You're an ass." Mr. DEVONNY: "Then you're a donkey." (*Loud laughter.*)

The Gentlewoman has been complaining of the edifices of hair which now crown so many ladies' heads at the theatre and are as great a nuisance as the *matinée* hat. It is difficult to know how to remedy the evil. We doubt even, if ladies were allowed to leave their hair with the cloak-room attendant during the performance free of charge, whether many would take advantage of the privilege.

Since MRS. RUSSELL SAGE announced her intention of giving away the bulk of her huge fortune to needy individuals who are too proud to ask for aid, she has, we hear, been inundated by applications from such persons.

Mr. BROADBENT, the late Mayor of Huddersfield, has, by a system of bounties, reduced the infantile mortality in his neighbourhood by more than half, and the grateful babies, we hear, intend to present him with a vote of thanks as soon as they have learned to write.

We certainly live in a philanthropic age. The proprietor of *The Throne*, a journal written by the Aristocracy for the Aristocracy, are now issuing an edition at sixpence for slum-dwellers.

"The Westminster City Council," it is announced, "has decided to ask Major-General Lord CHEYLESMORE to sit for his portrait in oils." To have one's portrait taken is always an ordeal, but when the victim has to sit in oils—well, we shall be surprised if his Lordship accepts the invitation.



CURRENT COOKERY.

Waiter. "YES, SIR, WE'RE VERY 'IGH UP TO DATE 'ERE. WE COOK HEVERYTHINK BY HELECTRICITY."

Customer. "OH, DO YOU? THEN JUST GIVE THIS STEAK ANOTHER SHOCK."

There would seem to be no limit to the audacity of some members of the Upper House. One day last week Lord MILNER coolly suggested that the rights of *British* settlers in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony should be safeguarded! Lord ELGIN administered the reproof that this show of partisanship deserved.

The weather suddenly became so warm last week that *The Reader* published a timely article by Dr. NANSEN on "How to reach the North Pole."

The Commissioner of Police states that a great scientist is endeavouring to produce a machine which will measure noise. The difficulty, we understand, is to make one strong enough to stand a motor-bus.

A motor fire-engine dashed into a house in Southwark Bridge Road last week, but fortunately did not set the place alight.

The Cleveland (Ohio) branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has decided by ten votes to seven that a millionaire cannot be an honest man. In several instances pathetic scenes were witnessed when the news was broken to millionaires who had been trying their hardest.

A Variety Artist.

"S. H. DAY, the Corinthian and International forward, showed brilliant form for Middlesex at Ealing on Wednesday, and, in addition to scoring four goals off his own boot, had a hand in the other three."—*Beckenham Journal.*



LAYING IT ON WITH A PALETTE-KNIFE.

Miss Sere. "Ah, Mr. Brown, if you could only paint me as I was ten years ago!"
Our Portrait Painter (heroically). "I am afraid Children's Portraits are not in my line."

LITERARY NOTES.

[Dedicated with profound acknowledgment to "F. L.," the gifted writer of exotic literary criticism in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

Signor Baldassaro Galuppi, the eminent Sinologue, has just brought out an exhaustive *brochure* on the influence of the Goliardic literature on the court poets of the Manchu dynasty. Like all that comes from his pen, this elegant treatise is perfectly charming. With the antiquarian keenness of scent for which he is famous, Signor Galuppi has been able to establish the identity of Giraldus Cambrensis with Lambertus Hertzfeldensis, and to trace the pedigree of the eminent American authoress Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge to Walter Mapes, *alias* Map, the famous author of the *Confessio Goliae*. As an instance of Signor Galuppi's extraordinarily minute and convincing etymological analysis we may be permitted to quote his derivation of King Pepin from the Greek pronoun ὅσπερ, as thus: ὅσπερ, ἧπερ, ὅπερ, ἅπερ, diaper, napkin, nipkin, pipkin, pippin-king, King Pippin.

Professor Quidde, the author of the famous *Caligula* pamphlet, has been moved by the publication of the Hohenlohe Memoirs to write a study after the style of Plutarch's *Lives*, contrasting Count Bülow with Voigt, the hero of the Köpenick raid. He points out that they are nearly contemporaries, and that the difference in their subsequent careers was entirely due to education and environment. If Count Bülow had been brought up as a cobbler and Voigt had been born the son of an ambassador, Professor Quidde is of opinion that it is quite on the cards that their *rôles* might have been reversed. Incidentally he notices the fact, which has so far escaped the observation of all publicists, that Köpenick is obviously connected with Copernicus, a discovery which throws a flood of light on the ultimate trend of Germany's naval policy.

At a time when there seems to be a revival of interest in psychical phenomena, it may be well to peruse the masterly but readable study on Black Magic by M. Urbure Pangofflin, in the current number of *The Guipuzcoan Gazette*. M. Pangoffin, whose command of cryptic Basque places him in a position of peculiar strength as compared with other writers on the subject, appears to take the eminently common-sense view that where the *foci* in an aplanatic surface exhibit no radio-activity, it is permissible to homologate or comperendinate as the Quinologists have it—a Mixo-Lydian gambit. Personally we should like to know what M. Becquerel has to say on this subject.

Other new books, it is true, are announced, but as they are in English by English authors they are obviously of no interest to me or my readers.

"Wanted.—Address of Ba Han, Kyan Village, believed to be drowned."
Rangoon Times.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Puck of Pook's Hill* (MACMILLAN) Mr. KIPLING'S dear heart has been tugged this way and that by two ruling passions. He loves to talk with children, and he loves, no less, to air his erudition (as we all should if we had it). It results from these divided aims that the stories told by his "People of the Hills" are often far and far above the heads of their child-audience, *Dan* and *Una*. The "Old People" forget how young these Young People are. They may think they are telling "Plain Tales from the Hills," but they are not nearly plain enough. Best of them all, for its imaginative charm, is the tale of "Dymchurch Flit." This really is a plain tale, for there is no hill on Romney Marsh, whence the little Old People (I suppose it was the local Sloe Gin that kept them so small) flitted to happier lands, away from the horrors of the Reformation. Very fresh, too, are the stories whose scenes are laid in the latter end of the Roman occupation of Britain, a period which hardly anybody has ever expected us to realise as human. Among many new sensations we are shown how closely the attitude of the British-born Roman soldier towards his comrade from the Motherland may have resembled that of the Colonial trooper towards the home-bred article of to-day. And a thrill of novel satisfaction went through me when I found that even Mr. KIPLING was also human, and had made the mistake that most of us have made at one time or other—the mistake of supposing that "thumbs down" was the Roman signal of doom.

I have seen somewhere an advertisement of an article by Mr. ZANGWILL, entitled, "Why Jews fail in business." Personally I had no suspicion that commerce was their weak point. But if there is any co-religionist of Mr. ZANGWILL'S who shares his pessimism, let him read Mr. KIPLING'S poem, *Song of the Fifth River*, and be comforted. It is one of many sets of verse which introduce or follow the different tales in this book, and are, perhaps, its rarest ornament. One only I should venture to criticize *The Children's Song;* and that because it is too difficult for children's lips. The rest are very precious jewels sewn upon a rich brocade of antique fancy.

Some day, when it no longer pays to write books, we shall all be adding insult to injury by discussing in the columns of *The Times* the question of "What to do with our Authors." When that day comes Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN must certainly be appointed Headmaster of Eton, or at least perpetual history-lecturer in ordinary to the school, with the salary of a Cabinet Minister. Imagine the joy of being "up" to Mr. WEYMAN with his own works as text-books, to say nothing of the novel experience of remembering what one was taught. I have learnt far more about the Reform Bill and Lord BROUGHAM and rotten boroughs and the Bristol Riots from his last book, *Chippinge* (SMITH, ELDER), than all the poor smattering of dry facts which I had forgotten between youth and middle age. Mr. WEYMAN'S facts are so well-chosen and so thrilling and served up with so piquante a *sauce Cupidon* that they are not only easily digested but permanently assimilated into the system of the reader. In fact, to use the language favoured of those who will some day look up to Mr. WEYMAN as the "Head," *Chippinge* is a rippinge good book, one of STANLEY WEYMAN'S very best.

Among the first changes which the new Headmaster will initiate will doubtless be a reform of that species of refined torture peculiar to Eton known as "Sunday Q's." He will find an excellent text-book ready to his hand in *Sir John Constantine*, by "Q" (also published by SMITH, ELDER). A few specimen "Sunday Q's," with answers, based on the contents of *Sir John Constantine*, will serve to show the lines on which examination papers should be set. *Q.* Who and what is "Q"? *A.* Mr. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH, a well-known author of the pre-HOOPER period. *Q.* The dwelling-place of himself and his heroes? *A.* Cornwall. *Q.* Of what classic do their adventures in Corsica remind you? *A. Treasure Island.* *Q.* With how many men did Sir JOHN set out to invade the island where Who was born? *A.* Seven; NAPOLEON. *Q.* Do you like the book? *A. I do.*

Some of the ingrafted stories seem a trifle superfluous and long-winded, but once "Q" gets into his stride his tale is exciting, original, and remarkably well told.

Out of the clash of battle and fall of dynasties there is left living no more pathetic figure than that of the venerable lady who for seventeen years was Empress of the FRENCH. The narrative of a career whose transient brilliance was suddenly overwhelmed under a shadow of increasing gloom is told by Miss STODDART in *The Life of the Empress Eugénie* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The biographer does not profess personal intimacy, nor claim to have had access to new records. The task assigned to herself was to make close study of the almost countless contemporary notes of the daily life, the seasons of joyaunce, the times of trial, of the EMPRESS. The result is set forth in animated narrative compressed within reasonable limits of space. It is the record of a life whose varied course exceeds the wildest fancy of romance. Politics apart, it makes the reader acquainted with a gracious personality, who lived gaily in the sunlight, and when night fell comported herself with a quiet dignity that won the respect and esteem of the bitterest enemies of the Third Empire.

The author "IOTA"
Recently wrote a
Novel called *Smoke in the Flame;*
Pride lacking cash is
The theme that it lashes,
And HUTCHINSONS publish the same.

The characters patter
A wit-peppered chatter—
A most intellectual game;
And yet, though it's clever,
You seldom, if ever,
Can get at its object and aim.

In fact, this same tissue
Of talk clouds the issue,
Precisely as smoke does a flame;
And even "IOTA"
Could not, I think, quote a
More nicely appropriate name.

A "humorous novel" (advertised as such) may depend upon a humour of action, or a humour of words, or upon both together. If it depends chiefly on a humour of action, then the author is lucky, for the story will write itself, and all he has to do is to stand by and see that the humour comes out. If it depends upon a humour of words, then the author has a tough job before him, for he must take off his coat and see that the humour goes in. The process is known as "being funny." Some years ago the recognized way of being funny was JEROME'S way; now it is JACOBS'. For the greater part of *Love among the Chickens* (NEWNES) Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE lets the humour bubble up, and the result is delightful. But just occasionally it runs dry; and then he takes off his coat to it—the resulting brand, "WODEHOUSE and JACOBS," being flat. However, I would forgive Mr. WODEHOUSE anything in return for *S. F. Ukridge.* He is glorious—god-like, as Mr. CHESTERTON would say. On his great shoulders he carries all the lesser characters triumphantly through the book.

THE GIFT OF WINTER.

Now the year is waning fast;
Now her course is well-nigh done;
Whirled like leaves before the blast,
Thousands pack their traps, and run
Off to Spain, the Riviera,
Egypt, India, anywhere a-
way from England, rushing to the sun.

Hushed is now the poet's lay;
He has sung till all was blue
Steadily since early May;
Now his only "winter view"
Is a songless wish to follow
In the footsteps of the swallow;
("Footsteps" isn't right, but it will do.)

Not as these I touch the strings;
Heartily though I admire
Flowers, and birds, and all that brings
Matter to a poet's lyre,
Yet the time I mostly hymn is
When the man has cleaned the chimneys,
And the hour has come to start a Fire.

Then it is that Britain's clime
Grows, beyond all others, fair;
All the rigours of the time,
Rigours of the earth and air,
Melt before the gassy bubbling
Of the rich and radiant nubbling;
And, whatever happens, *I* don't care.

Daily, ere I move at large
Forth to mine accustomed goal,
I bequeath a sacred charge —
Lay it on a maiden's soul:—
"Mind you keep the fire up, ANNIE,
SARAH, or, it may be, FANNY,
Fill the scuttle; hang the price of coal!"

Is it freezing? Let it freeze!
Does it snow, or sleet, or rain?
Do I cough or do I sneeze?
(Bless me!) Why should I complain?
Norrard is the wind, or East'ly?
Never mind; however beastly,
All the better when I'm home again.

Sweet to sit indoors, and smoke;
Warm one's heart, and toast one's toes;
Give the fire a friendly poke;
Note the glamour that it throws
O'er my *res angustæ domi;*
For a fact, you'd hardly know my
Dusky attic when the firelight glows.

This it is that sheds a light
O'er the sullen days ahead;
This that shines for ever bright,
Always welcome, always red;
Sweet by day; and in the small hours
Even sweeter, and, of all hours,
Pleasantest when turning out of bed!

When I clasp the solemn sponge!
Shiver on the icy brink:
Shut my eyes, and take the plunge;
Struggle madly, gasp, and sink;
Fight for life, and wildly utter
Cries for help; and, with a splutter,
Rise, like Venus, wet and very pink;

When I stand, superbly nude,
While a sympathetic glow
Warms my "British attitude"
Slowly upwards from below;
When my calves are simply stewing
(Tho' it takes a power of doing):—
That's about the finest thing I know!

DUM-DUM.



"YESTERDAY I WAS LOOKING UP MY ANCESTRAL TREE——"
"DID THEY THROW ANY NUTS?"

"Inarticulateness of speech, in conjunction with defective ear-training, produces some queer results. At a school not a hundred miles from Oldbury the well-known lines of GOLDSMITH:

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old,

were rendered by several of the pupils as:

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was *infernal* old."

Oldbury Weekly News.

Writing "GOLDSMITH" for "SCOTT" is certainly one of the queerest results of ear (or any other) training that we can remember to have seen.

The Literary Controversy of the Day.

THE recent boycotting of St. Paul's *Epistle to the Ephesians* by *The Times* Book Club has had an interesting sequel, an announcement having been made in *The Spectator* of the publication of a book called *The Apostles' Creed.* It will be remembered that *The Times* boycott of the *Epistle to the Ephesians* was generally put down to its indignation at the publisher's conduct in not giving the author his fair share of the 800%. Now *The Spectator* comes forward to show that the boot is, if anything, on the other leg. We leave these two famous journals to fight the matter out themselves.

Commercial Candour.

"The '——' Whiffs are as different from other Whiffs as the cheap five-a-penny machine-made Cigarette is from the high-class hand-made article."—*Leaflet Advt.*

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT OFFERS.

£30,000 in Prize Money.

Deluge of Congratulations.

Deeply impressed as always with the conviction that the progress of invention has been delayed by lack of encouragement, *Mr. Punch* has decided to offer £30,000 in three sums of £10,000 each, to

(1) The first aeronaut who succeeds in flying to Mars and back within a week:

(2) The first person who succeeds in penetrating to the centre of the Earth in a fortnight:

(3) The first person who succeeds in swimming from Fishguard to Sandy Hook before the end of the year 1909.

With a view to enlarging the field of competitors as widely as possible, the contests will be thrown open to all nations, the only conditions imposed being such as are essential to prove to demonstration that the prescribed task has been actually achieved in each case.

Thus it will be obligatory upon the winner of the first award to bring back from Mars some tangible Martian trophy—the tail feathers of a Martian, supposing the inhabitants of the planet to have any; the scalp of a Martian, supposing them to have heads; or the prospectus of a Martian book club, supposing them to have enterprise. A live Martian would of course be best, but in this case *Mr. Punch* reserves the right to control all interviews with him and to become part owner of the copyright of any book that he might write on our own planet.

The winner of the prize for reaching the centre of the earth would have to bring back specimens likely to satisfy the best geologists and mineralogists; and if he should tap any auriferous or diamond-bearing strata on the way down *Mr. Punch* reserves the right of working them for his own purposes and profit.

Of the winner of the Atlantic swim it would be required that he should communicate with our office by marconigraph every half hour on the way across.

Needless to say, *Mr. Punch's* patriotic and generous offer is exciting incredible enthusiasm in every portion of the civilised world. At the last meeting of the Aero Club in Berlin the announcement threw several hundreds of the leading balloonists into convulsions of ecstasy, Privy Councillor Busley and Professor Assmann in particular becoming so excited that they were unable to keep their feet and floated up to the roof—an exploit all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that Professor Assmann weighs 16 and Privy Councillor Busley 17½ stone. Professor Harnack has a long article in the current number of *Die Nation* on "Ballooning amongst the ancient Babylonians," in which he [illegible] the pleasures of aviation as a foretaste of heaven, and Richard Strauss is engaged on a new symphonic poem entitled *Icarus*.

The enthusiasm in Italy is even greater, and Signor Schiaparelli, the famous astronomer, who first discovered the canals in Mars, is busily engaged on the construction of a motor canal-boat for Mr. Wells. Signor Fogazzaro has promised to dedicate his next novel to the winner, and a large proportion of the children born since the announcement have been named Pulcinello in honour of the donor of the prize.

On his sportsmanlike and generous offers *Mr. Punch* has also received thousands of enthusiastic letters, a selection of which appears below:—

Dear Sir,—It gives me the most sincere pleasure to enter for the Mars race, which has been rendered possible by your splendid generosity. May I be allowed, however, to suggest that you should modify the conditions governing the competition in one important particular, viz., that the aeronaut, or as I prefer to call him, the aviator, should be allowed to call *en route* at not more than two planets to obtain fresh supplies of petrol. Yours, &c., H. G. Wells.

Dear Sir,—I beg to inscribe my name in the list of competitors in the great boring prize which you have so generously offered. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary for me to supply you with evidence of the *bona fides* of my application, but I may perhaps be allowed briefly to refer to my profound and successful excavations in search of prehistoric *fauna* embodied in my little *brochure* on the Mammoth, and to the letters—occupying several thousand columns—which during the past twenty years I have contributed to *The Times*. Yours faithfully,

H. H. Howorth.

Dear Sir,—Your splendid prize should do much for natation.

Montagu Holbein.

Dear Sir,—Swimming may be said hitherto to have been only in its infancy. With your offer it becomes an adult and serious thing. I mean to have a go for that ten thou. Jabez Wolff.

Dear Sir,—I am so much impressed by your generosity that I wish to add my mite to augment each prize. I hereby offer £1000 to each of the winners, together with a medal bearing my portrait to commemorate the renascence of munificence. Yours, &c.,

Hall Caine.

"Bid him come forth
And not blush so to be admired."

The Theatre Magazine promises an illustrated interview with Mr. Hall Caine. Surely this must be the first time that Mr. Caine has consented to be interviewed.

HOW THEY WORK THE WEATHER.

(A real conversation, overheard by Mr. Punch, author of "The Great Gerrard Family," "Tate's Private Opinion of Brady," etc.

Negretti put down his glass, and lit a cigarette with great care.

"Now then," he said, "to business."

Zambra took out his pencil, and chewed the end of it reflectively.

"Let 's see," he began, "what did we have yesterday? Read it out, Negretti, will you?"

"Well, I was just wondering if we couldn't have a bit of a change, Zambra, old man," said Negretti nervously. "You see——"

Zambra leant back and closed his eyes.

"The paper you will find in the corner," he said.

"All right, Zambra," said Negretti meekly. "I only meant—— Ah, here we are. 'Strong winds, unsettled, squally, some rain and mist, mild.' Yes, that was it. 'An unsettled type of atmospheric condition was generally in the ascendant,'" he continued, with the conscious pride of the author, "'owing to a deep disturbance off the——'"

"Oh, never mind that," interrupted Zambra rudely. "I don't mind your doing that part yourself, only don't bother *me* with it. 'Strong winds, unsettled ....' I should think we might have that again. Eh?"

Negretti coughed.

"I suppose if you say so, Zambra."

"Well, why not?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I *was* thinking of going a little bicycle ride to-morrow. But if you think——"

Zambra threw down his pencil and got up.

"All right, then," he said. "Do the thing yourself."

"No, no, Zambra, I didn't mean .... of course, I know how your garden wants rain .... still, I *had* just jotted down a few ideas .... Ahem!" He cleared his throat. "'Light breezes, fine, sunny, very mild.' And then I thought we might just put in 'Rain locally,' and then perhaps your garden ...."

"My dear Negretti?"

"No, no, of course, I don't imply for a moment . . ." He broke off, and began a new line. "You mustn't think, Zambra, that I am not grateful to you. I remember what difficulties I had before I met you, when I had to do all this by myself. But I do think that just this once, when I want to bicycle to Reigate——"

"Say no more," said Zambra, and he leant over and clasped Negretti's hand.

"Thank you, Zambra."

"I've thought of a brilliant idea. We 'll have 'strong winds, unsettled, squally' as before, only we 'll put in



THE HORSE-THIEF.

Trooper Rosebery (*of the Scots Greys*). "HE'S AWA' WI' MA HORSE! AN' HIM A BRITHER SCOT!"

[Lord Rosebery is expected to take an active part in the National Meeting to be held at Edinburgh for the purpose of protesting against Mr. Haldane's proposed withdrawal of all cavalry from Scotland.]



HIS FIRST ROUND.

Caddie (pointing to direction flag). "You'd better play right on the flag, Sir."
Curate. "Thank you very much. But I have very grave doubts as to my ability to hit such a very small mark at this distance!"

'fine locally.' See? Then that will be all right for you. By the way, what direction is the wind?"

Negretti moistened a finger and held it up. Then he glanced furtively at Zambra.

"Dead north," he said, and began to whistle loudly.

"Right," said Zambra, "I've got all that down. Now we just want a few figures. Let's see, I always let you do the figures, don't I?"

"You do, Zambra," said Negretti, gratefully.

"Very well then, off you go. Think of a number."

"Two hundred and eighty-seven."

Zambra tapped, but not impatiently, with his pencil.

"Between twenty-eight and thirty," he said.

"Twenty-nine," said Negretti.

"Good. 'Barometer 29·67,' say. 'Thermometer, Max. 57, Min. 40.' There, that'll do for now."

"Lowest on grass 33," said Negretti, firmly.

Zambra stared.

"Do you still amuse yourself like that?" he asked.

"Lowest on grass 33," repeated Negretti. "I don't care, I *am* senior partner, lowest on grass 33, lowest on——"

Zambra shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said coldly.

Negretti seized the pencil eagerly.

"I'm off now," said Zambra. "Let me see a fair copy. And and, you're not a bad chap after all, Negretti. Good-bye."

* * * *

"A very unsettled type of atmospheric condition was again in the ascendant," wrote Negretti, with his head on one side, and his tongue out, "owing to a deep disturbance——"

He looked up suddenly and chuckled. "I got the wind dead north," he said gleefully, "and I'm going to Reigate to-morrow. And Zambra never spotted it. 'Strong N. winds.' Yesterday they were south, and Zambra never——"

He stopped and coughed. "I was letting my mind wander. Where was I? Ah, yes. 'Owing to a deep disturbance which struck the....'"

Outside, Zambra was putting on his coat.

"Confound Negretti!" he muttered. "The man's simply becoming a tyrant. I shall have to put my foot down soon."

"As you were!"

"Thanks to the party system, we are nearly always as we were, for if a Radical Government crawls forward three inches, the next Tory Government jumps back three miles."—*Radical Press.*

If our sailors have to do this every time they receive the word of command "As you were," no wonder there is reputed to be an insubordinate spirit abroad.

Efficiency in the Auxiliary Forces.

From the regimental orders of the C.U.V.R.C. (in *The Cambridge Review*):

"Any candidate who obtains ·8% of marks in the above examinations will be entitled to distinction."

"Petitioner, who has a striking head of hair, denied that he had ever been guilty of cruelty to his wife."—*Star.*

Considering his natural advantages, we think that his restraint was extraordinary.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER X.

The Tate and the Chantrey Pictures.

THE English people have of course always been intelligently interested in art. As is well known, large sums of money are voted every year by the Government for the purchase of Old Masters, in search of which we have highly-paid expert advisers in all the capitals of Europe. None the less there has always been a loophole for private enterprise, and one of these was seized by the late Sir HENRY TATE (who is no relation of HARRY TATE of the Halls, in spite of the statement to the contrary in the *Almanach de Gotha*), who noticed that rich as was the north bank of the Thames, about Millbank, in ship-yards, cab-ranks, and female prisons it had no picture gallery, and he therefore built one there.

It is now one of the resorts of the art world. There are canvases there which connoisseurs come vast distances to see; while it is said that COQUELIN himself, before producing SARDOU'S *Mortification*, once spent a day there in order to study the expressions of the curator's face as the new Chantrey Bequest pictures were brought in. Excellent in its way as is the work of WATTS and MILLAIS, LAWSON and ALFRED STEVENS, CONSTABLE and TURNER, it is of course for its unique collection of Chantrey treasures that one seeks the Tate. Year after year they come in, directly the Royal Academy summer show closes its doors, and with the new arrivals the Channel Service bringing the *virtuosi* from Berlin and Munich, Paris and Madrid, has to be augmented. "Weekends at the Tate" (*Fin de semaine au Tate*) are among the great attractions of the Continental COOK, who issues tickets by the thousand to art lovers. Most of the Millbank hotels take the coupons, and special arrangements for sedatives at reduced prices have been made with the local chemists.

It is doubtful if London has any more interesting sight than a meeting of the committee at work at Burlington House choosing the Chantrey pictures soon after the opening of the Academy. It has been customary to consider a bump supper as the acme of high-spirited enthusiasm; but the excitement at one of those functions is dulness itself compared with the infectious delight of these eminent artists as masterpiece after masterpiece is selected by them for the Tate Gallery. Shallow persons say that artists are jealous of each other. A lie! There is a genuineness of appreciation among painters that cannot be described. The murmur of their praises reaches even to Piccadilly, mixing oddly with the other sounds of the sweet May night for the selection of the Chantrey pictures is always done after dark. "That's a good picture!" you may hear "By Jove, but that's good!" "Where's your MICHAEL ANGELO now?" "Talk about paint!" "Whew, he's a master!" Such are the phrases which come tumbling into the street, while now and then the thin quavering tones of a Nestor among the committeemen will cut into the night - "If only I were eighty years younger! Ah me! Ah me!"



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON

ENTHUSIASTIC EXPERTS DECIDING ON THE PURCHASE OF A CHANTREY BEQUEST PICTURE.

It is, of course, a great time for the artists whose work is under discussion. They sit at home, at Bedford Park and Chelsea, waiting to know the worst; which is told them by messengers who leave Burlington House like arrows directly a purchase has been decided upon. It is customary to give these messengers a fee of five shillings if the picture has been bought, and £5 if it has been rejected.

(*To be continued.*)

Getting Back on the Boss.

A NOTICE in a boot-repairer's shop in Birmingham runs:—

"All our work is done by machinery on the latest principal."

As a result of its enterprising interest in aeronautics, *The Daily Mail* is now known as "The Fly Paper."

ABOUT GOVERNESSES.

BY HELEN AND CECIL.

CECIL and me are always worried now, and it's just because Miss THOMPSON (Miss TOMMY, we called her) got married in summer. You see Miss TOMMY came from a new kind of college, where she had been properly trained never to tire children, and always to be interesting. As soon as ever she wasn't interesting we told her, and she begged our pardons and thought of something else quick.

CECIL is much patienter than me, so I always had to start the languishing. You lie back and blink your eyes, and draw one hand over your fevered brow —it's quite easy. We made Miss TOMMY tell us all about her training, and how she had to carry her pupils "along the line of their natural ability." That was how we came to miss the multiplication table, and the dates. They didn't lie along any of our lines.

Miss TOMMY explained to Mother before she left that she thought Mother really ought to know that there was something the matter with our brains, and that the sum part had got left out by mistake, and Mother was quite worried, and CECIL and me heard her say something to Nurse about a Specialist.

I thought it must be because of poor Dad.

You see CECIL and me get all the really intellectual part of us from Mother. Of course Dad is a J.P. and a Chairman, but he can get all he wants for those kinds of things straight out of his own head fresh. But it is Mother who goes to the Extension Lectures and shuts herself up with the Encyclopædia writing the papers. Dad only stays at the County Club and fetches her away. (CECIL says I ought to say that Dad uses the Encyclopædia for a racket press, and that will show the kind Dad is.)

Then it is Mother who tells Dad what he really ought to read, only he never does. Dad says that he once read somewhere that you couldn't be a gentleman unless you had forgotten your Latin; but Mother says he has got the quotation all wrong, and that in any case it was a most unwise thing to say before us children.

But of course the real thing that's the matter with poor Dad is that he has the artistic temperament, and when once you've got a temperament they say it sticks, and you oughtn't to be blamed, and that's why—but I forgot, I haven't explained about Miss Moon yet.

I really had to listen to what Mother was saying to Dad just before she came.

"I am so dreadfully afraid that the children have been fed on mince-meat, and are never going to get their intellectual teeth at all. With a conscientious boy like CECIL the system might succeed, but not with an inveterate little shirk like HELEN. HELEN must learn to grip hard, and I am thankful that Miss MOOR is the real old-fashioned kind."

Of course I told CECIL, and we were frightfully anxious to know what the real old-fashioned kind was like. Now we do know.

We started with a dreadful disappointment about Miss MOOR the first week.

We had found out that she was very High Church, so on a Saint's Day we suggested to Mother that Miss MOOR might wish to go to church. (We had had a ripping invitation from the Forester.)

But when Mother asked her she only said, "Thank you—no, Mrs. LISTER. I have never believed in a religion that interfered with lessons!"

Then there was the Multiplication Table! Why, the very first morning Miss MOOR said she had never heard of children of our ages not knowing up to twelve times.

We explained all about our heads, and the line of natural ability, but she just said, "Nonsense!"

Afterwards Dad offered us each half-a-crown if we would say the thing to him in a week. We learnt it in two days, but that was because we wanted to buy a pair of rabbits.

And even languishing is no good. Miss MOOR only says, "HELEN, as you are neither the heroine of a magazine story nor a worn-out seamstress, sit up, please!"

There's only one gleam in the dulness. You see she thinks CECIL has what she calls the "faculty for diligence," and she lets him argue with her when she won't listen to a single word from me. So when I'm desperate I kick CECIL, and then he starts—just to give me a rest.

Only last Friday she was *dreadfully* bothersome over some dates of EDWARDS and HENRYS, so I kicked CECIL hard and said, "Don't you wish, CECIL, that poor Dad had been more intellectual?"

"Explain yourself, HELEN!" she said.

"If Dad had got all this stuff safely into *his* head it might have helped *me* a little, don't you think?"

"HELEN, I am simply appalled at you!" she said. "Your father is an altogether estimable gentleman. Stop idling and learn those dates!"

I kicked CECIL again, and then he woke up.

"Could you tell me what is meant by the artistic temperament?" he asked, awfully politely.

"The artistic temperament is a very special gift, CECIL, which enables those who possess it to view things in the light of what they seem, or else of what they wish them to be, rather than as they are."

"Have you it, Miss MOOR?"

"If you had it," I broke in, "you could say our sums were right when they weren't, supposing you wanted to go, couldn't you?"

"For your sake, HELEN, I am thankful there is no such fatal flaw in my educational instinct. Go on with those dates."

"Poor Dad has it!" persisted CECIL. "He says the more short-sighted you are the better you can paint; and the less you know the smarter you can write. He says that some of *The Daily Mail* people have it."

"Don't get discursive, CECIL," said Miss MOOR. "For a boy of your age, I do not consider it suitable to discuss either your own father or *The Daily Mail*."

"Then may we talk about dates? Because——"

"Certainly. Dates are the foundations of all history. First the date, then the man; even you, CECIL, have your date."

"But wouldn't it be safer to have the man first, and then the date?"

"Why safer?"

"Only—if somebody had forgotten my date, wouldn't I be here?"

"That is why we keep your birthday, CECIL, to be quite sure you *are* there!"

We looked round and there was Dad. Miss MOOR did jump.

But anyhow that's really the kind of person Miss MOOR is, and that's why we know such lots of things now that we never meant to know.

But there's one awfully decent thing about her. She has an invalid mother, and *has* to go home on Friday nights, and that's how it was, one Saturday, that we went hunting Socialists. I'll tell you about that another time perhaps.



Billiard Enthusiast (having mistaken his room at the hotel, holding on to knobs of bed). "WHICH DO YOU PREFER, SIR? SPOT OR PLAIN?"

THE PUNCHPUDDLE HUNT.

I.

In the Punchpuddle Hunt there are tinkers and tailors
And rich men and poor men of every degree;
There are beggarmen, thieves, there are soldiers and sailors—
The only thing lacking 's a Labour M.P.;
There are butchers and bakers (old men with new acres),
And of sportsmen—at times—a stray couple or three.
Oh, happier far with a duck-gun and punt
Were the Nimrods that follow The Punchpuddle Hunt!

II.

See The Punchpuddle Hunt on "The Walnuts" converging,
The seat of Sir Solomon Ikestein (we 'll say),



Through villages surging, from stations emerging,
The high-roads and by-roads with scarlet are gay.
On covert-hacks spurring, in motor-cars whirring,
In hundreds they flock to the breakfast to-day.
The steeds of the Ikestein are turned in the stalls;
The ancestor Ikesteins leer down from the walls;
On the chairs in the halls are the famous Three Balls,
Or, on a field *sable*; while yonder the table
Is groaning beneath a repast that appals.
Oh, the food and the drink and the roads bear the brunt
Of the damage that 's done by The Punchpuddle Hunt!

III.

See the Punchpuddle Hunt on the terrace assembling,
All swelling and pompous and ripe for the fray.
How the horses are jostling and wincing and trembling
As they push to the front of the motley *mêlée*.
See the head carried high,
See the crop-hand on thigh,
For the local photographer 's busy to-day.
It is done: they are off to the Ikestein plantations—
"There 's a fox," goes the song, "in the spinney, they say;"
"Eleu, in!" and the whips hurry down to their stations;
"Tally-ho!" from the laurels—the fox is away!



View-holloas are pealing; yes, there he goes stealing,
His pads full of sawdust, his brush full of hay.
O'er the tennis-lawn sailing, he slips through the paling,
And a strong scent of aniseed clings to the clay.
With the dog-pack behind and a bagman in front,
See the charge down the drive of The Punchpuddle Hunt!

IV.

See, The Punchpuddle Hunt on the gravel are striding
Away to the lodge-gate as straight as a die.
The huntsman is riding: the field-master 's chiding:
And behind them, amongst them, the hounds in full cry.
At the lodge one cries, "Whoa!"
And again, "Tally-ho!
There 's the fox ringing back to his crate in the sty!"
Through a gate on the right throng the gallant first flight,
And the wily one crossing the orchard they spy.
On the musical grey
And the collar-marked bay
And the job-master's hack that goes out every day,
Feet home, shoulders up, through the meadows they fly,
Under branches low-hung and through gates widely swung
Till a ragged, black bullfinch looms hairy and high.
Right round to the left see the multitude swerving,
For yonder goes Reynard the bold and the sly—
Ah, right in the line is a vision unnerving,
A grim, four-foot drain, terror-striking—though dry!
So they circle like birds, using horrible words,
As they search for the bridge which they hope to be nigh;
Save a youth on a roan with a will of its own;
See him rise to the sky: hear him yelling "Almigh——!"
See him cling to the saddle and land with a grunt—
'Tis the "Hard-riding Dick" of The Punchpuddle Hunt!

V.

Oh, The Punchpuddle Hunt are unflinching, untiring!
Three times round the house at full gallop they sail,



Red, panting, perspiring domestics admiring—
Already the leaders are catching the tail.
Three times has the fox
Had a try for his box,
And three times have they headed him off with a pail,
And now through the meadows once more he is slinking,
Since attempts at the pigsty in nowise avail;
He 's right back for Leadenhall, beaten and sinking;
He 'll run the embankment—he came down by rail.
"Tally-ho!" in the lane;
He 'll be crossing that drain!
There 's the governess waving with might and with main,
See her walking-stick thumping his back like a flail!
The hounds in full cry close behind him are tearing;
His limbs seem to totter, his lungs seem to fail;
He leaps for the bank with an effort despairing,
And into a rabbit-hole creeps like a snail.
The spade and the pick get him out double-quick;
"Who-hoop!" and the bagman is dead as a nail.
"Forty-five of the best. Now for luncheon and rest;
And let Leicestershire envy and Lincolnshire quail!"
(Oh, a three-legged fox and the words "*Quid prosunt?*"
Should be motto and crest for The Punchpuddle Hunt!)



Guard of Express Train (just on point of departure)—to porter. "Is that gentleman going on? Put him in there—put him in anywhere!"

BETSY.

She's as round and fat
As a well-turned pat
Of Dorset.
Her fun,
Like the sun,
Is bright
And light:
It's the sort of fire
That doesn't require
Any bellows to force it.

She's only three,
You see,
But she chaffs
And laughs,
And then in a tone
That's all her own
She sets you down
With an angry frown,
And a stamp of her slipper;
And follows it up,
The pup,
With a peal so merry,
That you're quite put out
By the sudden shout
Of this tiny tripper,
This most-important and very
Impertinent ripper.

She's a dancing,
Glancing,
A most entrancing
Bundle of life,
At strife
With reason,
And quick to seize on
Your slightest word
In a manner absurd
To help herself,
The Elf,
And to show
You know
Little or nothing at all
Of anything great or small;
A most outrageous, imperious,
Solemnly serious,
Anti-narcotic,
And highly despotic,
Whimsical chit,
With a turn for wit,
And a funny snub-nose,
And a great pink rose
In place
Of a face.

Oh she's the one
In the midst of her fun
To make or to pick names,
The queerest nick-names,
For you and the rest;
To give herself airs
With the very best
As she walks downstairs
With an invalid doll wrapped up in a shawl
And a Dandie bandy peppery dog,
With his tail stuck out and his ears agog,
Who never never obeys her call.

Who was it said
That word of dread,
Bed?
Hush the trumpet, muffle the drums!
Somebody comes, a nursemaid comes,
And off goes she—
She's only three,
You see.
In spite of her pleading, wheedling wiles,
In spite of her tricks and songs and smiles,
Shaking her touzled golden head,
She is seized, God bless her, and marched to bed.
Shut eye;
Lullaby.
One peep,
Go to sleep.

R. C. L.



COLD COMFORT.

Visitor to the West Indies (who has been warned against bathing in the river because of alligators, but has been told by the boatman that there are none at the river's mouth). "By Jove, this is ripping! But, I say, how do you know there are no alligators here?"
Boatman. "Well, you see, sah, de alligator am so turr'ble feared ob de shark!"

DIETETIC ETHICS.

["You can make a person good or bad, honest or dishonest; simply by seeking the right kind of diet."—*Bishop Fallows, of Chicago.*]

It was once understood, if a baby was good,
That, so far from deserving the credit, he
Owed each little grace one might happen to trace
In his tiny white soul to heredity.
The converse, of course, had equivalent force:
If virtuous ways were too tame for him,
If he kicked in his crib and tore holes in his bib,
Bad ancestors must be to blame for him.

This creed had its day in the usual way
Till some one invented another one,
Which, of course, being new, very rapidly grew
Till every one scouted the tother one:
Environment next was the popular text—
A model of virtue a lad might be
If rescued in time from the purlieus of crime,
No matter how wicked his dad might be.

But Science in vain made attempts to explain
The nature of vice and the laws of it;
She failed in her search: it was left to the Church
To find the mysterious cause of it.
Come, trainers of youth, hear the Bishop's new truth!
This briefly will give you the sum of it:
You may turn any brat into this, into that,
By what you may put in the tum of it.

Your virtue and vice—to be short and concise—
Have diet alone for their origin.
If a babe's to emerge like a saint, I should urge
A plentiful pouring of porridge in.
A bantling should shrink from Welsh rabbit, I think,
Before, say, his third anniversary,
While pickles and beer and red herring appear
To sap the *moral* of the nursery.

When a brat has eschewed every vice-forming food,
When tarts he no longer eats jammily,
When he sticks to boiled rice, he will never know vice,
Whatever the crimes of his family.
The state of the mind varies thus with the kind
Of one's food, and of course it will follow—
The particular blend of one's creed will depend
On what one is able to swallow.

EPITAPH ON THE SOAP TRUST.

Born Nov. 1st, 1906.
Died (*felo de se*) Nov. 23rd.
Buried at the Crossfields with a 15-oz. cake in his inside.

Stranger, please drop a tear upon the dust
Of one that did spontaneously bust;
Had I lived on, they would have killed me dead,
So I committed suicide instead.



IN THE RUBBER COILS.

Scene—*The Congo "Free" State.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday night, November 20.—"Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?" "I do bite my thumb, Sir." "Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?" "No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb."

Thus the servants of *Capulet* and *Montague* in a public place in fair Verona.

Scene re-enacted in House to-night. According to arrangements made last week the sitting was allotted for further consideration of Plural Voting Bill, interrupted by lamentable illness of LULU. Next to Education Bill good Conservatives most bitterly detest LULU's innocent-looking ewe lamb. They fought it tooth and nail whilst it was to the fore. When temporarily shelved, they, with a view of postponing evil day when it must take its place in the forefront of business, enlarged on any other subject that chanced to come up. As MATT PRIOR, not thinking of Parliamentary tactics, sang 200 years ago:—

> The merchant to secure his treasure
> Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
> EUPHELIA serves to grace my measure;
> But CHLOE is my real flame.

Hour had struck, and they must needs buckle to with design to scotch, since they could not kill, a piece of legislation genially described by CARSON as "the work, not of a statesman, but of a sneak."

Judge their surprise when, on opening Orders of the Day this morning, they found standing first, not the Plural Voting Bill, but the Irish Town Tenants Bill! Report current that when he grasped situation CARSON straightway, from sheer joyousness of heart, proceeded to perform certain ordered steps in the cake-walk. Story lacks confirmation. But, when one comes to think of it, what a cake-walker CARSON would be if he only gave his mind to it, not to mention his elbows and knees.

Occasion brings forth one of those flashes of histrionic art that make us marvel why PRINCE ARTHUR gave up to Westminster what was meant, say, for the Théâtre Français. As soon as Questions were over, he interposed, and fixing C.-B. with glowing eye asked, "What about the Plural Voting Bill?"

For a moment C.-B. realised the feelings of the Wicked Uncle, home from his dire errand, confronted, by demand for information as to where he had left the children. Endeavouring to hide uneasy conscience behind a smiling countenance, he explained that when he said he would put down the Plural Voting Bill for to-night he did not think he would live to find that the Town Tenants Bill required a second sitting for its consideration.



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. III.—"SEVERED."

"If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made."

PORTRAIT OF A PROMINENT SPORTSMAN OF UPPER TOOTING ENJOYING A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

This airy treatment would not do for PRINCE ARTHUR, his heart bleeding for the fate of the neglected Plural Voting Bill. Having sternly cross-examined PREMIER, he remarked, "The right hon. gentleman is teaching us not to adhere to anything he says."

With angry roar Ministerial host closed round their stricken Chief. "Withdraw! Withdraw!" they yelled at PRINCE ARTHUR. Thus encouraged, C.-B. put himself into fencing attitude.

"Does the right hon. gentleman bite his thumb at me?" he asked. "Does he use words implying that I am in the habit of deceiving the House?"

PRINCE ARTHUR rising to answer found himself facing an infuriated throng who shouted "Withdraw! Withdraw!" with persistency that left no opening for withdrawal. In comparative pauses he found opportunity slowly to say: "The right hon. gentleman is personally incapable of intentionally deceiving the House.

What I mean is, that through carelessness of statement he has led us to anticipate a course of business ultimately not adopted. In short, Mr. Speaker, I do not bite my thumb at the right hon. gentleman; but I bite my thumb, Sir."

"Nothing could be 'andsomer," was the comment of an hon. Member below Gangway seated in neighbourhood of Mr. Will Crooks. The uproar ceased. The Orders of the Day were called on; Prince Arthur, ever thoughtful for others, hastily brushed away a tear that coursed down his cheek, and attempted to console Edward Carson in his disappointment at accident that had barred progress of Lulu's firstling.

Business done.—Report stage of Irish Town Tenants Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"At Last!" as Charles Kingsley remarked when he voyaged forth to view with unbeclouded eyes the actual West Indies. Education Bill is through House of Lords; more precise to say *an* Education Bill is in such state. Compared with the measure the Commons sent on last August, the one returning to it is as completely repaired as was the Irishman's gun. It's all there, save for new lock, stock and barrel.

"And what do you think will come of it all?" the Primate, on his way to unrobe, asked the Member for Sark as he passed him on the steps of the Throne.

"Since your Grace asks me," said my right hon. friend, "I may—using the words of course strictly in a Parliamentary sense—venture to state my private conviction that in due course it will appear that the zeal of the Lords hath eaten them up."

Business done.—The Lords complete Committee on Education Bill.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Haldane has decided not to mount sentries at the new War Office, Whitehall. He desires to avoid even the appearance of militarism.

It has also been decided, in the interests of economy, that barrack buildings shall have one coat of paint in future instead of two. The silence preserved by the Royal Academy on the matter of this decision is adversely commented on.

Not being permitted to encourage rifle shooting, the Burgess Hill group of County Council school managers has decided to ask permission of the East Sussex education authority to acquire a piece of land, in order to teach schoolboys gardening. It is thought that the request will be granted on the understanding that nothing be taught which will enable the lads to throw up entrenchments.

£10,000 is offered by *The Daily Mail* to the first person who flies from London to Manchester. Personally, we have often wanted to fly from London, but Manchester has never struck us as a more desirable haven. This, we suppose, is the reason why such a substantial prize is to be given.

An appeal is made for a more handy word than "Aeroplane." A barber asks, What's wrong with "Air-cutter"?

It looks as if brighter times are in store for authors. Mr. William Le Queux has just booked another order—this time from the King of Servia.

The rumour that the Crown Prince of Servia was demented has been denied by an official *démenti*. Confusion worse confounded!

Meanwhile we hear that the Crown Prince is, anyhow, so eccentric that his younger brother is already a kind of Half-Crown Prince—in a Twopenny-ha'penny kingdom.

It seems incredible, but we do not believe that any one has yet referred to Mr. Moberly Bell as the Bell of New York. We do so now.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree spoke encouragingly of the state of the British Drama at a dinner last week: he questioned whether at any time since the days of Elizabeth there had been so much reason for optimism. Miss Draughn is now appearing in *The New Aladdin*.

A tramp who was summoned at Fairford Police Court for begging was found, on examination, to be wearing a horse-rug round his shoulders, two top coats, a small coat, three waistcoats, three shirts, three pairs of trousers, and six pairs of stockings. It seems strange that this man should not have realised that he was in a position to earn a handsome salary as a Music Hall humorist.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is considering the question whether live whelks, when used as bait, do not come within the scope of the Wild Animals in Captivity Protection Act. It is further rumoured that a sensational charge of ill-treating a Stilton cheese by imprisoning it in an air-tight receptacle will, at the instance of the Society, shortly come before the Courts.

Sir Lauder Brunton regards dust as one of the greatest enemies of old age. There can be little doubt that we should all live longer if we did not become dust.

The publication of the fact that each of the prisoners' cells at the new Old Bailey contains a dainty wooden table of the new art pattern has served to increase the excitement among our criminal classes, and loud complaints are made as to the delay in opening the building.

OPTIMISM.

[A deputation from the House of Commons, that interviewed the Prime Minister with regard to old-age pensions, was assured that the matter would be dealt with as soon as time and money will permit.]

When you find it getting harder
To refill an empty larder
And you're failing in virility and wit;
Don't allow the fact to grieve you,
For Sir Henry will relieve you—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

If you're getting old and needy,
If you're chronically seedy,
Or occasionally subject to a fit,
Yet the State exchequer offers
Compensation from its coffers—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

You have merely got to mention
That you'd rather like a pension
(Presupposing you're a law-abiding cit.);
You may not, at first, believe it,
But you're certain to receive it—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

When some persons in a hurry
Were unwise enough to worry,
Did Sir Henry merely counsel them to "git"?
No! The joyful deputation
Heard him hint at legislation—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

Then all honour unto C.-B.!
What a thoughtful man must he be!
Let us emulate his optimistic grit!
(*Though* we feel that we are fated
To be buried, or cremated,
Ere the day when "time and money will permit!")

Good News for Battersea.

"Radical repairs are being effected in the Dogs Palace."

So, at least, we learn from the *Cork Constitution*; the information having been communicated, no doubt, by a Venetian colleague of Mr. Max Beerbohm.

"Wanted, 24 Christian Men and a Bandmaster, for the Independent Methodist Mission Brass Band."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

We have always felt, with some brass bands, that the qualification can only have been a moral one.



Customer. "I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T FIND MY HAIR IN VERY GOOD ORDER. I'VE ONLY JUST RETURNED FROM THE GOLD COAST, WHERE IT'S BEEN RATHER DIFFICULT TO GET IT PROPERLY CUT."

Barber. "CUT, SIR! WHY, IT'S BEEN *BIT*!"

"H. E. HOOPER, LTD."

FOLLOWING upon the example set him by Mr. OWEN HALL (although as a matter of fact in need of no prompting whatever), Mr. H. E. HOOPER has decided to turn his active and mobell brain into a limited liability company with a capital of £5,000,000,000.

Mr. HOOPER has come to this decision only after the most careful consideration. Tired of frequent journeyings to and from America, often in rough weather; tired of the wear and tear of distributing Encyclopædias; tired of the Book war and the letters of all the Club's subscribers but particularly of R/15779; he has made up his mind. Henceforward he will be the brain behind whatever concerns may care to enlist his services. That is his new *métier*.

Mr. HOOPER does not bind himself to think only of the interests of one firm. He is prepared to think for all who employ him. He will just sit in a revolving chair, put on his carpet slippers and think. The more he thinks the more you will profit.

Fees, low.

Thought, very high.

Is your paper in a bad way?—Go to HOOPER.

Have you any old Encyclopædias to sell?—Go to HOOPER.

Are your profits decreasing?—Go to HOOPER.

As TENNYSON said—

HOOPER
Is the great re-couper.

Now is the time to subscribe.
Have a few debentures?—No?
Then a few preference shares?—No?
Then buy the ordinary stock.

Directors.

Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL.
Mr. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.
Dr. ARTHUR SHADWELL.
Mr. JOSEPH LYONS.
Mr. WYMAN.
Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN.
JACKSON.

Testimonial from a chartered phrenologist.

I certify HOOPER's Head to be covered with the best kinds of bump.

WALTER CRANIUM, M.R.I.C.P.

What HOOPER thinks to-day England does, and pays for, to-morrow.

HOOPER knows.

HOOPER has both his eyes wide open.

HOOPER was not born yesterday.

HOOPER can count five beans as accurately as any one.

HOOPER is no chicken.

HOOPER is all there.

HOOPER gets a cinch of the pocket every time.

HOOPER is a boss mind.

Don't make any mistake about HOOPER.

Testimonial from a chartered hatter.

I certify that HOOPER takes a No. 9 hat, and that he can only keep even that on by means of a vacuum brake.

HENRY HOBBS, M.R.I.C.H.

JEU DE MORT.

If you like a good hearty death-bed laugh, you must go and see *The Doctor's Dilemma;* but if you are not yet perfect in the cult of Mr. SHAW, but still feel a little sensitive about the more elementary decencies, you had better leave before the end of the Fourth Act. And, in foregoing the conclusion, you must not be troubled by the thought that you will miss the full meaning of Mr. SHAW's design. You will miss that anyhow, and in good company; for the author himself would be hard put to it to prove that he does not share your uncertainty as to his intentions.

The doctor who suffers from the titular "dilemma" is supposed to have invented a new method for inducing good germs to devour bad ones. He has ten consumptive patients under treatment; and there are two other urgent cases brought to his notice. One is that of a good fellow, a poor over-worked member of his own profession; the other that of a brilliant young artist, who is also an accomplished scamp. We are asked to believe that it is impossible for the doctor to undertake more than one of these two cases. Hence his dilemma. But his reason for declining to undertake both is never made sufficiently convincing; and that is unfortunate, as upon this point the rest of the play is made to turn. His choice is finally made in favour of the honest man, whose death would be the greater loss; and he hands over the other to a fashionable doctor, with the fatal results which were anticipated. In this course he is influenced largely by admiration for the victim's wife, and by a desire to save her from the knowledge of her husband's true character. And so, after some very attractive dialogue (though I must doubt if you could get half-a-dozen doctors to let off so many familiar professional wheezes in one another's company) we arrive at last at the death-bed scene.

Here, in the presence of his wife and five lay-figures (four of them eminent doctors, and one a studio property), with many appeals to the most sacred associations, the dying man, declaring himself to be a disciple of Mr. SHAW, makes profession of his faith as an artist, and apologises for his life as a worm. For it should be understood that his vices are not of the forgivable kind that one allows to erratic genius; they are ugly and dirty and mean. And if any other author had classed such a type among the followers of Mr. SHAW's creed of life, Mr. SHAW should have had my indignant sympathy. Even as it is, I am very sorry for him.

So the man dies on his wife's breast; and she loosens her embrace and rises and moves from the room. Instantly the doctors burst out into ribald badinage calculated to convulse the votaries of Mr. SHAW. Their approval was an overwhelming tribute to the author's greatness, an eloquent acknowledgment of his superiority to the laws of common decency. If, in that chastening moment of terror and pity, anybody in the audience had dared, without Mr. SHAW's invitation, to break the spell with even a suppressed titter, he would have been scowled upon for a wanton sacrilege done to Nature and to Art.

After all, Death is either a very big thing (as Mr. BARRIE would say) and so not a subject for immediate ribaldry, or else it is an incident without importance and there is no sense in trying to harrow us with the pathos of it. Some such thought as this seems to have penetrated even the author's "nuciform" headpiece; for later on he makes one of his characters say that "life does not cease to be funny because people die." True enough, and mercifully so; but one may be permitted to distinguish between the consolations of philosophy and the licence of the buffoon. And the choice of occasion has also something to do with it. And again, it is possible to think of funny things without necessarily saying them aloud or in print. As to this possibility, I think perhaps it may never have occurred to Mr. SHAW.

Unless he consents to cut out the chief cause of offence, and drop his curtain in the Fourth Act at the close of the death-oration, I can only wish that his drama may perish of rapid consumption. Yet I should regret a fatality which could be so easily avoided; for the play contains some very excellent phagocytes, which enjoy a strong numerical advantage over its malevolent germs. The humour of the first two Acts is delightful, if not always very fresh (the joke, for instance, about being careless recalls too closely a similar *mot* in *The Importance of being Earnest*). And there are some scraps of proverbial philosophy let fall by one of the doctors—a man of the old school, who recognises most of the new inventions as having been made, and condemned, in his father's day—which have a serious value. Unfortunately, by steady abuse of it, Mr. SHAW has long ago forfeited his claim to be taken seriously.

The acting throughout was really admirable, though, perhaps, apart from the death scene, Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER trusted too easily to his words to carry him through, and did not help us to realise much else in his part beyond its improbability. Mr. ERIC LEWIS had the pick of the good things, but it would be a thankless task to draw distinctions in work of so uniform an excellence.

O. S.



"—BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER."

SCENE—*A Boarding-house.*

Wife. "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS SIT AT THE PIANO, DAVID? YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T PLAY A NOTE!"

David. "NEITHER CAN ANYONE ELSE, WHILE I AM HERE!"

"DIEU ET MON DROIT."—Certainly; before accepting the post of Turkish Bath shampooer, you should insist on having an undertaking that your uniform be provided free.

BALLAD DIDACTICS.

["Incidentally a good round, such as the 17th Century '*Great Tom is Cast*,' or '*Turn again, Whittington*,' or a ballad, such as '*The Bay of Biscay*,' or '*Here's a Health unto His Majesty*,' may be used to awaken an abiding interest in history and geography."—*A. E. Keeton, on "National Art Songs" in the "Monthly Review" for November.*]

ACTING on this suggestion, the Board of Education, abetted by Mr. BIRRELL, is issuing an annotated edition of English Folk-songs for use in the National Schools. We subjoin extracts:

"*The Bay of Biscay.*"—This dramatic and descriptive piece of poetry relates to the celebrated occasion when an unequal contest was waged against the fury of the elements by the crew of a British bark. It appears that some dreadful thunder roared loudly, the rain came down in a deluge, and vivid flashes of lightning rent the clouds asunder. The night was dreary and pitch dark, and owing to the incessant strain on the unfortunate ship's timbers a formidable leak was sprung. The storm-tossed seamen, dreading an immediate grave in the deep, clung to the slippery shrouds exhausted with their exertions, while the vessel lay until the following morning in the Bay of Biscay. In the sequel it will be seen that a sail appeared in the nick of time. The crew hailed her with three cheers, and were promptly conveyed with a now favouring gale from the vicinity of the Bay in question. This pathetic incident occurred towards the end of the eighteenth century, before the introduction of steam. It may be taken as historic, though the number of the vessel at Lloyd's has not been handed down.

"*The British Grenadiers.*"—We have here a stirring encomium on a famous regiment, which was originally armed with hand grenades. Its bravery is favourably compared with that of certain Greek heroes, bearing the names of ALEXANDER, HERCULES and LYSANDER. In respect of tow-row-rowing the British Grenadiers were admittedly supreme. To be more explicit, the instant they were commanded to storm the palisades, their officers led with fusees and the picked men followed with grenades and threw the latter from the glacis about the enemies' ears, the tow-row-rowing being thereupon repeated. We are strongly recommended in the song to drink to the continued health of these valorous fighting-men and their commanders.

"*The Vicar of Bray.*"—This is a metrical autobiography of a Berkshire incumbent, gifted with a flexible conscience, and is marked by self-revelation worthy of a PEPYS. We have also a valuable epitome of religious policy under the Stuart and Hanoverian dynasties. The successive sovereigns are mentioned by name, which adds highly to its worth as an historical document. We learn, for instance, that in the golden days of King CHARLES THE FIRST our cleric obtained his benefice through being a keen High Churchman and outspoken believer in the divine right of Kings; that he strongly inclined to Roman tenets under JAMES THE SECOND, and was on the point of becoming a Jesuit, but for the Revolution; and that he was the reverse of a Passive Resister when WILLIAM claimed his allegiance. On the accession of ANNE he reverted to Toryism, not without some strong language addressed to ecclesiastical trimmers, and finally under GEORGE THE FIRST elected to turn Whig, and support the Protestant succession. His life-story is not further continued, but, judging from the accepted dates, the reverend gentleman must by then have been a centenarian. Until his dying day, however, he expressed a firm determination to retain under every *régime* the incumbency of his agreeable Thames-side living.

ZIG-ZAG.



A FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

REAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[The subjoined letter has been received from the actual gentleman who signs it. While happy to publish it, we repudiate beforehand all responsibility for any result, fatal or other, which may follow upon perusal of it.]

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When the Marquis of RUVIGNY was compiling his monumental work, "The Plantagenet Roll of the Blood Royal," and I, as one of the royal descendants, was requested to supply the noble Marquis with details regarding myself and my family, I happened to show my friend, Mr. OSCAR MOUAT BALTHASAR (who, by the way, is himself descended from "The Three Holy Kings") one of my letters addressed to the Marquis of RUVIGNY, which was, as you may imagine, most humbly and politely worded. "You do butter him up," remarked my friend, "but, certainly, a long roll requires a lot of butter." I do not know whether you will agree with me, but I confess I thought this rather a good joke. Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is high time for some English publisher to produce a translation of "PIERRE DE COULEVAIN'S" *L'Ile Inconnue* (CALMANN-LÉVY). The extraordinary popularity which this book has won in France is sufficient proof of a sincere desire on the part of our neighbours to become initiated into the mystery of life and manners in this unexplored Isle of Britain. And, since the charming authoress has here made a comparative study of the characteristics of both nations, it is well that a reciprocal interest should be stimulated among those whose study of French ideals is hampered by their ignorance of the French tongue. I should be sorry to seem to underrate the value of those exchanges of civic or commercial hospitality by which the *Entente* has been from time to time encouraged; but it is certain that far more has been done to promote a cordial understanding by this work of PIERRE DE COULEVAIN than by many international feats of *gourmandise*.

To loyal friends of the Sage of Bouverie Street this book has a peculiar attraction on account of a visit paid to *Mr. Punch* by the authoress; a visit to which she devotes many flattering pages. Appreciation in foreign quarters is not so habitual an experience with him that he can afford to repress the blush of modest pride on reading such a passage as this: *"Il n'y a aucun mérite à lire Punch quand on sent l'humeur; il est délicieux!"* He is more and more convinced that a perfect understanding between the two countries is only a question of right education, but that it will never be accomplished until every inhabitant of both nations subscribes to his paper, and all hearts on each side of the Channel are hebdomadally united by the wireless current of his magnetism. Meanwhile he begs leave to offer to his gracious and amiable guest the assurance of his homage the most profound.

There ought to be on the front page of every book a list of the people who appear in it; with a little note against each name to say "You 'll like this man," or "This chap 's a beast," or "She 'll want some knowing, but she 's rather a dear, really"—so that the reader might start fair, with his mind prejudiced in the right direction. When I say this ought to be so, I mean that it would be rather amusing in the case of some books. It would be particularly amusing with Mr. KEBLE HOWARD'S new book, *The Whip Hand* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); because I feel certain that against *Philip Lowe*, the hero, he would put "Darned good fellow," or something like that. Whereas, really, you know, he is the most selfish prig one has met for a long time. On the other hand, *Oswald Lewis*, the bounder, is merely a melodramatic bounder. Mr. HOWARD is taking no risks with him. He is not implicit in his treatment of types. "I 'm going to make this chap such a bounder," he says, "that even the ordinary bounder will recognise him, and thank Heaven he is not as this man."

Mr. HOWARD'S strong point, as is well known, is dialogue; indeed he never seems quite comfortable away from it. The dialogue here is as accurate as ever, though I am not sure whether photographic accuracy is the one thing to go for in dialogue. There ought to be a pleasant mean between Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S *Dolly* and Henry his Reader, and Mr. HOWARD is the man to find it. On the whole a quiet, comfortable, readable book—qualities which Mr. HOWARD seems content to regard as the aim and end of his art.

Mr. MARION CRAWFORD knows his Rome, an accomplishment possible, it is true, to the ordinarily intelligent sojourner therein. His latest novel, *A Lady of Rome* (MACMILLAN), is instinct with the throbbing life of the historic city. Every page glows with pictures of its ancient palaces, is coloured by glimpses of its bustling streets, the sound of whose names makes music in the ear. But he is also master of a profounder study, that of the heart of man and woman, especially woman. A beautiful girl in love with a well-born but impecunious soldier is forced into marriage with a wealthy noble. Their relations are briefly but effectively set forth in a couple of sentences. "Many persons really suffer, if a cat is in the room and almost faint if the creature accidentally brushes against them. If any of them read these lines they will understand, for that is what *Maria* felt for the man who was her husband and who loved her almost to folly." It will be gathered from this way of putting it that the married life of the *Count* and *Countess Montalto* was not altogether a happy one. The situation was brought to a climax by discovery of renewed relations between the Countess and her old lover. Thereupon the outraged husband quitted Rome and spent many years in Spain. It is in the story that follows, recording the conflict between honour and passion fought by the hopeless lovers, that Mr. CRAWFORD'S dramatic skill and delicate workmanship are seen at their best. Of several studies that of the husband is, perhaps, the best. Mr. CRAWFORD has reached a stage in his career in which he becomes his own most dangerous enemy. Readers of his books are apt to recall earlier triumphs, and shake solemn heads over imagined decadence. *A Lady of Rome* will safely stand this familiar ordeal.

In spite of the fly-leaf list of sixteen books to his credit, I am convinced that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has missed his vocation; that he is wasted as a writer of "novels," "fantasias," "short stories," "*belles lettres*," and "drama" (as he classifies his works). What he ought to do is to take his latest production, *Whom God Hath Joined* (NUTT), to the editor of some newspaper which placards "shocking scandals" and "horrible details," and show it as a specimen of descriptive reporting in the Divorce Court. He is sure of a job. Only first he must work hard at his proof-correcting.

When I saw *The Poacher's Wife* (METHUEN), with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' name on the cover, I opened the book hoping to get a breath of that Dartmoor atmosphere which Mr. PHILLPOTTS, better than any other writer living, knows how to transfer to paper. What I did get was (as nearly as I can recall it) the following, vaguely stimulated here and there with the familiar fragrance very heavily diluted:- *Daniel Sweetland*, the poacher, marries *Minnie Marshall*, and is arrested for the murder of a keeper in a mysterious poaching affray, his gun having been found on the spot by *Titus Sim*, his rejected rival and ostensible friend, a footman in the service of *Sir Reginald Vivian*. *Daniel* escapes, leaving evidence of suicide; meets sailorman looking for ship's hand;* sails to West Indies, whither *Henry Vivian* has gone to inspect his father's plantations;* writes tedious descriptive letters to his wife; meets *Henry*, who denounces him as murderer; flies to mountains. His ship sails without him, and is reported lost with all hands. *Titus* woos supposed widow. *Daniel* discovers plot to murder *Henry*,* and saves his life.† *Daniel*, disguised as deaf and dumb negro servant, returns with *Henry*.† *Daniel* reveals himself to *Titus*, who rides off to kill *Minnie*. *Daniel*, in motor car, arrives in time to save her.† *Titus*, proved to have faked evidence against *Daniel*, gets five years for attempted murder. *Daniel* rewarded with post of assistant overseer in Tobago.†

* This mark indicates the more important instances of development of the narrative by means of improbable coincidences.

† This mark indicates either a somewhat tame rustic interlude or a not wholly indispensable slab of explanation or recapitulation. It also indicates the places where I paused and had another look at the cover to make sure that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS really wrote the book.

REMORSE IN THE STALLS.

["Acting," it has been humorously said, "is a very real art. It trades with our souls in the art of illusion. In the theatre we can live over again our own lives, suffer even the torments of the damned, and that even after a good dinner and with a motor waiting for us outside."]

"Be sure your sin will find you out!"
  Encouraged by this cheerful maxim
Men watch the tough backslider flout
  The sense of guilt that never racks him,
Knowing that Nemesis, alive to crime,
Will get him every time.

But there are moments when a course
  Of crime, at present undetected,
Visits with pangs of sheer remorse
  A conscience hitherto neglected,
Strictly compelling one to look aghast
Upon his lurid past.

Thus at the Play, when I have viewed
  The brave but unsuspicious hero
Haled off to penal servitude,
  My optimism sinks to zero;
A pungent sense of long triumphant vice
O'erwhelms me in a trice.

Ripe with a banquet of the best,
  The price of which is such as few pay,
And carried hither, nicely dressed,
  Inside a smart electric *coupé*,
'Twould need, you might suppose, a goodish thrust
To probe one's moral crust.

Others the villain's evil tact
  Revolts perhaps, but hardly saddens,
Nor calls to mind the painful fact
  That they like me are thorough bad 'uns;
Their self-complacency requires a far
More penetrating jar.

With me 'tis otherwise. Though few
  Are pledged so deep to callous knavery,
I still remain a victim to
  A conscience's uneasy slavery.
The curtain lifts, and lo! my eyes are wet
With penitent regret.

I recollect, while still in socks,
  How artfully I broke asunder
My little sister's money box,
  And purchased sweetmeats with the plunder,
And later, quailing 'neath a father's eye,
Threw off a whopping lie.

How, when a guileful youth of ten,
  I tied tin cans to poor dumb creatures,
And tripped up blind and aged men,
  And fashioned booby-traps for teachers.
These reminiscences obscure my view
Between acts one and two.

But as the villain's lust for pelf
  Eggs on the miscreant to new ill
I call to mind how I myself
  Doctored my uncle PETER's gruel,
And put an end to poor Aunt MARY's cares
By pushing her downstairs.

How, that my guilt might not be plain,
  I strangled JAMES, my uncle's valet,
And finished off ELIZA JANE,
  The housemaid, with a croquet mallet,
And sought the boy in buttons with an axe,
And felled him in his tracks.

Trifles like these should not affect
  The torpid core of hardened sinners,
Who sit in splendid raiment decked,
  And lined inside with heavy dinners;
Their self-esteem should hardly fall a prey
To any paltry play.

But there it is. I never view
  The Lady CLARA's paroxysms,
But straightway I am plunged into
  Remorse's uttermost abysms;
And when Lord ARCHIBALD comes out of jail
I blubber like a whale.

ALGOL.



A CHECK.

Uncle Frank (who has been twenty-four hours in the house). "HAVE I TOLD YOU THE STORY OF THE RAT AND THE BIRD, DULCIE?"

Dulcie. "YES; TWICE!"

"It is sufficiently unusual to deserve comment that not a single case arising out of the races was brought before the Warwick borough magistrates this week. The credit for this undoubtedly belongs to the police."—*Warwick Advertiser.*

Is this quite kind to a deserving body of men?

PEERS v. PEOPLE.*

Being a fresh example of the old contest between Ignorance (Peers) and Culture (People); between the Powers of Darkness and the Powers of Light.

["Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., wished to go to the country to see whether a couple of hundred of very narrow-minded and rather ignorant and entirely antediluvian country gentlemen, and two dozen bishops, who managed to gather up a very large measure of worldly cunning in an odour of sanctified simplicity, were to stand in the way of the expressed wish of the people."—*Press Report of meeting of the National Liberal Federation.*

"Dr. MACNAMARA has played a conspicuous and honourable part in working for a concordat."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

MY Lords, can you have pondered deep enough
What you are in for, you who rashly pit
Those brains composed of agricultural stuff
Against the Proletariat's urban wit?
Matching your rustic voice
With the Elect, the Sacred People's Choice?

Vainly the Titans thought to try their skill
(Antediluvian bumpkins!) on the gods,
And vainly you defy the People's Will,
Plunging against incalculable odds;
That Will, whose changeless laws
Stand rigid—like a pendulum at pause.

When those specific mandates shook the land,
Treating of Plural Voters, Trade Disputes,
Tariffs and Schools, Slave-drivers on the Rand,
And Tenants' rights in jam-producing roots—
Can you have never guessed
That *each* of these was made the *single* test?

Ay! and it spake with no uncertain sound,
That godlike Voice, immutably sincere;
Even as of old from out the sky's profound
Zeus spake in thunderblasts, so came the clear
And overwhelming sign
By 51 per cent. to 49!

But you of narrow mind—no scholars you,
But rather ignorant Etonian boors—
And these your Bishops—such a worldly crew,
Doves with the serpent's cunning in their lures—
How dare you thus oppose
The pious *savants* whom the People chose?

My Lords, I note your independent air
Of men with none to say them Yea or Nay,
Since no elector's favour sent you there,
And no man's whim can pluck you thence away;
Nothing to gain or lose!
This makes you sadly prone to honest views!

A fatal habit; and I'm sore afraid
'Twill be your ruin, if you still rebel
Against the People's verdict as conveyed
By the Anointed Choice of Camberwell!
For O, you really are a
Dreadful offence to Mr. MACNAMARA! O. S.

ACCORDING to the *Dublin Evening News* the Belfast Tramways manager reported that "the electric cars had conveyed over 10,000 people to the International Ruby match at Balmoral on Saturday. In one hour 12,000 tons weight of passengers had been conveyed to Balmoral." Roughly, this works out at 1 ton, 3 furlongs, 15 gallons, 2 rods, poles or perches, and 8 seconds (Fahrenheit) per man. We have, unfortunately, no data for gauging the value of the ruby.

THE SADNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

(With grateful acknowledgments to P.T.O.)

ARE the Americans a sad people? That is a question to which, strange and paradoxical as it may appear, I have heard different people give different answers. Some of my friends—and their name is legion—insist that I confound sadness with strenuousness. But I can never get rid of the impression of *tristezza* as the dominant mood with which I was brought in contact among the Americans I met in the streets, on the cars, in the elevators, or in roof-gardens. Not that one does not meet an enormous amount of good humour among Americans; indeed they are the second most good-humoured people in the world. Hence to a Galway man accustomed to the gay, insouciant, harum-scarum intercourse of Irish people among themselves, it is like breathing one's native air to hear and to see the way Americans treat each other on the football field and elsewhere.

* * * * * *

Still I cling to the conviction that while travelling in America you constantly get a sense of strange and brooding sadness. America, in fact, is the land of the Almighty dolour. And this is doubtless why, in virtue of the eternal law that extremes meet, Americans are so passionately addicted to confectionery. As the Roman poet SOPHOCLES puts it, from the mid fount of sweetness there rises perpetually an *amari aliquid.* Personally I can deeply sympathise with their dualism, because I am saddest when I sing; besides, as a gay insouciant Hibernian I can recognise the truth of MOORE's reference to "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye." But I own that it surprised me to find in all classes, all social strata, from log cabin to White House, this pervading and terrific gloom. To descend from generalities to the concrete fact, let me recall an illuminating experience of my recent visit. As I was returning from a superb luncheon given by the *New York Times* Booker Washington Club at Delmonico's, I asked for an evening paper at one of the news-stands. I still behold the young lad at his stand; his manner, his expression haunt me still. I asked the price; he answered me "one cent." This was, I think, sufficiently curt. Even in England, grimy, cruel, and oppressive, but to me inexpressibly dear old England, a normal newsboy would have followed up this answer with a suggestion to take another newspaper. But really what struck my insouciant but sensitive soul was not his laconic utterance so much as the expression of his face and the intonation of the voice. The eyes looked out at me from apparently unfathomable depths of self-abstraction and illimitable woe; and the voice was like the wail of some abysmal despair. That boy-face, with its fine, dark eyes, its olive complexion, its look of reverie, isolation, and despair, seemed to me more like the face of some one of those monks of the East who have so conquered the spirit and become so detached from the realities of this transient world as to suggest already that they have begun their reincarnation into another and happier epoch, nearer to the blessed Nirvana.

* * * * * *

It is one of the extraordinary things in America that the natives of other countries become so quickly Americanised. Instances are, I believe, on record of European immigrants who, within two hours of landing at New York for the first time, have, on the sworn testimony of credible witnesses, been admitted to the full privileges of American citizenship. But I prefer to speak of what I have myself seen and felt. Everybody knows what a naturally gay, careless, quick-spoken and amiable being the Irishman is, but the Irishman who has been in America for only six weeks unconsciously adopts that curious, self-absorbed, *morne,* not to say *triste,* manner of the native American. One's physique even changes rapidly, under the tremendous and constant pressure



HER FIRST JUMP.

[At the recent by-election at Huddersfield, the defeated Labour Candidate was backed by the Suffragettes. It is understood that they propose to take the field against the Liberal Candidate in all future contests.]



OUR VICES.

"AND WHAT WAS THE COLONEL'S SPEECH LIKE?"
"OH, FLUENT AND ALL THAT. OBVIOUSLY PREPARED. I CALL IT VERY BAD FORM IN A SOLDIER!"

of the most potent of all factors in the environment of the human race—the factor of climate. It was in the ancient State of Massachusetts—sadly perpetuating in its first two syllables the cruel dominance of white over black—that I first experienced this strange and rapid change in physique. A bootblack—a sad-eyed, swarthy-complexioned child recalling in his lineaments the face of SAVONAROLA in early childhood—on my presenting him with the customary *douceur*, remarked, "Thanky, Colonel," and to my amazement I realised that I had lost the mellow brogue and opulent contours of Galway, and was practically indistinguishable from the typical spare-built, alert, yet saturnine American officer. My moustache had completely disappeared, and in place of my unwonted flow of urbane, if otiose, eloquence, I found myself reduced almost entirely to the crisp monosyllables, "yep" and "nope."

* * * * * * *

But the change was not merely physical. It was psychical as well. In England—dear old tyrannical oppressive England—I never find the slightest difficulty, with or without provocation, in exercising the blessed faculty of unmitigated panegyric. I have never met (or at least written about) an Englishwoman who was not lovely; I have never encountered an Englishman who was not the soul of chivalry and goodness. Imagine then my terrible and soul-shattering predicament on finding the fount of eulogy dried up, the resources of encomium exhausted! And yet there are people who say that there is no tragedy in modern life! Could anything be more tragic than my position when on my introduction to President ROOSEVELT, instead of saying, "Mr. PRESIDENT, this is the proudest moment of my life," all I could get out was the appallingly curt and jejune greeting, "How do?" The sequel, I may add, was even more distressing, for during the interview Mr. ROOSEVELT, though steeped in strange and brooding sadness, kept up so unintermittent a monologue that I never succeeded in getting in a word edgeways. The ball of repartee, as my dear old friend CHAUNCEY DEPEW once remarked, cannot be kept up without constant repercussion, and I am not exaggerating when I say that it was one of the most painful and unfamiliar experiences in my whole life.

London to Geneva by Balloon.

"Mr. LESLIE BUCKNALL, who left Wandsworth yesterday in his balloon, descended at daybreak at Vivey, near Lake Geneva, having travelled about 420 miles in sixteen hours."
"Result · Surrey 13 points, Midland Counties 8 points."
Westminster Gazette.

Nothing is said about the Midland Counties representative; but he probably started from Derby and went about 258 miles.

"Both this year's Oxford Eights are on the light side. With three exceptions only two of the men scale over 12 st."
'Camisis' in "The Sunday Times."

There will be no Acrostic in this week's *Punch*. Readers are invited to send in a solution of the above conundrum.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XI.

London Theatres.

ON this subject a word of warning is needful. Do not be misled by the phraseology of the theatrical advertisements. The fact that "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN presents, &c.," does not mean that there is nothing to pay. Quite the reverse.

If, however, you are very impecunious and still desirous of theatrical entertainment, you have only to watch the police making their arrests. Every woman arrested in London is an actress. Whatever she was before, she becomes an actress by the mere process of apprehension.

CHAPTER XII.

Politics.

No visit to London is complete without an hour or two at the Houses of Parliament; but it is not too easy to obtain the right of entry.

Members of Parliament who show visitors over the House are not allowed to take tips, but may be rewarded in kind. A gold-mounted cigarette-holder; a scarf-pin; a match-box; a cigar-case—these are permissible gratuities. A Member of Parliament detected in the act of receiving money is liable to instant dismissal.

Tea on the terrace is sometimes included in the entertainment. An introduction to C.-B. as a prominent provincial supporter can be arranged for only on special terms. The usual reward for this honour is an invitation to a big shoot or private theatrical week-end party.

Another special privilege, which however has to be arranged beforehand, is the sight of a Conservative. These once were common enough, but you may now visit the House a dozen times and get no glimpse of one.

The great thing at the House of Lords is to be shown round by the Librarian. Terms on application. Extras include a handshake from Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Greenwich.

A pleasant morning excursion from London takes one to Greenwich (pronounced Grinnidge). The best way in summer is by water, but this necessitates rising at daybreak in order to secure a seat on the County Council steamers.

Greenwich (so called from its whitebait) is chiefly famous for its Observatory, which not only is guilty of the principal astronomical discoveries, but also sets the time for the United Kingdom; contains the oldest men in the world (as all travellers by the Tube lifts can testify); and possesses the best known specimen of the meridian that has ever been kept in captivity. What the bear is to Berne so to Greenwich is its meridian.

The present one, which is still hale and hearty, has been there many years—strong testimony to the healthy air of this Kentish resort. Great care is taken to keep persons from throwing it unsuitable food, and the Meridian House is always strongly guarded. An attempt was made in the last century to obtain another in order that the pair might multiply, but it was unsuccessful.

Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, the present chief keeper (who, curiously enough, tells the time by a pocket sundial and a box of matches), is a genial and erudite man, whose favourite reading is *Nancy Noon*. He has a large circle of friends, a strong antipathy to capital punishment for all but those guilty of homicidal crimes, and is famous at Greenwich and Woolwich book-teas for his ingenuity. Long may he wave, is the wish of all who know him.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
DISCOVERY OF A COMET AT GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

"'NIX.'—A receipt stamp must be affixed on a person giving a receipt."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"Affixed" is the technical term, Nix; over £2 a postage stamp on the forehead, under £2 a rubber stamp on the back of the neck, of the person giving the receipt.

THE MOTOCRAT.

I AM he: goggled and unashamed. Furred also am I, stop-watched and horse-powerful. Millions admit my sway—on both sides of the road. The Plutocrat has money: I have motors. The Democrat has the rates; so have I—two—one for use and one for County Courts. The Autocrat is dead, but I—I increase and multiply. I have taken his place.

I blow my horn and the people scatter. I stand still and everything trembles. I move and kill dogs. I skid and chickens die. I pass swiftly from place to place, and horses bolt in dust storms which cover the land. I make the dust storms. For I am Omnipotent; I make everything. I make dust, I make smell, I make noise. And I go forward, ever forward, and pass through or over almost everything. "Over or Through" is my motto.

The roads were made for me; years ago they were made. Wise rulers saw me coming and made roads. Now that I am come, they go on making roads—making them up. For I break things. Roads I break and Rules of the Road. Statutory limits were made for me. I break them. I break the dull silence of the country. Sometimes I break down, and thousands flock round me, so that I dislocate the traffic. But I *am* the Traffic.

I am I and She is She—the Rest get out of the way. Truly, the hand which rules the Motor rocks the World.

THE *Liverpool Daily Post*, referring to next year's Golf Championship, says: "JAMES BRAID will doubtless defend his title stoutly, but beyond that a forecast would be premature." Having once really launched out into prophecy the *Daily Post* might as well have gone on. Even as it is, it has altogether overlooked the following possibilities:—

1. That there may be no next year at all.

2. That the present champion may in the interim marry and change his name to ROBINSON.

A Study in Black and White.

"COAL BUSINESS WANTED; or would entertain good paying Milk Business; not particular to price."—*Evening News.*

What he *really* wants, of course, is our old *Encyclopædia.*



IN SOHO.

Waiter (shouting down speaking tube). "LÀ-BAS, UN POLEEZEMAN, UN!"

THE LAST DROP.

BARBER, arise! Prepare your keenest blade,
Bring soap; with clippers and abhorred shears
Shave me this upper lip! Don't be afraid;
Come, fellow, why these tears?

You tell me it is beautiful. Nay, nay,
Old flatterer; these words are kindly meant;
It has some comeliness (and well it may,
With all the time I've spent);

Yet, were this growth the noblest of its kind,
Still would I charge you, on your barberhood,
Destroy and spare not! And if I don't mind,
I don't see why you should.

What, must you argue still? Nay, man, I know
All you would urge; I grant its melting droop,
Its prodigal luxuriance; but oh,
Barber, the Soup, the Soup!

It is the Soup. Last night, an honoured guest,
I sat among the great; EVE's fairest child
Partnered my honour; I was at my best;
Sweet heavens, how I smiled!

Perchance I smiled too richly, for it dipped—
Dipped, Barber—and, as from an o'ercharged squirt,
A fat, slow, thick pearl, like a pig's tear, dripped
Slap on my naked shirt.

Barber, just then an angel passed o'erhead;
The conversation, with a sudden slam,
Shut up; and (much to my surprise) I said,
Clear as a lark, "Oh, D—!"

Alas, it rang out like the crack of doom!
Vainly I strove to bridge it with a cough;
In vain I sought one friendly soul on whom
I might have palmed it off;

Warm on my breast men saw that trickling pearl;
Indeed, my partner's leap into the air
Was quite enough; (I never liked that girl;
She had no *savoir faire*).

Crushed, I was crushed. And there among th' elect
For two good hours, with ice upon my spine,
I sat, and moaned about the retrospect,
A death's head at the wine.

* * * * *

Barber, I place my future in your hand.
My character is humbled in the dirt;
That wouldn't matter, but I cannot stand
Spoiling a brand-new shirt.

Rase me, I pray, this fair but naughty growth;
For bald-lipped I must issue from these doors;
To work, stout fellow! You need not be loth!
It's my moustache, not yours.

DUM-DUM.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(Showing how difficult it is, in some offices, to write this sort of article properly.)

HEIGH-HO, Christmas is nearly here again, and once more the great question of what to give to our friends confronts us all, whether we dwell in the lordly castle or in the simple cot. It seems incredible that a whole year has flown since last Christmas!

[EDITOR. *Yet it is a fact.*
AUTHOR. *Thanks, I have a calendar.*]

But there is no staying the inexorable hand of Time; and so we cheerfully reconcile ourselves once more to the old round of shopping, and to asking ourselves anxiously as we make each purchase, "Is this quite suited to HARRY?" and, "Will JANE really like that?"

[EDITOR. *Who is* JANE? *I must know.*
AUTHOR. *Ah!*]

Now I have just made a little tour of the West-End shops, and I can confidently say that never, if ever, has there been such a goodly stock of novelties for the *connoisseur* to choose from. I started by walking down Regent Street, and my first visit was made to——

[EDITOR. *Just one moment. Are you being paid for this?*
AUTHOR. *Hang it all, I hope so.*
EDITOR. *I mean, by the shop people?*
AUTHOR. *My dear man, how can you—*
EDITOR. *Quite so. Only if you mention names it always looks rather——*
AUTHOR. *I see.*]

Here I much admired the old Japanese silver; and for a present to a married woman I can suggest nothing more delightful than——

[EDITOR. *Beautiful weather we're having. Are you going away for Christmas?*
AUTHOR. *I am tarrying for a short interval in the Fen country. Why do you ask?*
EDITOR. *Oh, I don't know. Let's see, you were just starting a new paragraph?*]

To those who cannot afford such luxuries as these I can only say, "Stay away, lest you be tempted to spend beyond your pocket. Follow me instead into the commodious premises of Lib——

[EDITOR. *H'sh! You were just going to say Lib—*
AUTHOR. *H'sh! So were you.*]

This shop is really too fascinating. I spent hours wandering into their various rooms; and I finally decided that, if I had a sister whose husband was contemplating a shooting tour in the North East Balkans, just the very thing to give him for a Christmas present before he started would be one of those delightful——

[AUTHOR. *I say, what are those things called?*
EDITOR. *What things?*
AUTHOR. You *know.*
EDITOR. *Oh,* those. *Oh, we never mention those.*
AUTHOR. *I see.*]

Of course, there are other things in the shop too—

[EDITOR. *Let's let them guess that.*]

such as——

[EDITOR. *The Fen Country. What do you do there?*
AUTHOR. *Catch swallow-tail butterflies.*]

and those perfectly sweet——

[EDITOR. *Yes, I know. But be careful.*]

However, having once got you inside, I may safely leave you to make your own selections.

It has been well said that so long as men are men they will smoke, and that, so long as they smoke, one never need be at a loss for something to give them at Christmas. A box of choice cigars, a cigarette-case, even a tin of his favourite mixture—

[EDITOR. "*Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, what I call—*"
AUTHOR. "*Is indeed—*"
EDITOR. "*And no other.*" *Get on to the next shop.*]

Have you seen the new—[EDITOR. *Ahem!*] that everyone is wearing nowadays? You will see the sort of thing I mean in PETER——

[EDITOR. *Now then!*
AUTHOR. *You're so hasty. I was going to say "in Peter's Mother."*
EDITOR. *I beg your pardon . . . But I don't believe you can see them there.*
AUTHOR. *When did you go last?*
EDITOR. *On the first night.*
AUTHOR. *Ah!*]

An always successful present consists of books. In giving books to a friend the great thing is to select them carefully. In doing this you flatter your friend by showing that you have studied and realised his likes and dislikes, and at the same time you do credit to your own judgment. The best way of attaining these two desirable objects is to——

[EDITOR. *Steady!*
AUTHOR. *Hang it, what is the point of the article if I mayn't tell them where to go? Well, look here, may I mention "The Times" Book Club? After all, its one idea is to further the interests of the public, and to stand up for the rights of man. It isn't like a private firm.*
EDITOR. *You're quite sure of that?*
AUTHOR. *Quite.* MR. HENNIKER HEATON *has said so.*
EDITOR. *Oh, all right then.*]

——is to write to *The Times* Book Club for "Parcel G." Don't forget. You just write and say "Dear Sir, I want 'Parcel G' sent down at once, carriage forward. I enclose 11*d*." Each parcel contains a dozen books or so, but in "Parcel G" you get rather more pages—4,137, I think, to be exact—and 9 ins. by 7 ins., some of them, which is larger than those of its neighbour, "Parcel F."

[AUTHOR. *I'm going to stop here. You won't let me mention any of the things I want to, and it's absurd of you to expect an author to turn out his best work like that.*
EDITOR. *If this is really your best work I shall be only too glad to turn it out.*
AUTHOR. *If that's funny, I'm sorry. I shall now write you a little poem about the robin. I wasn't going to, but——*
EDITOR. *No, no, I apologise.*]

A FASHION FORECAST.

["Mark my words, crinolines will come in again."—*Mr. Andrew Lang in "The Illustrated London News."*]

OBSERVE, no note of indecision
Weakens the force of what he states;
Endowed with more than normal vision
He sees the future's fashion-plates:
The time is near (he thinks), to-morrow
May usher in the fateful morn
When ladies will awake to sorrow,
For crinolines will then be worn!

Ah, what a time of tribulation
Will then come in to disconcert
That large proportion of the nation
Whose habit is to wear a skirt;
For, BETH, though in your Gibson rig you're
Turning all hearts and heads to-day,
Soon you will find your splendid figure
Is, broadly speaking, thrown away.

Also, I think some small compassion
Should certainly be felt for us;
Think what the advent of this fashion
Will mean to all who use a bus!
What art will soothe the melancholy
Of men upon their homeward ride,
When lovely woman, "hoop'd in folly,"
Insists on squatting eight a side?

The lovelorn swain, upon the Tube route,
Will soon perceive the "little rift,"
When she he worships murmurs "You brute!"
(Colliding with him in the lift);
Or else, his proffered arm refusing,
Because "she hates a clumsy man,"
She'll leave him (like stout CORTEZ) musing
Upon the pique of MARIAN!

True, MR. LANG, your words sound solemn,
And yet I wish you would explain
Whether you penned that chatty column
In graver or in lighter vein;
For, though you always write sincerely,
This little doubt my mind assails,
Whether 'tis sober truth or merely
One of your charming fairy tales!



SELF-HELP.

The Vicar's Wife. "I'm sorry to see you're not paying into our Coal Club this year, Goodenough."
Goodenough. "Well, Mum, you see—well, it's like this 'ere. I lives right be'ind the coal yard now!"

CLOSE TIME FOR OPERATIC HEROINES.

The final stages of the Italian Opera Season were illumined by the apparition of a new Spanish star in the person of Mlle. Maria Gay, who was acclaimed with an almost universal chorus of praise. This had the desirable effect of producing a record house at the only subsequent evening performance of *Carmen*. Perhaps the praise had been overdone; certainly I was not alone in being a little disappointed. One had hoped for a more lithe and graceful figure—for qualities which not only make for obvious fascination but serve as a foil to the occasional brutality of *Carmen's* methods. To speak truth, I found the lady too robust; with those stout arms of hers she looked to have nothing to fear from a regiment of soldiers. Her acting in the lighter scenes was full of vital force, of swift intelligence, of daring and original diablerie; but when it came to sterner business she made no great advance upon tradition. In her dances she showed vigour rather than grace. Her singing, except for its dramatic power, was not very remarkable; one missed the fulness and ease of Madame Kirkby Lunn's mellow voice. Still, when all is said, she probably came nearer to the real *Carmen* than any actress yet seen upon the operatic stage. But I should still doubt whether she would reach the highest distinction with any character less salient and seizable.

Apart from their failure with *La Gioconda*, which had to be abandoned through the breakdown of Madame Nordica's health and nerves, the Management is to be congratulated on a brilliant autumn season, which should be a good augury for the coming visit of a German Opera Company who are to hibernate in our midst for four weeks from the middle of January.

There is clearly a growing taste for Musical Tragedy. That its course has been unrelieved during the season just closed is shown in the following tabulated scheme, which embraces the entire autumn programme. It will seem that every opera without exception has been fatal to its heroine. Not one has survived. On the other hand the heroes, although always in the neighbourhood at the time, have with two exceptions escaped.

Opera.	*Mode of heroine's death.*
Rigoletto	Killed (knife)
Carmen	Killed (knife)
Adriana Lecouvreur	Killed (poison by post)
La Tosca	Suicide (off high wall)
Fédora	Suicide (poison)
Madama Butterfly	Suicide (hara-kiri)
Aïda	Asphyxia
La Bohème	Phthisis
La Traviata	Phthisis
Faust	Exhaustion.

O. S.

"Reward £5—Lost, 7th inst. Dog, mixed breed, black and tan, short legs, curled up tail; sits up; named Prince; Owner Distressed; red ribbon on neck."—*Manchester Evening News.*

We feel that we should know the dog in any position, but we cannot quite picture the owner yet, though he seems to have adopted the new mourning. If, however, we find either of them we will take care to communicate at the address mentioned.



SCENE—*The Summit of Vesuvius.*

American Tourist (to the world at large). "GREAT SNAKES, IT REMINDS ME OF HELL!"

English Tourist. "MY DEAR, HOW THESE AMERICANS *DO* TRAVEL!"

THE "BOSTON."

.... THE band began to play the *Blue Danube* and my partner bowed before me.

"This," he said, "is ours, I think. It is a waltz."

I murmured my thanks for the information.

"You Boston, of course?" said he.

I admitted that I Bostoned.

"Good!" said my partner. "I think it is a charming dance. I learned the step from some very nice Americans that I met this summer at Caux. Are you ready?" A look of tremendous determination came into his face as he gripped me, and we moved off.

"I fancy," said I, "that I am not doing it very well."

"You only need a little practice," he observed, stopping and leaning me up against the wall. "Take more of a long sliding step, bringing up the second foot behind the first, as in the two-step, only with more of a glide. As the step is in ¾ to ⅞ time, you want also to watch your time carefully. It isn't *one* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, but *one* two three one, *two* three one two, *three* one two three."

"I see," said I. "Shall we go somewhere where it is cooler?"

* * * * * *

My second partner wasted no words. He assumed that I Bostoned as a matter of course. I gathered this from the fact that when, after an uneasy half-circuit of the floor, I disengaged my hand from his arm and stepped aside out of danger, he remarked: "You Boston rather differently from some Americans who taught me the step in Nova Zembla last August."

I asked if they were aboriginals.

He looked doubtfully at me for a second and then (after assuring me that they were very nice) began to explain how it should be done.

"You begin," he said, "with the right foot, as in the Military two-step, but you bring your left foot a little in advance at the second step, and then start off with it for the next half-turn. The time is a little difficult to keep, but that is only a matter of practice. You want to come in more on the second of the bar, thus: one *two* three, four *one* two, three *four* one, two *three* four."

I said I would certainly do so, but just now I must have a glass, a full glass, of champagne.

* * * * *

My third partner took the opportunity of giving me some instruction before we began to dance.

"When you Boston," he said, "you count one two three four five six seven eight nine, one two three four five six seven eight nine, making one half-turn at four and another at seven. The step itself is a sort of half-sliding polka, half-running sweet-step. It is quite easy. Now—OFF we go. One two three four five six seven eight," he counted loudly, his voice rising high above the music.

At "nine" I made a second half-turn, which brought me up sitting on a divan.

"Don't you like the Boston?" he asked.

I said I loved it, but I was so tired this evening.

"I am glad," he said, "that it is to be popular this winter, because some very nice Americans, that were staying in the same hotel with me at Batoum in September, taught it to me, and I feel rather ahead of the other Johnnies, you know."

* * * * * *

"What I like about this Boston," said my fourth partner, "is that you don't need to worry about the rotten time or tune, but just go as you please."

With these words he placed me carefully in front of him and ran me backwards violently into a man, whose eye-glass shot out of his eye and crashed to atoms against the unnatural teeth of a lady in black some yards away, who screamed loudly and dragged her partner on to the floor, there to become the nucleus of a pile of bodies which was still increasing when I darted through the door.

"You don't care about it, evidently," said my partner, as he joined me on a sofa. "You should learn it. It's lots of fun."

He explained its attractions to me for the next five minutes, mentioning incidentally that they had danced nothing else all October up at Strathpeffer, where some very nice Americans had introduced it at a shooting lodge.

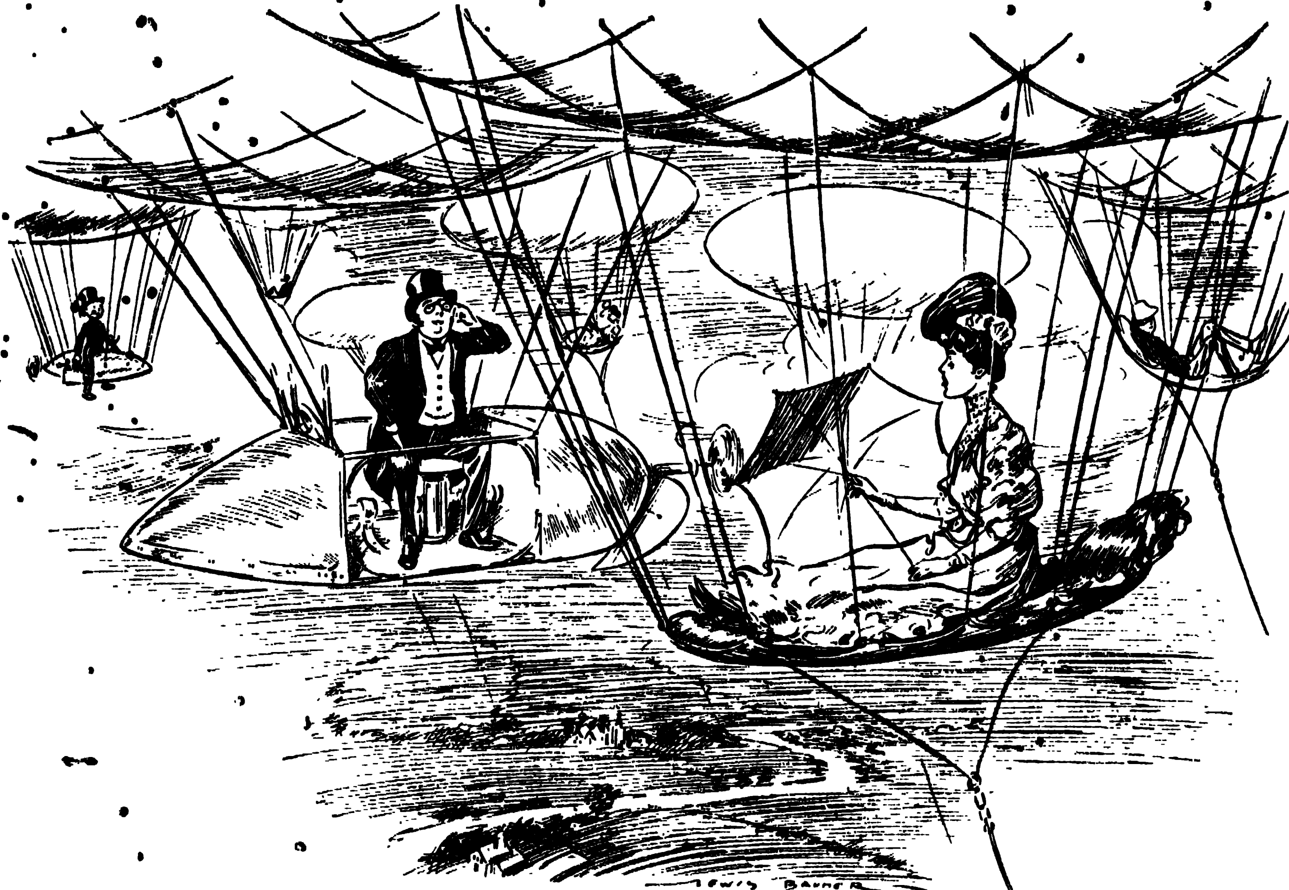


THE DEFENDER OF THE FOLD.

Arthur B. "ONLY OVER MY FALLEN BODY SHALL YOU ASSAIL THESE INNOCENT LAMBS."

[Mr. Balfour has undertaken the defence of the House of Lords against Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.]

FORECASTS FOR 1907.



1.—THE BALLOON REST CURE. THE DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 26.—Thanks to C.-B. the question hour beginning to revive its old delights. It provides an opening for Leader of House to shine with peculiar, at other epochs unattainable, lustre. What House desires above all things is to be amused. Question time is the PREMIER'S prime opportunity of serving in that direction.

Certainly the task not difficult. The House almost abjectly grateful for anything that even looks like a joke. The other night, when someone asked HALDANE how many sofas had been supplied to the new War Office and he made emphatic answer, "*One* sofa has been supplied to the War Office," the roar of laughter that followed was so hearty and prolonged it seemed as if we should never reach the Orders of the Day. It happened that the boisterous appreciation of native humour was a little hard on HALDANE. He hadn't quite finished his joke; was adroitly leading up to climax. The one sofa alluded to was for the use of the Clerks.

"There was," he continued, "a second sofa provided for the convenience of the lady typists."

Here was humour rich and rare. Unfortunately, the tornado of laughter that greeted the introductory quip still reverberating, the crowning jest was heard by only a few Members. There would certainly have been no business done had it gone round.

C.-B. couldn't compete with this success. There was concatenation of adventitious circumstances, that made the opportunity unique. But he was very good to-night, his points being made in a sort of quiet aside that added to effect.

LONSDALE had spent the midnight oil in preparing a poser. It alleged, on authority of President of Royal Statistical Society, that the minority in present Parliament individually represents more than twice as many electors as do Ministerialists. This one of the oldest chestnuts of political controversy. It was made much of by the Liberals in the last Parliament when, in somewhat aggravated form, the same anomaly presented itself. Nevertheless, looked damaging on the face of it. Some men would have made elaborate reply in endeavour to discredit the President's arithmetic.

All C.-B. said was, "The figures quoted by the hon. Member, which I believe are of a kind not unusual to be produced after a General Election, had escaped my notice."

Later, ASHLEY asked if anything could be done to obviate the scandal of blocking motions? "I am familiar with that scandal," said C.-B., and old Members on both sides chuckled at recollection of the daily practice of Ministerialists in the last Parliament fending off awkward discussions on Tariff Reform and other matters by putting down a blocking motion to the pained indignation of the Opposition.

Thus doth the short answer not only turn away wrath but is more effective than a long one.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill considered on Report.

Tuesday night.—Sir JAMES ALFRED JACOBY finds that the heaping up of honours won in a strenuous life is not everything. It seemed but yesterday that, like ALEXANDER, no fresh worlds were left for the trampling of his conquering heel. When a man is Chairman of Kitchen Committee of House of Commons, and has had conferred upon him the dignity of knighthood, the

only drawback to the serenity of life is a certain monotony of satisfaction.

To-day, unexpectedly after the manner of storms, the sky is overcast. Black clouds roll up over the expanse but yesterday of cerulean blue.

It's those pesky Committee Clerks. Sir JAMES really doesn't know what the Constitution is coming to if it is to be thus assailed from outside. Last week it was the Secretaries of the heads of departments discovered seated within the sanctuary of the House. Now it is Committee Clerks wanting to take their lunch or dinner in any one of the dining rooms whither their fancy may lead them, just as if they were Members for the Isle of Thanet, or other influential constituency.

The CHAIRMAN had arranged that if they insisted upon having meals at the House provision should be made. Only they must sit apart at a special table set in a particular room. And here is the thing being made subject of a question in the House, along with others relating to sandwich-men in the West End, the governorship of Natal, and revolutionary refugees. Worse still, the SPEAKER sides with the querist, positively declaring that in this matter the Kitchen Committee have exceeded their functions.

JAMES ALFRED doesn't want to embarrass the Government, who already have House of Lords on their hands. Still a man must consider his own dignity, take thought of the honour of a high office committed to his charge.

"And to think of all I have done for them!" he said, mopping his heated brow. "I feel that if it were only for the shilling dinner I should not have lived in vain. You know it, TOBY, dear boy; it's your favourite function; cut off the joint; gravy lavishly poured out from a ewer; two veg.; pat of butter; a square inch of cheese; celery when going out of season; bread ad libitum; and all for a bob.

"Don't wish to strike a chord too high, but in contemplating this boon I remember ROBERT PEEL's aspiration when the Protectionists turned him out just sixty years ago. 'It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundance of untaxed food.' Cases of course not exactly parallel. But I trust that now and hereafter daily toilers in this hive, tucking into their shilling dinner, will think kindly of JAMES ALFRED JACOBY, Knight."

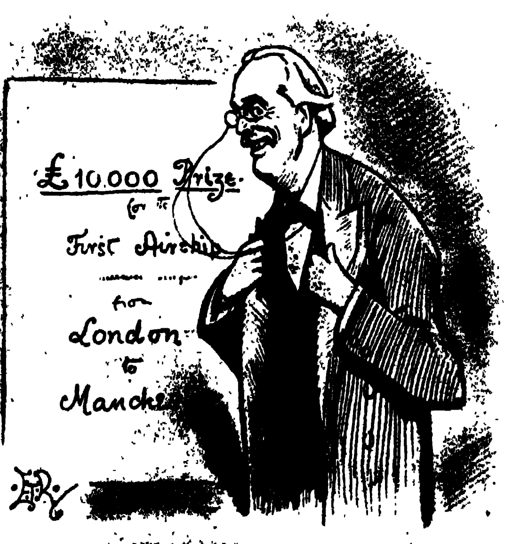
Business done.—Plural Voting Bill moving along under gentle compulsion of Closure.

MOVING WITH THE TIMES.

AFTER carefully reading through an article on "Dress at the Motor Show" MURIEL glanced at the latest news from the front about *The Times* Book War.

"If women were publishers, the prices of books would be changed at once," she remarked.

"They would be cheaper?" I hazarded.



ONE WHO KNOWS.

Right Hon. A. J. B. "What! Fly from London to Manchester? Simplest thing in the world! Why, I flew from East Manchester to the City of London myself in next door to no time. Rather think I'll claim the money!"

"They would be priced according to quality, not quantity," replied MURIEL.

"But no one would agree as to the quality," I said.

"All sensible people would," said MURIEL. "Just look at *this*," and she contemptuously indicated a volume which was lying on the table. "They don't marry, and the heroine is crippled by a motor accident. And yet they ask the same price for it as for *this* one which is perfectly *delightful*, and where there are three marriages in the last chapter!" And she smiled reminiscently. "If I were a publisher I would only charge 2*s.* 6*d.* for books where they don't marry, or where any of the nice principal characters die. Then, you see, the authors wouldn't let the people die in their books, and everyone would be much happier all round."

"What would you charge for books in which two men are in love with the heroine, and only one gets her?" I inquired.

MURIEL looked pleased.

"Of course they couldn't *both* get her," she said happily, "and I never like the books where the other man goes and marries someone else. Men shouldn't be fickle."

"But then there would be two marriages in the last chapter," I reminded her.

MURIEL looked thoughtful.

"It would all depend," she said. "I should have to read the book to see."

"What about the *Garden of Allah?*" I asked. "What would you charge for that?" MURIEL hesitated.

"It was quite worth 4*s.* 6*d.*," she confessed. "But then it would make a precedent for other authors. I think it would have to be issued with a publisher's note that it was quite exceptional and mustn't be imitated. Something like a patent, you know.

"Then about the bindings," she went on, warming to her subject. "I would have books bound according to what was in them."

"Yes?"

"Yes," repeated MURIEL, with decision. "All the books that end well should be bound in bright red and gold. Books like *The Angel of Pain* or *The Image in the Sand* should be in black and silver—kind of half-mourning—to show that someone nice, but not the hero or the heroine, dies in them; but if either the hero or heroine dies, the whole book would have to be bound in plain black. Just think how it would simplify matters when one was choosing a book at the library!"

"But you have only mentioned novels."

"Oh, you can work it out for yourself," she said, as she pushed the latest *Times* circular between the bars of the cockatoo's cage, where it was received with flattering eagerness.

"Then biographies would be——?"

"One shilling net, in dark brown."

"But they wouldn't pay," I said.

"Well, they needn't be written," she said.

ACCORDING to *The Daily News*, nearly five and a half thousand persons at Huddersfield "declared for Mr. WILLIAMS' monosyllabic programme 'Abolition.'" (The others, however, declared for Mr. WILLIAMS' own abolition.) In Liberal circles the monosyllable "Anti-denominationalism," is much worn just now.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

Dearest, to run some fad to death
Would seem to be your one ambition,
And I am somewhat out of breath
In keeping pace with each transition.
Your Bridge was but a passing craze;
It ceased to be your occupation
Ere I could find a fitting phrase
In which to make my declaration.

Nought but your motor now would serve,
And much I feared your end was nearing,
Despite your most undoubted nerve
And more or less accomplished steering.
I hate mechanical affairs,
And loathed to see this fury seize you,
Yet learned to do my own repairs,
Hoping my skill perchance would please you.

But no, I found you now intent
Upon some strange new-fangled preaching,
Not very obviously meant
To be Platonic in its teaching.
I took the course, though sadly galled
(Since lectures are my pet aversion),
To find your latest fad had palled,
And you had made a fresh excursion.

I saw you driving off the tee,
But could I ask you then to love me?
Alas, 'twas all too plain to see
Your form was hopelessly above me.
Yet, though you left me in the lurch,
I found you, when your zeal abated,
A lovely penitent in church,
Where all your sins were flagellated.

At last, I thought, my way was clear;
Your love of change was surely waning;
But now, oh bitter news, I hear
That you have started aeroplaning.
You covet that ten thousand prize,
But here the last fond strand you sever
Since, skimming gaily through the skies,
You will be flightier than ever.



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. IV.—DAY-DREAMS.

Portrait of a Gentleman who has quite recently taken a Toss.

LITERARY QUERIES.

In several magazines I have observed a notice to contributors, asking them "to write on one side of the paper only." Can anyone tell me *which* side it is that editors prefer?—Novice.

I am thinking of giving the postman a little gift book this year, instead of the conventional monetary offering. Would *The Life of Knox* be inappropriate?

Aunt Kate.

In the opening chapters of a recent novel called *The Duchess and Some Diamonds* I came across the following sentence:—"Sir Ralph bit his lip till the blood came again." I should like to know to what story this is a sequel, as this is the first and only biting episode in the present volume.

Constant (Novel) Reader.

My little girl (aged seven and a half) has just written her first story. How am I to prevent *The Times* Book Club getting hold of it and so damaging its sale?—Anxious Parent.

I am very interested in old clocks, of which I have a large collection. Has any reader heard of a book called *Tales of a Grandfather*, which seems to bear upon my hobby?—Chimes.

I was suddenly asked the other day if the Britannia buses ran to "The Napoleon" (of Notting Hill) immortalised by Dickens in *David Chesterfield*? I didn't know *what* to say. *Is* there any answer?

Slightly Mixed.

"If Boy who found Silver Flask outside ——'s shop will return the Manager at ——'s he will be rewarded."—*Liverpool Echo.*

And we shall have solved the mystery of the Man in the Silver Flask.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

Half-a-dozen crude chalk pictures were ranged against the railing that fenced the demure sanctity of the Square garden from an inferior outer world. A placard announced with a certain stern insistence, "Entirely my own work . . . ." as though there were many possible pretenders to the honour. The pictures were all portraits, and with a little thought each might be recognised. Besides, each was labelled.

They were pictures of great men,—Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Winston Churchill, and others even greater. Really Great Men, you know, men at thought of whose Greatness a lump comes to the throat and a swelling to the heart. Really Great Men—our Rulers. And as I looked at them with eyes suffused with love and loyalty, the artist spoke.

"I 'ates 'em," he said ferociously, "I 'ates 'em one and all!"

He was a little old man, very crippled and bent and twisted. His eyes were bright, his long tangled hair was a flaming red toned down by flecks of white, and his long chin refused to be unnoticed. He crouched upon an old great coat with a box of broken chalks to his hand, and as I looked at him, betwixt wonder and horror at his profanity, he said again, "I 'ates 'em!"

We were alone together in the grey of a late autumn afternoon.

"You are, perhaps, a Tory," I said with respectful sympathy. I thought that here, perhaps, was a fiery spirit compelled, by hunger and the People's Mandate, to swallow his convictions.

For myself, I am a hero-worshipper rather than a politician.

"No, I ain't," he retorted; "I 'ates them Tories just the same. Chamberlain, Balfour, the Dook and 'im they calls C.-B., I ranks 'em all together in me own mind. If I 'ad my way they should be put together into a sack and drownded!"

I felt that there might be friction in that sack ere Peace ensued, but I repressed my thoughts. This was a man with whom one might not be flippant.

"Then what," I asked, "are your convictions? Whom, if I may ask, do you admire?"

"Not one of 'em, nary one of them politicians," he answered with the same fierce earnestness. "What 'ave they done for you, or me, or even for that interfering copper at the corner? Why, they ain't there to do nothink for us! They're there for their own 'ealth entirely. Some on 'em to please their lady wives, some on 'em for money, some on 'em to get their names in print, and some on 'em just to 'ear themselves speak. And we stands by and lets 'em! Sometimes, as I sits 'ere all day a-thinking, I could take my bit of chalk and write under them pictures essackly what I thinks! Ay, and it would do 'em good to read it, too!"

Involuntarily I shuddered. This old man with his fervour was rather terrible. The pillars of my world were shivering about me.

"They talks about abolishing the Lords," he resumed in a musing voice. "Well and good, I ses, but why stop at the Lords? What about the Commons?"

For a moment his daring words came near to stunning me. I know not what I should have said, but by some chance my trembling fingers touched my pouch, and I held it out to this iconoclast. He softened visibly as he produced a dreadful pipe.

"Ah!" he said as he crammed it. "You're one of them as understands a thinking man." His eyes were far away in the great spaces.

"Tell me, I beg of you," I said respectfully, "tell me something of your scheme of reform. You have, doubtless after careful thought, destroyed the Constitution of our country. Tell me, then, with what system you would replace it."

For a space he did not answer me; for a space he smoked and expectorated in silence. I watched him with a certain awe. The grey of the twilight was deepening around us. The policeman at the corner was visibly suspicious.

"I'd keep the King," my oracle said at last. "'E seems to be as nice and kindly a genelman as ever walked. I seed 'im once, but I dunno that 'e seed me. Never mind; I'd keep 'im. And I'd give 'im men to 'elp 'im with their advice 'oo wouldn't 'ave nothink to gain by anythink they told 'im."

"Whom would you then select?" I asked him with a certain breathlessness.

He puffed thoughtfully at his suffocating pipe; I think it is possible that my respectful interest pleased him.

"I'd find a dozen men for 'im," he said. "Only a dozen; woddoyer want with six 'undred? A dozen decent men like meself, 'oom I could lay 'and on to-morrow, 'oo've knowed cold and clemming and the wet of the streets. And I'd put us twelve to live for the rest of our lives in a decent quiet 'ouse, with fires allus going and good blankets on the beds. And there should be one special large room, with tables and a nice sandy floor. And we'd meet in there, once a day per'aps, with our pipes and a pint o' beer before us, and the King should come along and just lay anythink that puzzled 'im before us. And we'd sit there, quiet and decent, and do what we could to 'elp 'is Majesty."

He looked up at me with shining eyes—quite pleased. Like a child who has described some wonderful plan to you, which has been quite real to him as he spoke. But the policeman was coming definitely towards us now. I fancy he had made up his mind that we were planning a burglary. The old man saw him coming, and shivered a little.

"But, Lord love us, it'll 'ardly be in my time," he said. "It's a cold, cold evening. And winter's coming."

He peered through the chill twilight, and all the brightness had faded from his eyes.

Into his cap I dropped something—a sadly paltry solace for the hopelessness of his Idea; and so left him to his portraits of men as they are and his visions of Life as he would have it to be.

WHY REDUCE THE ARMY?

A Suggestion to Mr. Haldane.





If a penny is deposited in the slot, as above, the Sentry will immediately "about turn," and the B.P. will get what they require. By this means each Regiment should, in time, become self-supporting, and so effect another of those little economies we hear so much about just now!

CHARIVARIA.

Merchants and manufacturers all over the country report a trade boom. This bears out the prophecy made by so many persons that things would improve after the South African War.

We know no finer example of the humility of true greatness than Mr. George Alexander's resolve to submit himself to the suffrages of the populace for election to the L.C.C.

Mrs. Stetson, a prominent Christian Scientist, declares that Mrs. Eddy will probably never die. We hear that the use of the half-sceptical word "probably" has given offence in some quarters.

Dr. Stübel, the German Minister at Christiania, is in disgrace for having omitted to hand 400 telegrams to his Royal Master. The Kaiser's fondness for telegrams is so well known that the Minister's carelessness is almost incredible.

Mr. Neil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's second son, has been bequeathed a sum of £150,000 with the idea that he should devote himself to a political career. Another eligible bachelor, Mr. Arthur Balfour, has pronounced himself in favour of votes for women, and is already a little nervous as to the results which may follow this declaration. We venture to warn Mr. Primrose against this dangerous course.

It is to be hoped that the angry feelings engendered by the Soap strife will now gradually subside, but it is rumoured that a member of one of the firms of the late "Trust," on being asked, the other day, why he did not advertise in *The Daily Mail*, answered, "What's the good of advertising in papers whose readers don't use soap?" This, of course, was mere petulance.

Yet another combine! It is rumoured that the Shakspearians and the Baconians are about to join forces in order to fight the upstart Rutland.

We are authorised to deny the report that Mr. Hall Caine has been driven almost mad by the discovery that Miss Marie Corelli bears an extraordinary resemblance to Roger, Earl of Rutland.

For the rest, Mr. Caine is of the opinion that Dr. Bleibtreu's assertion that Shakspeare was nothing more than a drunken and dissolute actor becomes palpably absurd to anyone who is familiar with the bard's lofty countenance.

The latest flying-machine is shaped like a butterfly. Experiments show that it will not rise, but it is much prettier than the other sorts.

What's in a name? A Vanguard omnibus pushed a van through the window of a milliner's shop last week.

A new race who had never seen white men before has been discovered on Prince Albert Land. Advertisements of *The Times* Book Club, *The Times* Registry Office, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are about to be despatched.

Certain persons contend that modern books cost too much. They are, anyhow, not so dear as ancient ones. Last week the purchaser of a little Caxton volume which contained only 214 leaves had to pay £490 for it.

Prince Joachim Albrecht has started on his journey to Africa, whither he has been sent to fight the Horreros because he wanted to marry the actress Marie Sulzer. Special police precautions are being taken to prevent the Prince meeting this lady, and all *vivandières* are being carefully scrutinised.

Two interesting Natural History items are published this week. A new animal has been discovered in Thibet; and an inhabitant of Tunbridge Wells claims to have the biggest beard in Europe—it is 15 feet long, and he winds it round his body.

A piece of old Dresden china only eleven inches in height, representing a lady and two pug dogs, has been sold by auction for £1,050, and pug-dogs, who have always been conceited, are now becoming unbearable.



"'Fumeur,' M'sieur?"
"Nong, nong—*Paris!*"

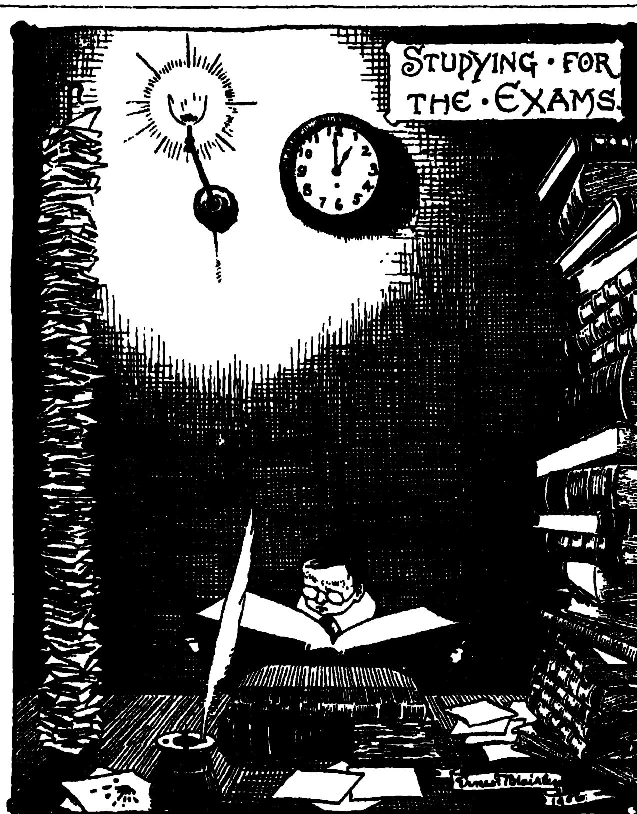
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

In editing the *Letters of the Earl of Lytton* (Longmans) Lady Betty Balfour disclaims pretension of presenting a complete biography of her father. As she reminds us, an account of his Indian administration, the most important public work of his life, compiled from official letters and despatches, has already been published. Nevertheless, we have here biography in its highest form, the private letters of a man of striking individuality strung together by a brief but lucid narrative of the principal events of his career. The Earl of Lytton was a voluminous letter-writer. He thoroughly enjoyed the pastime, sparing no pains in its pursuit. Some of his letters to his father run the length and take the rank of essays, chiefly on literary topics, exceeding in profundity of knowledge and polish of style the average magazine article. He was fond of talking about himself, examining his motives, exposing his sentiments, and narrating the incidents of his daily life. This habitude makes the book almost an autobiography. It dates back to his school days at Harrow, finishing at the Embassy in Paris, whither he repaired at the close of his momentous reign in India. When he touches current politics, as he most frequently does during his prentice days as he moves from Embassy to Embassy through the Courts of Europe, he displays an insight which, in one so young, was marvellous.

Incidentally he draws a vivid portrait of his father. He probably would have been surprised and pained to know what impression it would have on the mind of the dispassionate reader. His love for his father was womanly in its passion and tenderness. To him he was "one of the noblest representatives of the highest type of England's greatest men." Three days after the first Lord Lytton's death he wrote to John Forster, "Each hour brings forth some overwhelming discovery of the nobleness, tenderness, generosity and exquisite beauty of my dear father's peerless nature." Yet the correspondence reveals the novelist as a selfish man of hard, exacting nature, who went near to crushing the fine flower of his son's acute sensibility. As genius developed, and there was prospect of its bringing credit on the family name, his manner mellowed. But by that time Robert Lytton could do without help and encouragement, which, as Dr. Johnson wrote to his tardy patron, "had it been early had been kind." Lady Betty Balfour inherits the literary talent of her father and grandfather. Her delicate work is accomplished with perfect taste, unerring judgment, and a skill that conceals its inherent difficulty.

Mr. H. T. Sheringham, the fishing editor of *The Field*, and Mr. Nevill Meakin, the author of that bloodthirsty but fine novel *The Assassins*, have combined to write *The Enemy's Camp;* which Mr. Macmillan, however, has published quite by himself. I imagine that, when Mr. Sheringham wanted to put in something technical on casts, Mr. Meakin threatened him with a corpse or two, and that in this way the balance was held between them. The result makes very pleasant reading. There is not too much to laugh at, but plenty to smile at; a fund of fresh-air humour in every chapter. The Gladstone Bag *motif*, which runs through the book, is an inspiration. *Charles*, the aristocrat of the little company of friends who are camping out up the river, has with him a bag full of splendid clothes. The rule of the camp being "no collars and no razors," the bag is taken away from him and hidden. Without heat and without reproach, *Charles* spends the rest of the book looking for his clothes; what time the others of the party are enjoying the society of the ladies in the rival camp. If you would discover how at last he found them, you must read on till page 342. You will not be bored on the way.



"TOO MUCH HOME WORK."

(*See "Daily Mail" Correspondence.*)

In Green Fields (Chapman and Hall) consists, ostensibly, of a series of letters written by a London journalist who buys an old house and estate in the country, and runs it on the principle that the land affords ample means of livelihood for its inhabitants. Having read it, I find myself wondering (1) whether Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, the author, is a Socialist with imperialistic leanings, or is merely trying to preach a back-to-the-land gospel—a compromise between the systems of Tolstoy and the week-end cottage; (2) whether any of it really happened; and (3) whether he will get the very large number of readers he deserves.

As for (1), I give it up.

As for (2), I have my doubts. Thus, I am dubious (though I like him) of the gardener who accepts hints from Bacon's *Essays*, which the journalist reads aloud to him while he works.

As for (3), I have hopes, for the book contains much interesting natural history, and the persons who flit about the slender line of narrative are, despite the improbability of their co-existence in one place, all very real and pleasant companions.

We have received the following note from a gentleman who offers to review for us (if we will send it him) a book just published by Mr. Murray, entitled "*Pogroms: their Origin and Management.*" "The Pogrom," he says, "is a sort of cross between the Pug and the Pomeranian, and is one of the most fashionable pets in Society at the present day. In that part of the book devoted to its management, I expect to find many useful hints as to its food, ailments, and so forth. The Pogrom is devoted to children, and this book should be a highly popular present with our young friends at Christmas." We have decided to decline our correspondent's sporting offer.

ABOUT TOBY.

(From Helen and Cecil.)

— PUNCH, ESQUIRE.

MY DEAR SIR,—

May we write to ask you about Toby? (Not the M.P., but the other dog.) We know that he is your dog, and it isn't exactly any business of ours, but *don't* you think there *is* something the matter with him?

HELEN and I have wondered for years and years why he doesn't cheer up, but he *never* does. Nurse says he is likely one of the *born tired* sort."

But then *you* always look so jolly, and we don't think it is *quite* fair for Toby always to look so out of it.

We took him to the harness-room the other day, and most of the men thought he was starting in distemper, because of that droop in the lower lids, but the coachman says he has far more the "Too Old at Forty" look, and that he's holding himself stiff because of the rheumatics, and scowling because he is sure there won't be any Old Age Pensions in his time.

We asked Lady MONTFORT, and she says she is certain it is the *Feather*.

"Dogs nowadays are quite as particular as people, CECIL, and of course the feather is altogether out of date, and his ears—well, they are absolutely rank" (HELEN says I ought to explain that Lady MONTFORT cuddles lap-dogs at big Shows, and comes here afterwards to tell Mother all her wrongs, and how the judges cheated.)

Mother thinks that any dog would dislike a pile of hard books to sit on, and she would send you a new easy-chair for him with *pleasure*. She thinks also that perhaps Toby isn't musical, and keeps his head stiff because of those bells. But Dad is certain that Toby is "all there and quite fit," only that he is offended because you keep all your jokes from him.

I told Dad that of course I knew you would never *mean* to be unkind to poor Toby.

Toby is really awfully like a Lord Justice Person who comes here for week-ends, and, when we asked him what was wrong, he said:

"Counsel been trying to joke a client out of Dartmoor, my boy! Nothing more aggravating to that class of mind for which Mr. Toby is celebrated."

Oh—HELEN has just interrupted. She says I needn't send this at all! Only I have stamped the envelope. The *Almanack* has come, and Toby is *smiling!* We were so awfully excited, until suddenly we wondered—I mean—*is it our* Toby?

We dashed down with both pictures to Dad, and he measured, and certainly *Almanack*-Toby *has* shorter legs. Dad thinks he *may* be his younger brother, but that we had far better write and ask you.

When you reply, there is just one more thing. What are you and *Almanack*-Toby laughing about? We *don't* want to worry all over Christmas. Our *best* guess is that you had invited a dinner-party, and that everybody forgot to come, and so you and *Almanack*-Toby had it all to yourselves.

Goodbye, and hoping you are well, as it leaves us at present,

Your very respectful CECIL.

P.S.—HELEN sends you "A Merry Christmas," and so do I, and hugs and bones to *our* darling Toby. The *bones* are coming by parcel post, only mind the right Toby gets them, please.

[NOTE TO HELEN AND CECIL.—*Mr. Punch* tells me that the *Almanack*-Toby looks so pleased because he's got his Christmas number off his chest, and needn't bring out another one till next year. The Ordinary Toby looks so thoughtful because he knows he has to bring out a fresh number every week of his life, poor beast! He does all the work, you see; and *Mr. Punch* just does the laughing.—ED.]



A HOT RETURN.

"OH, I'M SO SORRY I COULD NOT COME TO YOUR 'AT HOME' YESTERDAY."
"DEAR ME, WEREN'T YOU THERE?"
"WHY OF COURSE I WAS—HOW VERY SILLY OF ME—I *QUITE* FORGOT."

Commercial Candour.

"CRÊPE de Chine slips, in black, ivory, and various colours, copies of French models at three times their price."—*Morning Post.*

"Pedigrees traced: evidences of descent from Public Records."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE most usual evidence is the possession of a skin like parchment. One often reads of such cases of heredity.

A SECRET COMMISSION.

[As far as the author can make out the facts, Augustus, affianced to Amelia, has been instructed by her to purchase some gloves in the West End and forward them to her country address. A secret commission is given to him by a representative of the vendors, but he at once returns it.

Note.—On and after January 1, 1907, the acceptance of secret commissions will constitute an offence against the law of the land.]

Enclosed, Amelia, you will find the gloves,
Three pairs, as ordered—suède, and long and fine,
And of a hue to match the turtle-dove's,
That bird that stands for fond affection's sign;
Also, my conscience being very nice,
I'd have my lady know exactly what
Secret commission on the market price
Her true Augustus got.

For she that o'er the counter served and sold
Had beauty—not of your heart-breaking kind,
But more anæmic, of a frailer mould,
And (need I say, Amelia?) less refined;
And as I sat a-sampling gloves, and deemed
That none was good enough to meet the case,
The shop-handmaiden looked at me and beamed,
Beamed all across her face!

I gave no provocation, I will swear.
The initiative was hers and hers alone;
She must have noticed my connubial air
And claimed the sex's triumph as her own;
Anyhow, there before me smiled the girl,
And O Amelia, count it not for sin
That blushfully I let my features curl
In a slow fatuous grin.

This trivial detail I should not narrate—
Plainly a reflex action, pure of guile—
Only that I discovered too, too late
Your aunt was there and watching all the while;
Therefore I think it best that you should glean
The truth from me, nor let your judgment err,
Tricked by a lurid version of the scene
As it appealed to her.

I trust my story (now you have it right)
May heal between our hearts the threatened breach;
Clean is the breast I make; O clasp it tight
When next I bring it round within your reach!
I took the veiled commission—that is true;
I had a moment's softening of the brain;
And then I thought of Honour and of You,
And gave it back again!

O. S.

Brighton.

"Unsettled. Rain fell steadily for some hours. Madame Albani was unable to fulfil an engagement to appear at a concert . . . Her absence was due to an attack of hoarseness."

The above passage appears in *The Daily Telegraph* under the general heading "Health and Sunshine."

Looking Ahead.

From the "Legal Query" column in the *Melbourne Herald*:

"My first husband has been away from me for over seven years. Would it be legal to marry again? If I did, and my second husband left me, could I sue him for maintenance?"

"P.—Can anyone give directions for the preparation of a dish which, when served, appears to be composed of boiled potatoes and greens with melted cheese mixed in it?"—*Star*.

Answer to "P."—The best way is to boil some potatoes and greens, and mix some melted cheese with them.

THE BOOK-HAWKERS.

The scene is the Strand, the time some few years hence, when our leading authors shall have adopted Miss Gertrude Atherton's *suggestion, in her recent letter to the Press, that authors should print their own books and sell them from barrows in the street. The pavement, as far as the eye can reach, is lined with brainy men of letters. One recognizes among them* Mr. Bernard Shaw, *faultlessly dressed as usual in the conventional costume of the man about town;* Mr. Frank Richardson, *his face almost completely obscured by a full set of chinchilla whisker-fittings;* Mr. Guy Thorne, *trying not to look like* Mr. Ranger Gull; Mr. A. E. W. Mason, *in feathers; and numerous others. In the foreground are Prospective Purchasers.*

First P. P. (*consulting a list*). I always think books make such capital Christmas presents, don't you? Now, let me see——

Second P. P. And this new arrangement is so much better than having to go into a shop. And it's so nice to think of the dear author getting the 800 per cent. profit instead of the publishers. Now, let me see——

Mr. Hall Caine (*with startling suddenness*). Here you are! Here you are! Buy! Buy! Buy! All genuine Manx, and genius in every syllable. We are the old firm. Here you are, lady. *The Eternal City.* All about the great city of Rome, of which you have doubtless heard. *Eternal City*, lady? Highly recommended.

First P. P. Would the dear Duchess like that, do you think? It sounds nice.

Second P. P. I think she would prefer something a little more in the movement. Rome is so very *musty*, isn't it? I wonder which is Hope's barrow.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawker. Hope, lady? Here you are. I've got 'em! I've got 'em! Pick 'em where you like, and choose 'em where you like. This lot is in the old style, dialogue highly spoken of in the best circles, also Ruritanian adventures, a mode to which we have recently recurred. These others are of the middle period. A problem given away with each volume. You prefer the easier kind? Certainly, Madam. Make it up into a parcel for you. George, one *Sophy*, and look slippy about it. Anything else to— No? Thank you, Madam. Good-day, Madam.

First P. P. Well, that disposes of *that*. Now——

Second P. P. My little nephew is just going to school. I must buy him a book. What he wants, I suppose, is——

Mr. Rider Haggard. Blood! Walk this way, walk this way! Buy the boy blood! Try our new thriller. Starts with a fight, and not a let-up till the finish.

Mr. Kipling. Instruction with amusement! We bl[illegible] 'em. We blend 'em! Give the kiddy our last, and see him [illegible]ke in English history till he swells. Do you want, best-beloved, to think 'scruciatingly imperially? This is the place for you. Here we are! Here we *are*!!

Mr. H. G. Wells. Stop. You must picture me writing this book with a certain passion and pleasure, a little forlorn figure with a taste for sporting prophecy . . . or perhaps . . . I wonder . . . to us who move athwart the great . . . Change, Madam? Yes, Madam!—Roll up! Roll up! If you like sentences that break off in the middle into three full-stops, roll up! I'm the qualitee!

Mr. Henry James. If you want sentences that never break off at all——

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Does your face hurt you when you try to smile? Are you weary of the Old Humour? This way for the new cure. Our last! Our last! Full of rollicking death scenes. Tragedy the only true farce. Here you are! Fun and tuberculosis! Comic consumption for all!



THE PART GREATER THAN THE WHOLE.

JAPAN. "MAY I ASK, ARE YOU THE 'UNITED' STATES?"

UNCLE SAM. "WAAL, I CAN'T SAY RIGHT AWAY. I'M JUST CON-SULTIN' CALIFORNIA ON THAT VURRY POINT."

[The Japanese Government has complained that its Treaty with the United States has been infringed by the refusal of the Californian high schools to admit Japanese children. The Federal Government, however, has apparently no power to enforce obedience, on the part of individual American States, to the terms of its own Treaty.]



THE DESCENT TO MAN.

"ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOUR DOG HAS BITTEN THIS CHILD?"
"WELL, THE BOY'S BEEN AGGRAVATING HIM; AND, AFTER ALL, THE DOG'S ONLY *HUMAN!*"

Mr. A. E. W. Mason. Mr. Speaker, Sir, I spy strangers. I mean, look here! Look here! Where *does* Mr. MASON get his lovely fiction? Buy! buy! buy!

Mr. Guy Thorne. What is it master likes so much? Who gets mentioned in sermons by the Bishop of LONDON? Me! Me! Me! Here you are! Religion and Patchouli. Rally round. Rally round.

Confused Chorus of Authors. Here you are . . . Buy! buy! buy! Mediæval Romance . . . Dips into the future, four-and-six a go . . . If you can't afford to winter in Egypt, do the next best thing, and buy our . . . Sicilian scenery . . . Come on! . . . Buy! Buy!! Buy!!!

First Purchaser (as she drives away. The floor and seat of the carriage are completely covered with books. More are coming on in a cab). Oh, dear, I've such a headache.

Second Purchaser. So have I. And I'm certain we've both bought dozens and dozens more books than we wanted. I came out meaning to buy four, and I must have got four hundred.

First P. It's so hard to resist the poor things. They did look so hungry, they *were* so grateful when you bought anything! I thought I should have cried when that pathetic man wanted to give us what he called a dead snip for the Aeroplane Derby of 1950.

Second P. Well, after all, though we have bought so much more than we intended, I suppose we've done some good.

[*They drive off.*

Mr. Kipling. Not bad. Eighty-three *Pucks* gone since lunch. Have to be printing another edition soon.

Mr. Caine. This is no new job for me. Been doing my own booming for years!

Mr. H. G. Wells. Prophecy is all *right.* Comets are moving.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason. I've sold pounds and pounds of *Feathers.*

Mr. E. W. Hornung. My brochure *One Hundred Handy Ways of Killing a Policeman* is going strong.

Mr. Guy Thorne. Ah, my dear friends, ought we not to feel as we look around us how blessed——

Constable X 15. 'Op it, there, 'op it! You've been 'anging about here long enough, you authors. 'Op off, now.

[*They 'op off, as scene closes.*

"What is a Hygienic Shave?"

THIS is a question asked by a barber's shop window in Fetter Lane. The answer is easy. A hygienic shave is a very near thing. Thus, if you were to try the Sun-bath Cure in London just now, and didn't die, that would be a hygienic shave.

Promoting a Nuisance.

A CONTEMPORARY states that Lord MONTAGU has "offered a 500 guineas prize annually for the pest performance of the aeroplane in England." Many a true word is spoken in a misprint!

Making it Quite Clear.

"LADY wishes to recommend a good Plain Cook; leaving through going away."—*Provincial Paper.*

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XIV.

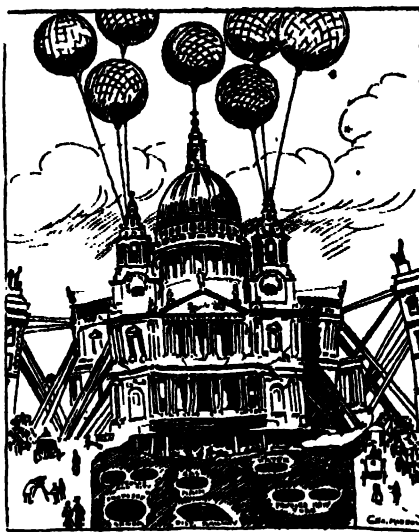
St. Paul's.

No visitor to London, even an American here only for a week end, should fail to see St. Paul's Cathedral; but anyone proposing to do so must hurry, for the edifice is said to be in danger of collapsing at any moment. Several evening papers are subsisting at the present time entirely on this rumour. As to the truth or falsity of it, time alone can testify; but a celebrated architect has given it as his opinion that if it did fall the crash would be terrific, while Sir GILBERT PARKER, interviewed the other day in *Considerable Thoughts*, staked his reputation on the belief that were a collapse to come the cause would be a subsidence of one of the foundations. "In the event of a disaster of this kind," the great publicist added, "nothing could save the ball. It would inevitably come to the ground." No wonder that with authorities such as this in so pessimistic a mood a good deal of anxiety is felt in newspaper-reading circles.

For some reason that his biographers have never fully explained, Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN placed this masterpiece of monumental masonry in the midst of drapers' shops, and fairly near, not only the General Post Office, but also the statues of Sir ROBERT PEEL and Queen ANNE. Londoners to-day, however, have cause to be grateful to the famous architect for also placing the building on a bus route, for were no buses to pass the doors, we should have to reach it either (1) on foot, or (2) in a cab, which would be respectively (1) wearisome, and (2) expensive.

Since the rumours of impending dissolution have gained ground, spreading even to the morning press, it has been debated whether or not traffic should be allowed near St. Paul's at all, for fear of shaking the structure; and several of the minor Canons, with voices of unusual resonance, have been dismissed for similar reasons, or condemned to spend an hour every morning in the Whispering Gallery to learn softer tones.

The theory of Signor MARCONI, that there is sympathy between great buildings all the world over, and that St. Paul's is falling because the Campanile of St. Mark's fell, is treated with scant courtesy by Sir OLIVER LODGE; but none the less there are more things in heaven and earth, as SHAKSPEARE (or was it the Earl of RUTLAND?) said than are accounted for by the philosophy of *Horatio*, and with the ZANCIGS puzzling the whole *Daily Mail* staff, one hesitates to say that anything is impossible or even unlikely.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

The peril of St. Paul's. Renewing the foundation—for which a sinking fund is being raised.

Whatever the cause, the fact remains that St. Paul's is threatened by *The Evening Standard*, and therefore we would say to all intending visitors:—"Go as soon as you can, and don't stay long." Cast-iron umbrellas may be obtained at the corner shop at the Cheapside end; but of course no one born to be hanged was ever killed by a falling stone.

Speculation is always rife as to what will happen to the site of St. Paul's when the *débris* has been cleared away. Dr. CLIFFORD, interviewed on the subject, said he thought that there could not be a better position than this for a Nonconformist College. Mr. OSWALD STOLL, on the other hand, has already completed the plans for a new Empire, while the old cry that there is no good central City garage has again sounded, with some significance. It is also suggested that the summit of Ludgate Hill is obviously the best place on which to erect the platform from which aeroplanes leaving London for Manchester could start.

All this is, of course, premature; but if not premature what are we? Meanwhile, defiant alike of rumour or history, Archdeacon SINCLAIR continues to take his meals in the very shadow of this imposing structure, between each mouthful remarking with infinite *sang-froid*, "Threatened buildings live long." That he may be a true prophet in the present case is the fervent wish of all those not interested in the fall of the celebrated fane.

Mr. HALL CAINE is also among the optimists, but we should, he says, be prepared for the worst, and he has therefore offered as a test case to stand, in the event of demolition occurring, on the top of Ludgate Hill among the ruins, with his head bare, for a whole morning, so that some idea of what the Dome was like may be communicated to sight-seers.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

The peril of St. Paul's. A Sunday morning disappointment.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE remarkable popularity achieved by Mr. WAKELING DRY'S *Life of Puccini* (JOHN LANE), illustrated by photographs of the gifted maestro

> Driving his motor,
> Wrestling at Pompeii,
> In his motor-boat,
> In peasant dress,
> At his farm,
> Snowballing,
> Descending Mount Etna
> on a mule,

has, we are not surprised to learn, prompted a well-known firm of publishers to prepare a series of similarly illustrated monographs of leading British composers.

The first of the series will, of course, be devoted to Sir EDWARD ELGAR, and will be enriched with twelve instantaneous photographs of the famous composer of *Gerontius* by W. G. BEDLAM. Amongst other characteristic poses, Sir EDWARD will be depicted

> In the uniform of the Bavarian Highlanders,
> Playing pelota at Alassio,



Miss Binks (breathless, hurrying to catch London train after week-end trip). "CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME THE *EXACT* TIME?"
Old Salt. "'ALF EBB."

Deerstalking at Edgbaston with Sir OLIVER LODGE,
Dancing the tarantella with Mr. ROBERT HICHENS,
Writing to the Manager of *The Times* Book Club,
Re-dedicating his *Olaf* to the Crown Prince of NORWAY.

The second volume will have Mr. HENRY J. WOOD for its hero, and here Mr. W. G. BEDLAM's magical camera is credibly asserted to have surpassed its own record in the graphic portrayal of the famous conductor. The plates will be forty-four in number, the most enchantingly characteristic being those which represent Mr. WOOD
Standing on his head and conducting with his right foot without a bâton,
Descending Primrose Hill on a toboggan,
Arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the Hereditary Voivode of Mingrelia,
As *Mazeppa*.

Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, whose wonderfully brilliant symphonic extravaganzas have caused RICHARD STRAUSS so much searching of conscience, will be the subject of the third volume. Mr. BEDLAM has secured a set of superb snapshots of the great orchestral virtuoso, amongst which the following are perhaps the most arresting in their mingled charm and appropriateness:
Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE playing full back against the Springboks,
" " playing his arrangement of *The Bells* to Mr. C. F. MOBERLY of that ilk,
" " sailing his model yacht on the Round Pond,
" " playing spillikins with Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON,
" " ascending Ruwenzori on a giraffe.

A painful impression has been caused in musical circles by the rumour that the gifted critic of *The Pall Mall Gazette* has resolved to modify his style and to abandon henceforth the use of the words "vital," "accomplishment," "sensitive," "delicate," "exceedingly," "superlative," "extreme," and "supreme." We understand that a national memorial is being promoted by Mr. HENNIKER HEATON to impress upon the *P. M. G.* critic the desirability of reconsidering this suicidally self-denying ordinance.

We have been asked to correct the erroneous statement that BORIS BOGUSLAWSKI, the famous Wallachian violinist, is the only prodigy in his family. The painful fact now transpires that his younger brothers, BOLESLAS, TASSILO, BRONISLAW, and PANJANDER, and his sisters, WILLIBALDA, MAJUBA, and FRISKINA, are all similarly affected with musical hypertrophy, and that, according to present arrangements, their *débuts* will occur at intervals of a year or so between 1907 and 1914.

A conclusive explanation of the anarchical condition of the Muscovite Empire has been furnished by *The Musical Herald*. The concertina, it appears, is the national instrument of Russia.

Mr. IVOR SCHENECTADY JENKINS, F.R.C.O., who recently adjudicated at the Eisteddfod at Gwaun-cae-gurwen, is going on as well as can be expected.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Three years ago I began to have lessons on the piano. However, owing to illness in the family, I was obliged to give it up. Do you think that if I were to restart in earnest I could make my mark?—YOUNG HOPEFUL.

ANS.—Consult your family doctor, if any of your family are still alive.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POLES.

My suffering Public, judge me not amiss
If, rising from the narrow bonds of Rhyme,
I seek the nobler Blankness of the bards,
Where one may stretch oneself, and go ahead,
Not pausing, save for breath, or fat, round words
To clothe his thought withal. I cannot help it.
I am constrained thereto by such a theme,
A mystery so complex, so obscure,
That I can tackle it no other way.
Permit me, then. And, with apologies,
I now pronounce the purpose of my song.

There are among us certain men who seem
(Mark the poetic glories of that line)
Possessed of an insane desire to scale
Our high terrestrial poles—or North or South—
Say North. And what I want to know is this:—
Suppose they get there, what will happen then?

(There are two North Poles really—I know that;
But for simplicity we'll call them one.)

Take first the compass. This, as you're aware,
Inevitably, with unerring nose,
Points to the North. I'm sure I don't know why;
Such is its mad, mad humour. Now, suppose
You stick it *on* the Pole; how does it act?

First you would say that, as it seeks the North,
And, as that lies directly underneath,
It points straight downwards. So it would appear.
But, mark you, what about the other end?

This (which, with deference, we'll call the Tail)
Has an affinity towards the South,
Equal and opposite in all respects.
One end looks North, the other end looks South.
If, then, your nose points downward to the earth,
From the position of your unshamed Tail
The South Pole must be clean above your head.
But, as you're standing on the northern end
Of the terrestrial axis, for a fact,
The South Pole, being at the other end,
Must stick out right away beneath your feet.
So that your Tail, which points toward the skies,
Must at the same time look the other way.
Dash it, it can't do both. So *that* won't do.

Now for another. This is harder still.
Science, for travail of geographers,
Draws a straight line through Greenwich, pole to pole,
Which she calls nought or zero, which you will.
Now any place that isn't on that line,
Considered in connection with the poles,
Has bearings East or West. Contrariwise,
All of this world that isn't East or West
Must be in line with Greenwich. Mustn't it?

Now then, suppose a person climbs the Pole,
In what direction must that person gaze?
South. For up there there *is* no East or West;
And, though he screw his head off, he can still
Only look Southward. Thus his line of sight,
As it sees nothing lying East or West,
No matter where he looks, must pass through Greenwich.
And, as he slowly circles round his Pole,
And yet can never look away from Greenwich,
It follows that that quaint old-fashioned spot
Moves, with his eye, clean round the world and back.
But Greenwich *doesn't*—hang it, Greenwich *can't*!
Where are we, Readers? Here we are again.

But wait a minute. No. I'll tell you what.
Man, in the limits of his finite mind,
Of finite things alone has cognisance.
All that is real, everything that *is*,
Must have three what's-his-names (Dimensions. Thanks),
Or else it's simply nowhere. Now a line,
Being, as EUCLID properly observed,
Length without breadth, which is ridiculous,
Has one di-what's-his-name, which doesn't count.
We see, then, that meridian through Greenwich,
Saving in Science's disordered brain,
Doesn't exist—and every spot where man
Can rest his foot is something East or West;
There is no atom on this mundane orb
But has its little bearings. Very well.
Now put that person up his Pole again.

Recalling what we said of him before,
It becomes clear to an unbiassed mind
That the position which he occupies
Has bearings neither East nor West. And thus,
If we apply the paragraph above,
Wherever else his doubtful post may be,
It forms no part of this terrestrial globe.
That is to say, there is no Pole at all.
Which being satisfactorily proved,
I fail to see why people want to go there.

DUM-DUM.

THE CITIZEN'S MAGNA CHARTA.

THE "League of Universal Rights" has recently been founded by Mr. PARFITT (who is, we believe, a descendant of CHAUCER'S "verray parfit gentil Knight") in order to crusade against the laxness shown by cabmen, railway guards, omnibus conductors, waiters, and others in the performance of their respective duties.

According to *The Daily Express*, a start was made in the streets of London on December 5 by a representative of that paper and the founder of the League, and some disheartening scenes were the result. The Members, however, are not going to be deterred in the prosecution of their common-law rights, and are prepared to undergo some inconvenience in carrying out the following programme:—

Calls will be made at irregular intervals during the legal hours at the Carlton, Cecil, Savoy and similar hotels, when the several managers, being common innkeepers (as stated on the licences posted up in their front halls) shall be required personally to furnish a Leaguer, or "M.L.U.R.," with a glass of four-ale to be drunk on the premises and as publicly as possible.

The station-masters at the London termini, being employees of Carrying Companies within the meaning of the Act, will be requested to label the luggage of M.L.U.R.'s, and transfer the same to the guard's van during the Christmas holiday season, when the usual shortage of porters is to be expected.

The Postmaster-General, as a paid public official, will be called upon to attend in person at any branch post-office within the County of London and hand over the farthing change on the price of a postcard to any Leaguer, if the latter is dissatisfied with the demeanour or dilatoriness of the young lady behind the counter.

Motto for the Congo Free State.

"RED rubber and the breaking up of laws."

IN the Votes and Proceedings of the House of Commons for December 6, there occurs this:

"Licensing Law: Petition from Eccles for alteration of law."

Poor old *Eccles* of *Caste*! He wants greater facilities!

FORECASTS FOR 1907.



II.—Church Parade on a warm day in 1907.

["Men's dress is showing an increasing tendency to make comfort the first consideration."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE POET'S INFLUENZA.

["Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."—*Pope.*]

To-day, alas! no witty *mots*
Shoot through my keenly quick (ahem!) brain;
I feel a fullness in the nose,
A soreness of the mucous membrane;
My headache, too, is most severe;
The pains within my limbs are stinging;
And, though I've noises in each ear,
'Tis not the Muse that does the singing!

My Pipe is out of tune; I find
That when I breathe thereon it splutters;
Its notes are of the throaty kind,
Or "flash" as those the forger "utters;"
I struggle bravely but, although
My motto says *Nil Desperandum*,
That other thing I have to blow
Would make the very pipes of Pan dumb.

To ask me now for jests and quips
Would be abominably cruel;
Sealed is this pair of lyric lips
That open only for their gruel;
So, reader, don't expect from me
A poem wrought with artful cunning;
You would not ask it could you see
These eyes, like *Charley's Aunt*, "still running!"

BY SPECIAL MOTOR-LICENCE.

[Motor-car marriages are the latest freak of American Society.]

From our Porkville (Pa.) Correspondent.

The fashionable function of the week has been the marriage between Lord Adalbert Fitz-Egmont and Miss Sadie Z. Splosher, which took place on the bride's paternal motor-cars at eighty miles an hour.

The bride was attired in the cutest of 'possum-skin wedding-dresses, with priceless antique motor-goggles said to have belonged to one of her *Mayflower* ancestors, while the bridegroom wore with aristocratic distinction an immaculate motoring-suit of rhinoceros-hide. The officiating clergyman read the marriage service through a megaphone, and the opening voluntary, "*O who will o'er the downs so free?*" was skilfully tooted on the motor-horn.

Owing to Lord Adalbert's unfortunate mislaying of the ring, a spare non-skid band had hastily to be substituted for it at the last moment.

A novel touch was given to the wedding-breakfast by the killing of most of the provender *en route*, but the feast came to an unexpected termination through the front car colliding with a policeman. At the magistrate's court the party was sentenced to pay a fine of $10,000, and the marriage lines were endorsed.

Next month Lord and Lady A. Fitz-Egmont hope to entertain their friends with a motor-car divorce.



Passenger (faintly). "S-s-stop the ship! I've dropped my teeth!"

TO A PRINCETON ROWING MAN.

[Mr. Andrew Carnegie has presented a lake four miles long to Princeton University in order to enable them to start a Boat Club.]

Here's a welcome to our brother from the brotherhood of oars,
From the men who smite the water in their Eights and in their Fours:
They have heard the news with gladness, and they bid him take his seat
With his hands about the spruce-wood and the straps about his feet.

You will learn, they say, to suffer, and your learning will be long,
Through the days of toil and patience that shall serve to make you strong,
Days of tedious repetition in the cold or in the rain,
Days of limitless endurance, days of discipline and pain.

But it's worth it, yes it's worth it: you will find our words are true
When a sudden change converts you from a chaos to a crew;
When your boat moves fast and faster, and your bodies seem to spring
All at once to the beginning from the rapture of the swing.

You shall know the joys of racing, you shall hear the frenzied din
When your flag floats out in triumph and the cheers proclaim a win;
And you'll bear without a murmur, when the fates ordain the test,
To be fairly met and beaten, though you know you've done your best.

And when age, that weary teacher, lays his burden on your back,
You can come and watch the young ones in their yellow and their black;
And your vanished youth will greet you and your heart renew its glow
When you see them swing as you did in the days of long ago.

R. C. L.

"What's in a name? says Shakspeare. The Athlone Urban Council believe that Custume Place will be more acceptable to the general bulk of the residents than Victoria Place. Custume, the brave Irish sergeant, and his comrades sacrificed their lives in defence of the Old Bridge during the Williamite Wars, their heroism being favourably compared with that of Herodotus 'in the brave days of old.'"—*West Meath Independent.*

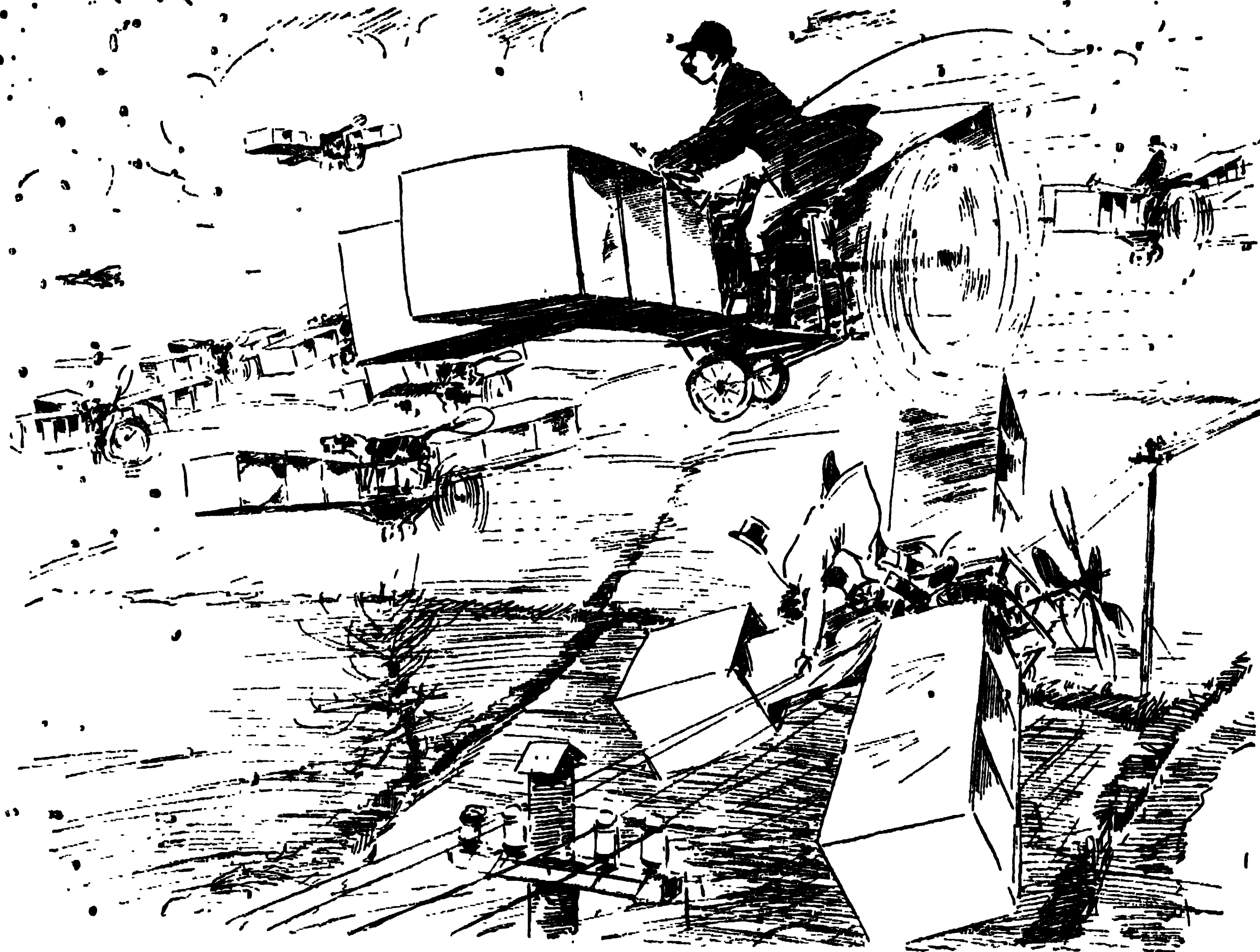
Every schoolboy student of *The Lays of Ancient Rome* will remember how well Herodotus kept the bridge. For, after all, as the *West Meath Independent* reminds us, what's in a name?

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge noble consignments of Calendars and Christmas offerings from Messrs. Raphael Tuck, Marcus Ward, and C. W. Faulkner; Rag-Books from Messrs. Dean; Crackers from Messrs. Caley and Tom Smith; and Pocket Books and Diaries from Messrs. De la Rue and John Walker. He proposes to take the opinion of some of his favourite hospitals on their merits. Regarded as literary achievement, he is quite sure that the printed matter contained in these seasonable gifts would compare favourably with that of many of the masterpieces which overflow his Booking Office.



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

Lansdowne. "*I* BAR YOUR WAY? MY DEAR FELLOW! WHY, YOU'VE GOT A MANDATE!"
Trade Disputes Bill. "WELL, SO HAD MY FRIEND HERE."
Lansdowne. "AH! BUT NOT SUCH A BIG ONE!"



THE CHASE OF THE FUTURE.

(*Extract from letter of sportsman in 190—.*)

Aero Lodge, High Leicestershire: "Am having ripping sport here. The flying foxes we imported are the real straight-necked sort. No more of the old mud-larking for me. And never stopped by frost now. Capital hunt to-day. Poor old Spraggon took a deuce of a toss over telegraph wires—didn't put on steam enough or something. Crocked his flyer anyhow—strained a pinion, I hear."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, Dec. 3.—Generally understood country is seething with excitement. Constitutional crisis at hand. The Lords, harnessed to Education Bill, have taken the bit between their teeth. Are rushing at break-neck speed down a steep place. Midway, slowly advancing to meet them, is the 300 h.-p. motor-car of majority in Commons. Someone surely will be hurt.

Expect to find excitement bubbling at Westminster, where the storm is generated. Looking in at Commons, find the Chamber almost empty. On his feet is Kimber, Bart., moving rejection of Plural Voting Bill. Next to Education Bill this the measure that most deeply excites wrath of Opposition. If it stood by itself, chief work of Session, it would stir lowest depths of political controversy, ending in deadlock between the two Houses. As it is, Kimber's denunciation of its iniquity is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. There are not thirty Members present to have their blood chilled, their flesh caused to creep.

Smith of Liverpool, who followed in a surprisingly prosy speech, complained of the empty state of the Front Bench. "Which Front Bench?" Members asked themselves. That on which the esteemed Leaders of Kimber, Bart., should have been seated was absolutely tenantless. Lulu had the Treasury Bench all to himself.

Nothing daunted, Kimber, Bart., manuscript in hand, read his choice bits. The Bill now before the House was not, he insisted, a solitary example of deeply iniquitous plotting. It completed a triad of fell designs against all that was good in an ancient Constitution. The Education Bill was designed to despoil the Church. The Land Tenure Bill was meant to despoil the landlords. "And this," added Kimber, Bart., fixing Lulu with flaming eye, "is a Bill to despoil the electors."

That's the sort of thing that rises to the height, descends to the depth, of actual political situation. The stranger yawning in the Gallery naturally expected to find the declaration greeted with that storm of cheers and counter-cheers of which he sometimes reads in the papers. If Kimber, Bart., had been remarking on the dampness of the day, or the lengthening hours of mid-winter nights, reception of his remarks could not have been more chilling.

Yet it is true that crisis is at hand. You can almost hear the rumble of the gun-carriages dragged into position. And the House of Commons is in a state of torpidity out of which it is not

disturbed by the fiery eloquence of KIMBER, Bart.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill read a third time. Motion for its rejection negatived by 333 votes against 104.

House of Lords. Tuesday, 1 A.M.—Lord CREWE strolled homeward a stricken man. Lords have completed Report of Education Bill. This stage in respect of any measure is a *locus pœnitentiæ*, provided equally for Ministers and Opposition. If in Committee amendments have been added to a Bill which upon reflection it is found desirable to abandon or modify, it can be, frequently is, arranged on Report. There were sanguine persons who convinced themselves that the action of the Lords in Committee, transmogrifying the Bill on vital points, was what in less august assemblies is known as bluff. Having asserted themselves in Committee, the Opposition would, optimists insisted, come to terms on the Report stage. "Instead of which," as the judge said, they have used the Report stage not only to confirm in the main their amendments in Committee, but to add at least one other more hostile to the spirit of the measure fashioned in the Commons.

"My Lords," gasped the Minister in charge of the Bill when to-night LANSDOWNE sprang on House new series of amendments to Clause 4, "some of us thought the faculty of astonishment had been exhausted by the amendments placed on the paper. That this amendment should, at this stage of the Bill, be moved by the Leader of the Opposition, revives emotion in its most acute form."

Young SALISBURY chuckled. A great day for him. LANSDOWNE might lead; he governed. DEVONSHIRE came forward in favourite character of temporiser. Couldn't the Government suggest some compromise? No; RIPON threw up his hands in gesture of despair in face of an amendment which, he declared, "struck at the very heart of the Bill."

Curious to note here, as at earlier hour of sitting in the Commons, total absence of outward and visible sign of unrest. Benches fuller than in the Commons; but equal lack of movement. The die is cast. There remains only the Third Reading stage, which offers no opportunity of retreat from position taken up on successive clauses. Within ten days Lords and Commons will be at grips, lion and unicorn fighting for the crown of supremacy in legislative action. Not a ripple of excitement shows on the Benches. Heard in silence is the announcement of the figures showing that in a House of 176 Members LANSDOWNE'S fateful amendment has been carried by a majority of 86.

Business done.—Report stage of Education Bill completed.

Thursday.—Usual crop of fairy stories on booksellers' counters marks approach of Christmas. None equal in picturesqueness, point and colour to that just completed by Lords under title "The Education Bill Changeling." It is issued at net price, though, contrary to custom, the precise cost is not fixed. It may prove incalculable.

Plot of the story simple, as are all masterpieces of this class. In the glad summer-time golden-mouthed ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL conveyed from the Commons and left on steps of the Lords a lusty infant. It was his first-born; naturally had lavished upon it exceptional measure of pride and affection. The good Lords, he was certain, would cherish the little one. They with their storied wisdom would judiciously strengthen its frame, add fresh grace and vigour to its dimpled limbs.

Coming back at the appointed time to claim the infant, lo! a changeling was placed in anguished father's arms. Regards it with aversion.

"It's no use to us," he said, handing back the hapless babe to LANSDOWNE. "A poor thing. Certainly not mine own."

LEADER OF OPPOSITION declines the charge. It is not his infant. It is PÈRE BIRRELL'S, so much improved that he scarcely wonders the paternal eye does not recognize it. PÈRE BIRRELL obdurate. So is LANSDOWNE. Meanwhile what is to become of the Changeling?

Business done.—Lords read Education Bill a third time.

AEROPLANITIES.

DESPITE the present boom in flying machines and the huge prizes which are being offered, there was a slight increase in traffic receipts on the Bakerloo Railway last week.

People in the suburbs of Manchester are feverishly putting wired glass in their skylights.

It is claimed for the aeroplane that it is bound to be good for trade generally. Very soon, if the prophets are to be trusted, everybody's business will be looking up, if only to see what to avoid.

It is very rarely that one sees a balloon in our highways and skyways now. The day of the gas balloon (how delightfully mediæval the words sound!) as an aero-vehicle is past.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, speaking at the dinner of the Royal Aeroyachtic Club the other night, declined to say definitely whether he intended to enter a challenger for the Sky Blue Ribbon, but expressed the hope (with the usual catch in his voice) that the best . . . [*Cætera desunt.*

CHARIVARIA.

IT is said that the Socialists, when they come into power, will not only insist on Old Age Pensions, but will make them payable at the age of twenty-one.

With a practical unanimity which is too rarely seen in the French Chamber, the Deputies have adopted the proposal to raise their own salaries from £360 to £600 a year.

It looks as if Prince VON BÜLOW'S recent appeal for better relations between Germany and Great Britain is bearing fruit after all. The German gipsies whom we recently assisted back to their country are so touched by our kindly treatment that they hope to pay us another visit next Spring.

The hero of Köpenick has been sent to prison for four years. It seems a sad fate for a man with an international reputation.

King LEOPOLD, in an interview, has stated that the English people forget the class and character of the natives of the Congo. They are, he declares, a barbarous and uncivilised race. If this be so, it is astonishing that there should not be more sympathy between them and some of the Belgian colonists.

The issue of the latest pattern of peaked cap for all branches of the Army has now begun. The shape is exactly the same as that worn by officers. It will be interesting to watch the effect of this experiment on recruiting. We understand that the Army Council is prepared, if necessary, to go so far as to issue Field Marshals' plumes to the rank and file.

The Army Council has decided that we are to have fewer Colonels. Mr. ROOSEVELT, who is not wanting in courage, has never dared to propose such an idea in America, where it would threaten the position of the vast majority of his fellow-citizens.

The Government is about to abolish Geography as a subject of examination for candidates for the Diplomatic Service. Arrangements, we understand, are to be made for explaining to our diplomats, when future appointments take place, the whereabouts of the particular country to which they are accredited.

Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, whose achievements in postal reform are so well known, is, we notice, continuing to take an interest in men of letters. His energy seems to be boundless; as a foreigner said to him the other day, he is indeed a busy body.

Mr. F. R. Church, an American painter, has just returned to New York after a tour of the European picture galleries. "What impressed me most about the Old Masters," he tells a *New York Herald* reporter, "was that they did too much work." And what impresses us is the fact that the tireless old fellows are still producing pictures — which American millionaires buy.

We should be the last to object to a joke in the right place, but we must confess it was somewhat of a shock to come across some comic spelling in President Roosevelt's otherwise dignified Message to Congress.

The rivalry between motor omnibuses and trams, so far from dying out, seems to get more acute. Last week, in the Seven Sisters Road, a motor omnibus locked itself with a tram and dragged it off the line.

Flying machines, it is declared, will be much safer than motor-cars. "Seeking safety in flight" is certainly a well-known figure of speech.

"One penny—all made to wind up!" cried the hawker. "What 's that—a list of new Companies?" inquired an absent-minded investor.

The largest Christmas cake in the world is now on view in a shop at Fulham. It took two months to make, and contains 5 cwts. of currants, 5 cwts. of sultanas, 5 cwts. of lemon-peel, 30 cwts. of flour, 16 cwts. of sugar, and 8 cwts. of butter, and we can imagine no more acceptable present for a boy.

The money taken at the Zoological Gardens during the past twelve months reached the record figure of £21,563, and there is a growing feeling among the animals that they ought to share in the prosperity. Rumours reach us of a movement, set on foot by the gluttons, for insisting on double rations on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

High top-boots for dogs are now being sold in the shops of New York. Greyhounds are said to look better in them than dachshunds.

Bits for Boys is the title of a volume which has just appeared. We all know that boys are difficult to manage, but we deprecate the suggestion that they should be treated like horses.

Mr. Armiger Barclay declared in *The Monthly Review* that the actor is not an artist; that he creates nothing, that he is full of vanity. It was with a feeling of intense relief that we read last week a denial of these charges by a number of our leading actors.

A vicious bullock which disorganised the traffic on the London and South-Western Railway between Ascot and Egham one day last week, and defied the railway officials for about two hours, has been shot. It is proposed to place cautionary notices, drawing attention to this fact in all fields near the line where there are cattle.

Three eminent architects have consented to make an inquiry into the structural condition of St. Paul's Cathedral. How the Government came to let slip an opportunity for the appointment of another Royal Commission is a puzzle.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is to be extended to Domestic Servants, and in future, when Mary Jane breaks our valuable china, we shall have to pay her compensation for the shock to her system?



BON VOYAGE!

"Wake up, wake up, old chap! You'll have us in the ditch in a minute!"
"What! Haven't you got the reins?"

"Figures as Illustrations."

For a really helpful comparison one instinctively turns to *The Evening News*. Writing of the Great Wheel, it says:—

> "The following new facts concerning the structure, supplied by the engineer, will be found interesting. The height of the wheel is 300 ft., which is equal to a company of infantry of sixty men, 5 ft. high, standing one on top of the other."

"300 ft." can convey nothing to anybody. "Sixty men, 5 ft. high, standing one on top of the other"—the image leaps to the mind at once.

MARGERY'S SOCK.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN MARGERY was three months old I wrote a letter to her mother:

DEAR MADAM,—If you have a copy in Class D at 1*s.* 10*d.* net, I shall be glad to hear from you. I am,
THE BABY'S UNCLE.

On Tuesday I got an answer by the morning post:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours: How dare you insult my cheild? She is in Class A1, priceless, and bought in by the owner. Four months old on Christmas Day. Fancy! I am,
THE BABY'S MOTHER.

MARGERY had been getting into an expensive way of celebrating her birthday every month. Hitherto I had ignored it. But now I wrote:

DEAR MADAM,—Automatically your baby should be in Class D by now. I cannot understand why it is not so. Perhaps I shall hear from you later on with regard to this. Meanwhile I think that the extraordinary coincidence of the baby's birthday with Christmas Day calls for some recognition on my part. What would MARGERY like? You, who are in constant communication with her, should be able to tell me. I hear coral necklaces well spoken of. What do you think? I remember reading once of a robber who "killed a little baby for the coral on its neck"—which shows at any rate that they *are* worn. Do you know how coral reefs are made? It is a most fascinating business.

Then there is a silver mug to be considered. The only thing you can drink out of a mug is beer; yet it is a popular present. Perhaps you, with your (supposed) greater knowledge of babies, will explain this.

Meanwhile, I am,
THE BABY'S UNCLE.

P.S.—Which is a much finer thing than a mother.

To which her mother:

MY DEAR BOY,—It is too sweet of you to say you would like to get Baby something. No, I don't know how coral reefs are made, and I don't want to. I think it is wicked of you to talk like that; I'm sure I shan't dare to let her wear anything valuable now. And I don't think she really wants a mug.

I'm sure I don't know what she does want, except to see her uncle (There!), but it ought to be something that she'll value when she grows up. And of course we could keep it for her in the meantime.

ARTHUR has smoked his last cigar to-day. Isn't it awful? I have forbidden him to waste his money on any more, but he says he *must* give me 500 for a Christmas present. If he does, I shall give him that sideboard that I want so badly, and then we shall both go to prison together. You will look after Baby, won't you?

I am, THE BABY'S MOTHER.

P.S.—Which she isn't proud, but does think it's a little bit classier than an uncle.

And so, finally, I:

DEAR CHILD,—I've thought of the very thing. I am, THE BABY'S UNCLE.



Mary Jane (to young brother). "'ERE, DON'T YOU PLAY WITH 'IM. 'E'LL LEARN YER TO SWEAR!"

That ends Chapter I. Here we go on to

CHAPTER II.

Chapter II. finds me in the Toy Department of the Stores.

"I want," I said, "a present for a child."

"Yes, sir. About how old?"

"It must be quite new," I said, sternly. "Don't be silly. The child is only a baby."

"Ah, yes. Now here—if it's at all fond of animals——"

"I say, you mustn't call it '*it*.' *I* get in an awful row if *I* do. Of course, I suppose it's all right for you, only—well, be careful, won't you?"

The attendant promised, and asked whether the child was a boy or girl.

"And had you thought of anything for the little girl?"

"Well, yes. I had rather thought of a sideboard."

"I beg your pardon?"

"A sideboard."

"The Sideboard Department is upstairs. Was there anything else for the little girl?"

"Well, a box of cigars. Rather full, and if you have any——"

"The Cigar Department is on the ground floor."

"But your Lord Chamberlain told me I was to come here if I wanted a present for a child."

"If you require anything in the toy line——"

"Yes, but what good are toys to a baby of four months? Do be reasonable."

"What was it *you* suggested? A sideboard and a cigar?"

"That was my idea. It may not be the best possible, but at least it is better than perfectly useless toys. You can always blow smoke in its face, or bump its head against the sideboard. *Experto crede*, if you have the Latin."

Whereupon with great dignity I made my way to the lift.

In the Sideboard Department I said: "I want a sideboard for a little girl of four months, and please don't call her '*it*.' I nearly had a row with one of your downstairs staff about that."

"I will try to be careful, Sir," he replied. "What sort of a one?"

"Blue eyes, and not much hair, and really rather a sweet smile . . . Was that what you wanted to know?"

"Thank you, Sir. But I meant, what sort of a sideboard?"

I took him confidentially by the arm.

"Look here," I said, "you know how, when one is carrying a baby about, one bumps its head at all the corners? Well, not too much of that. The mothers don't *really* like it, you know. They smile at the time, but . . . Well, not too many corners . . . Yes, I like that very much. No, I won't take it with me."

The attendant wrote out the bill.

"Number, Sir?"

"She's the first. That's why I'm so nervous. I've never bought a sideboard for a child before."

"Your Stores number, I mean, Sir."

"I haven't got one. Is it necessary?"

"Must have a number, Sir."

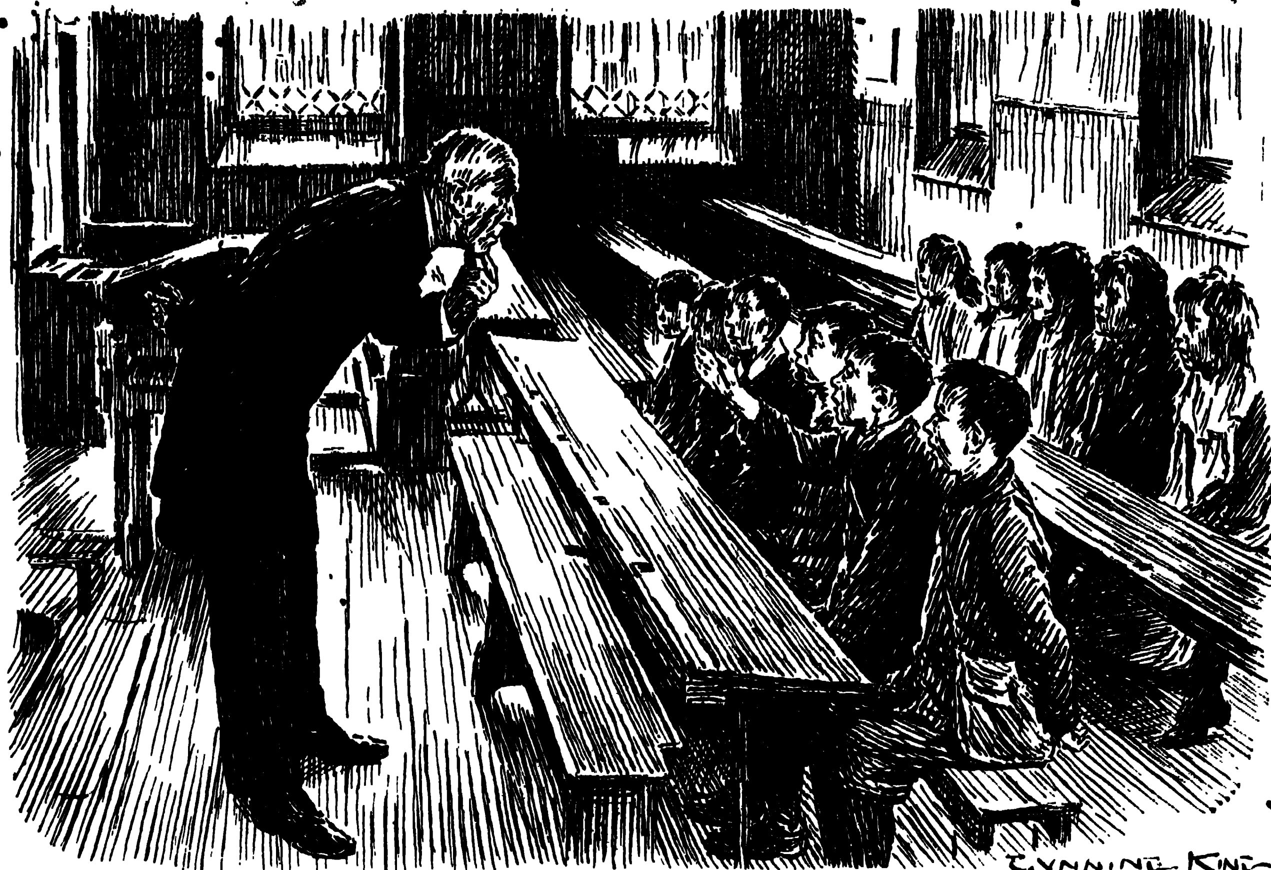
"Then I'll think of one for you . . . Let's see—12345, how does that strike you?"



INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

Alice . . MR. BIRRELL. *The Cheshire Cat* . . MR. BALFOUR. *Pig* . . EDUCATION BILL.

"'BY-THE-BYE, WHAT BECAME OF THE BABY?' SAID THE CAT; 'I'D NEARLY FORGOTTEN TO ASK.' 'IT TURNED INTO A PIG,' SAID ALICE. 'I THOUGHT IT WOULD,' SAID THE CAT."—*Alice in Wonderland.*



Diocesan Inspector. "EXPLAIN 'HONOUR' IN THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT."
Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY DON'T TEACH US *DOGMA* IN OUR SCHOOL."

opportunity of drawing the attention of the great B. P. to Kaffirs as a suitable investment. I myself have a supply with which I am prepared to meet all demands. This would of course be a sacrifice, but it would be cheerfully made in answer to a great Wave of Public Enthusiasm."

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE writes:

"I was not at the match, as I was assisting at a demonstration by Mr. and Mrs. ZANCIG. What a wonderfully subtle telepathic talent is possessed by these two simple people! I *could* write at length upon this fascinating topic, but I refrain. With regard to this football match, I am in favour of both courses you suggest."

Answers have not yet come to hand, but are anxiously awaited, from the KAISER, King LEOPOLD and the President of the UNITED STATES.

The Daily Mail, in its account of the dissolution of the Reichstag, says: "The entire House, *with the exception of the refractory majority* .... cheered itself hoarse." We recommend these felicitous phrases to our Tory contemporaries for any occasion when a speech by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR has been received with enthusiasm by the Opposition.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch once made a picture for the Duchess of SUTHERLAND's Guild of Crippled Children of the Potteries. He is now commissioned to invite the many among his friends who are lovers of children to go to Stafford House this Wednesday afternoon (Dec. 19), when there is to be a sale of the delightful handiwork (in metal, &c.) of this same Guild.

GRACE AFTER MEALS.

(From a supporter of the Children's Feeding Bill.)

To the Members who voted for breakfast or lunch
For the poor little children, this greeting from *Punch*.
In the turmoil of parties you've done what you could,
And *Punch* from his office pronounces it good.
He has seen how the children, obeying your rule,
Go hungry and wretched and feeble to school.
He has seen how their efforts at learning are vain,
How they strive and are beaten by hunger and pain;
How, their brains in confusion, their stomachs unfed,
They drag on through the day and go hungry to bed;
And he saw how *your* children are fed and have fun,
And he thought it was time to let something be done.
So he welcomed your plan, for his heart was on fire,
For giving poor children the food they require.
Now your task is completed; the Bill has gone through,
Though the pedants with bees in their bonnets looked blue.
They were few, and you laughed as you noticed their frown;
You despised their obstruction and voted them down.
For your votes and your labour in crushing the cranks
Mr. Punch and the children award you their thanks.

AN advertisement in *The Motor* quotes the testimony of a gentleman from Moreton-in-the-Marsh, who states that he has run a certain car "nearly 412,500 miles in four months, and is more than pleased with it." As this works out (on a basis of twenty-four hours' running *per diem*) at about 143 miles per hour, we have pleasure in asking what the police are doing in Moreton-in-the-Marsh and its vicinity.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter XV.

London's Humour.

You have already had a taste of London's humour in Mr. Plowden's Court, and probably you have been convulsed a hundred times a day ever since your arrival by some repartee of the street, made either by cabmen or bus drivers, every one of whom, as is well known, is a humorist in disguise—often so well disguised as to be undiscoverable. Possibly you yourself have been the butt of an original sally, such as "Get your hair cut" or "There goes old Bill Bailey," and if so we hope you did justice to the wit, because the theory that London's drivers are witty has got to be fostered in every way. It is as important a tenet of our creed as that John Bull, the typical Englishman, is an antiquated beefy farmer with a tendency to apoplexy.

London's humour may also be found in its fine flower in the music halls, where our greatest and most successful laughter-makers bring off their triumphs.

You may perhaps know something of the process by which herrings are split open, dressed and dried for more leisurely consumption than is possible when the fish is fresh. The process to which we allude is known as kippering, and the herring thus kippered is a breakfast-table delicacy. There seems to be nothing very comic about it. And yet, such is the Londoner's quickness and sense of humour, no one on the music-hall stage can mention the word kipper without plunging the audience into abysses of mirth.

The sausage is equally provocative; but that perhaps is more to be understood, since from the beginning of time it has been an article of humour to affect that the sausage contained everything except pig—dogs and horses in particular, and after them cats and buttons, and so forth. Such is our respect for antiquity that in England we laugh at everything that our parents and grandparents laughed at before us, particularly at our mother's mother.

Anyone who doubts this has only to visit the latest and most original example of what, in one of our rare bursts of irony, we call musical comedy.

The list of the favourite and guaranteed jokes of Londoners has not been exhausted, but very nearly so. There remain, after kippers, sausages, and our mother's mother, only two topics—alcoholic poisoning and marital infidelity. With the mention of these, the catalogue is complete. No comedian can be sure of a laugh who deals with any other theme, and no comedian can fail of a laugh who offers himself as a heroic practitioner in either of those two last-mentioned branches of humour.

When we come to genuinely impromptu wit, the *locus classicus* is of course Capel Court, and after Capel Court the Law Courts. Perhaps it would be well to take the Law Courts first, for here that laughter which resides always in parentheses—thus, "(laughter)"—is at its best, and that is what you want, we suppose. The quickest route to the consummation is by way of the artless query. A Counsel, we will suppose, mentions a light of the stage or the turf, let us say, for example, a Springbok. Here is the really witty Judge's opportunity. "What," he asks with an exquisite air of perplexity and polite lunacy, "what is a Springbok?" On these words the Court begins to rock and stagger to the total disregard of the pathetic notice on the wall, "*Please do not spit*"—and another joke is added by the reporters to the great and shining roll.

At Capel Court, where the stockbrokers gambol, the wit is of a more practical nature. Objection might be urged by a purist against the humour of such a question as "What is a Springbok?" or "Who is Camille Clifford?" but there can be no question that it is funny to affix secretly to a financier's back a placard bearing the words, "Please kick me." In the intervals of money-making that joke has been thought of by quite a number of City men and instantly acted upon. The placard is the principal vehicle for Capel Court humour, but there are other manifestations too, such as the exchanged hat, or umbrella filled with rice and rolled up again.

But we must stop. We have perhaps said enough to show that London is not the grey city it has sometimes been said to be; not the "stony-hearted step-mother" of De Quincey's *Confessions;* but the home of innocent mirth and laughter—if only one knows where to go for them.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

Frenzied Finance. A busy day on 'Change.

TO AN ARTIST IN NEWSPAPER POSTERS.

To one who, on the morning bills
The World's gyrations summarises,
Plays to the public taste in thrills,
And dishes up our daily crisis;
Whose web of Life 's a hectic tweed,
Of loud design, and coarse in tissue;
Who writes that "he who runs may read"—
And, reading, buy the latest issue:—

Thine is the power to give or hold,
The succulent detail to mention,
Or hint that what remains untold
More richly merits our attention;
Thine the imaginative grace
Which makes the drop suggest the fountain,
Or on the molehill's slender base
Erects the high, parturient mountain.

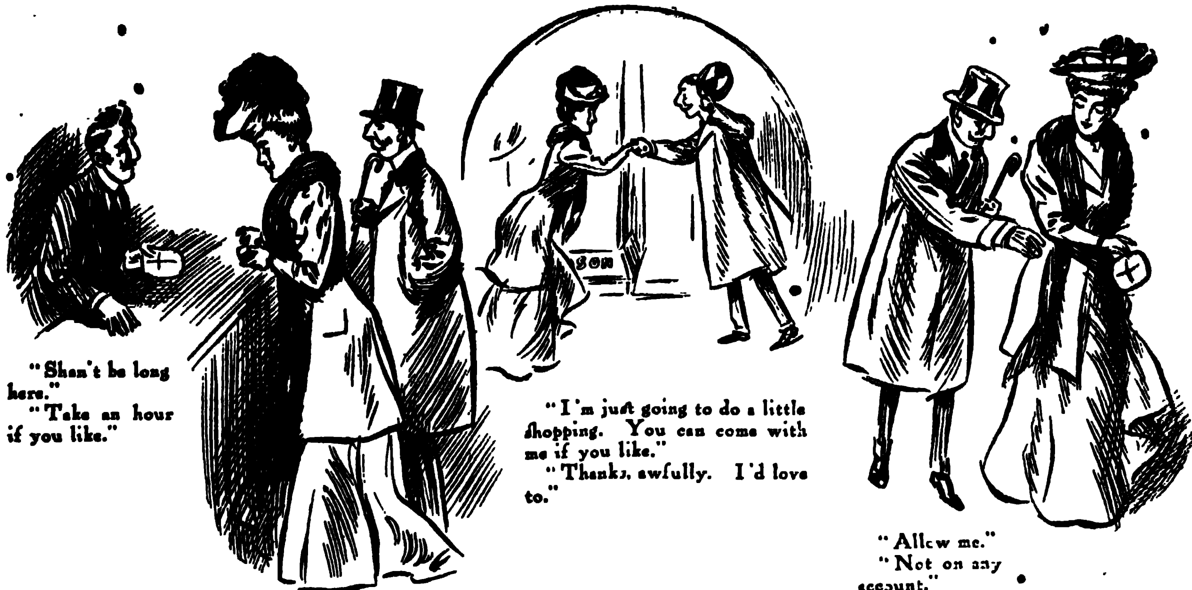
Though storm and earthquake, fire and flood
Their dread activities should fetter,
Though men desist from deeds of blood,
Though there be no absconding debtor,
Though the war-dogs slip not their chains,
And nation dwells at peace with nation,
While yet thy hand its skill retains
We shall not fail of our sensation.

On hearing of the Reichstag's refusal to vote supplies for the war, the Herreros expressed great sympathy for the Kaiser in his pecuniary embarrassment. They are a sporting lot, and we understand that they have offered to advance a few sinews of war (in kind, of course—beads, feathers, rum, &c.), so that the enemy may not have to break off the game in the middle for want of funds.

"Motor Cycle for Sale, 2¾ h.-p., equal to 3¼ h.-p."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

Discount of ½ h.-p. for cash?

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.



"Shan't be long here."
"Take an hour if you like."

"I'm just going to do a little shopping. You can come with me if you like."
"Thanks, awfully. I'd love to."

"Allow me."
"Not on any account."
"I insist."



"Tired?"
"All right, thanks! Got a chair."

"Hope you're not getting bored?"
"Ra-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ther not."

"Lovely for the children! No, don't wrap it up, it'll be easier to carry."



"Nearly done now. I'm afraid I'm giving you an awful lot of trouble."



"Not at all. It's a pleas——"

LETTERS FROM "THE TIMES."

[The ingenuity of the Manager of *The Times* requires no assistance from the author of the following types of appeal. Still he offers them in that quarter with the faint hope that they may suggest new fields of usefulness.]

I.

To John Brown, Sea View, Balham, S.W.

Printing House Square, E.C.

Dear Sir,—Christmas is close upon us, and no doubt the usual family gathering will soon be assembling at your table. Probably the one thing of all others emblematic of this festive season is the Turkey for the Christmas Dinner. I can quite understand that, as a busy man, you will have had no time to give this important matter that personal attention which it deserves; and indeed it is not unlikely that this letter will be the first reminder you have had of your duties as the host of so many old friends and relatives.

The Times, as you are aware, is read by "the Country Gentry and the well-to-do and wealthy classes." Now *The Times* is too good to be, and consequently seldom is, thrown away after the nobility upstairs have finished with it. In nearly every case it passes down to the servants' hall; and the servants, when they have read the leading articles, either give it away or else sell it by weight to the tradespeople with whom they deal. It follows that all the high-class firms, such as habitually deal with the nobility and gentry, will see *The Times* regularly; and among these firms it may be safely assumed that several good-class poulterers will be included . . . .

In view of the above considerations I feel sure that you will see the importance to yourself and your guests of advertising in *The Times* for your usual Christmas Turkey. I am, Yours faithfully,

The Manager.

II.

To Mrs. Jones, The Cottage, Puddletown.

Printing House Square, E.C.

Dear Madam, I see from *The East Puddletown Sentinel* that you have a second-hand bassinette that you wish to dispose of. Permit me to call your attention to the excellence of *The Times* as an advertising medium for this class of property. *The Times*, as you are aware, is read by "the Country Gentry and the well-to-do and wealthy classes." Now in such families it is above all necessary, for reasons of entail into which I need not enter here, that a direct descent in the male line should be ensured. It follows that in nearly every mansion and ancestral hall (where *The Times* is taken) there is to be found some little child or other, playing on the hearth, blissfully unconscious of the great inheritance which is one day to be his. Further, it may be safely assumed that the parents or grandparents of such a child, being in need of a perambulator, mail-cart, or bassinette in which to wheel him about the wooded grounds or by the margin of the well-stocked lake, would consult the advertisement columns of *The Times* before making their purchase.

In view of the above considerations I feel sure you will see the importance to yourself, and the child who has now outgrown this relic of his youthful days, of advertising in *The Times* your wish to dispose of your bassinette.

I am, Yours faithfully

The Manager.

III.

To Master Thomas Robinson,
The College, Cliffborough.

Printing House Square, E.C.

Dear Sir,—Before your Academy closes for the vacation, and you return once more to the congenial atmosphere of the home circle, permit me to call your attention to a matter of some moment to yourself.

In a few days from now you will doubtless be receiving those monetary offerings, from uncles and other relatives, so usual at this season of the year. No sooner will the coins be in your pockets than you will begin to wonder how you can lay them out with most advantage to yourself. Probably you will decide to spend a good proportion of them in the purchase of foreign stamps to add to your collection. Permit me to call your attention to the excellence of *The Times* as an advertising medium for this class of goods.

The Times, as you are aware, is read by "the Country Gentry and the well-to-do and wealthy classes." Now such families, being of substantial means and able to indulge their every whim, will in many cases spend a great part of their time abroad in foreign countries; it being generally recognised that of all luxuries that of travel is the most to be desired. Further, it may be safely assumed that, while abroad, they will contract many new friendships among the natives of the countries through which they pass, and that these new friends will desire to keep up a correspondence with them on their return to their English homes. We thus see that it is practically certain that, in all mansions where *The Times* is taken, the daily post may be counted upon to contain numerous letters bearing foreign stamps upon their envelopes.

Again, it generally happens in these noble families that at least one member of them has either enlisted in some Colonial corps, or has had to emigrate suddenly to one of our Dependencies. What more likely than that he should write home at least once each mail to say how happy he feels in his new life? It follows that the fortunate recipients of these letters (and of those from foreign countries that I mentioned above) will have many duplicate stamps in their possession, and will be only too glad to dispose of them at an unusually cheap rate.

In view of the above considerations I feel sure you will see the importance of inserting at once an advertisement in *The Times* to call attention to your need of good stamps for your album.

I am, Yours faithfully,

The Manager.

THE LAST GROUSE.

(*December* 10.)

'Tis the last grouse of Autumn
Disturbed on the hill,
And the yells of the beaters
Are piercing and shrill;
In my butt I await him,
Yet nothing espy,
Except the dark moorland,
Except the dark sky.

Oh! the prospect is dreary,
With snow on the ridge,
And weather more suited
For firelight and Bridge;
On the wings of a blizzard
With black clouds behind,
The last grouse of Autumn
Comes whirring down wind.

Time was when in August
He rose from my boot,
And he gave me an instant,
Though I missed him, to shoot;
But now, a tough veteran
Of whipcord and wire,
He's a speck far to leeward
Before I can fire.

I'll not hit thee, thou last one,
So swift and so tough,
Even granting I see thee,
Which is doubtful enough:
Thus vainly I scatter
My pellets like hail,
At what I conclude is
Thy vanishing tail.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Gloucester Citizen*:—

"LOST, on Friday last, from Butcher's Cart, Shoulder Mutton.—Finder please return to B. Palmer."

If any of our readers has found it he should certainly return it to the owner in the course of the next week or two.

"Mr. Soares coined a happy phrase when he said that there must not be peace at any price, but peace with honour."—*Chronicle.*

This is from "the abstract and brief chronicles" of the debate—to "coin" another happy phrase. Like Mr. Soares we ask for more.

THE WHISPERING WEEK.

I.

This is the whispering week.

I don't mean to say that there has been no whispering in the few weeks immediately preceding it; but this is whispering week above all others.

There is whispering in every corner—whispering and caballing, plotting and planning, arranging and calculating, and a great deal of counting of money.

And every plot and every plan is being made for someone's happiness.

Mostly, perhaps, for mother's.

But for father's, too, and for the happiness of sisters and brothers and uncles and aunts and cousins and relations and schoolfellows.

And cook.

Everyone is to have something, even if it is only a joke, such as a lump of coal done up in heaps of pieces of paper.

For not only is this the whispering week, it is also the great week for brown paper and tissue paper and string.

Yes, and sealing-wax.

During the whispering week you may smell sealing-wax all over the house, and you must be very careful how you open drawers and cupboards, because you may come on a pile of parcels that you ought not to know anything about.

But everyone *is* careful.

II.

This is the whispering week.

The whisperers' faces wear expressions of triumph and mischief and the most important secrecy.

And if you had sharp ears and were invisible you would hear such phrases as these:—

"I've only got two-and-sevenpence altogether."

"But *I* wanted to give her that."

"Oh, not another photograph frame."

"I'm sure he's got a match-box."

"I shan't tell you, of course, but *I* know what father's going to give you."

"Did you give four-three each for them? Why! they're only three-three at Blackley's!"

"Well, I spent my last penny this morning, so everybody else will have to have cards."

III.

This is the whispering week.

It is also the week of woolwork against time, and embroidery *in extremis*.

It is the week when most of the tea-cosies and egg-warmers and kettle-holders and soft slippers of the world are finished.

It is the week of secret sewing, when work is hurriedly scurried away or hidden under a cloth directly the door-handle is turned.

But it is also the week of honourably-averted eyes by those who expect table-centres and doyleys.

Everyone is tactful in whispering week.

IV.

This is the whispering week, and may it never cease to be!

For it is a week of very warm hearts.



Amelia (at a dance given in honour of a flying visit from the Fleet). "So you're off again to-morrow? Oh, you sailors *are* such Birds of Paradise!"

"Recipe for Indigestion.—½ oz. of compound tincture of gentian, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, 30 drops of essence of peppermint."—*Star.*

It certainly sounds as though it would give anybody indigestion.

"M. S.—The no-breakfast idea rests on the theory that one ought to give time for the assimilation of food as well as a little salt mixed lightly together, rolled into balls, and dropped into boiling water and boiled for twenty minutes?"—*P.T.O.*

Personally *we* should be resting after this theory, too.

The accusation so often levelled against the Government of having seized every possible opportunity for appointing Royal Commissions is entirely undeserved. No Royal Commission has yet been appointed to report on what all the other Commissions are doing.



McFoozler (*after a steady sequence of misses*). "AH—ER—IS THERE A *LIMIT* FOR THESE LINKS?"

A HARD LINE OF BUSINESS.

(*Being a note from the Diary of a "Fluffy" Girl.*)

I CAME into *The Beauty of Blackpool* half-way through rehearsals because LULU PRENDERGAST caught mumps, which made her useless for a Show Lady. The Fluffy Girls had a smart line each to say when RUPERT tried to kiss us all in turn. Mine was, "Ah! there's many a slip between the cup and the lip," and though I only got it late in the evening I was letter-perfect by eleven next morning, when the rehearsal began. But of course I hadn't had time to think out how to say it, so when I got my cue I asked Mr. WALKER, the producer, to give me some business.

He said, "Just put your tongue out when you say it, saucily, like this." That was easy enough, but it made it rather hard to enunciate clearly, and when we went through the scene again he changed it. He said, "When you say 'cup' do this, as if you were pouring out a cup of tea; and when you say 'lip' put your finger on your mouth and smile, like this:" and he made a face like a Gaiety photograph.

That was much easier, and I did it perfectly when we went through the scene again, only I put my finger on my mouth when I said 'cup,' and poured out tea at 'lip.' And next time I did the business all right, but I said, "There's many a lip between the slip and the cup," and Mr. WALKER lit a cigarette, which is said to be a very bad sign with him.

Just then an awful scrubby man, who I supposed had come about the gas, came out of a corner, where he had been sitting watching us, and said: "Don't you reckon, Mr. WALKER, that she might sort of pretend to slip on the floor when she says 'slip'?" Mr. WALKER said it was a very good, novel idea, and I did it that way next time and got the words all right too.

The scrubby man, who was Mr. STEIN, the Manager, then said: "Don't you reckon, Mr. WALKER, it'd be bright if she held a cup behind her back till the word 'cup,' and then showed it to RUPERT?" Mr. WALKER, who I could see was getting quite annoyed with him, said he thought it was rather too much business to crowd one line with. But Mr. STEIN said: "I reckon she kin do it if she'll hustle."

So they got a cup and we did the scene all over again. But by this time I was getting rather tired, and mixed up the beastly "slip" and "cup" again, and Mr. WALKER went and strode up and down on the prompt side, trying to get the thing right in his own head.

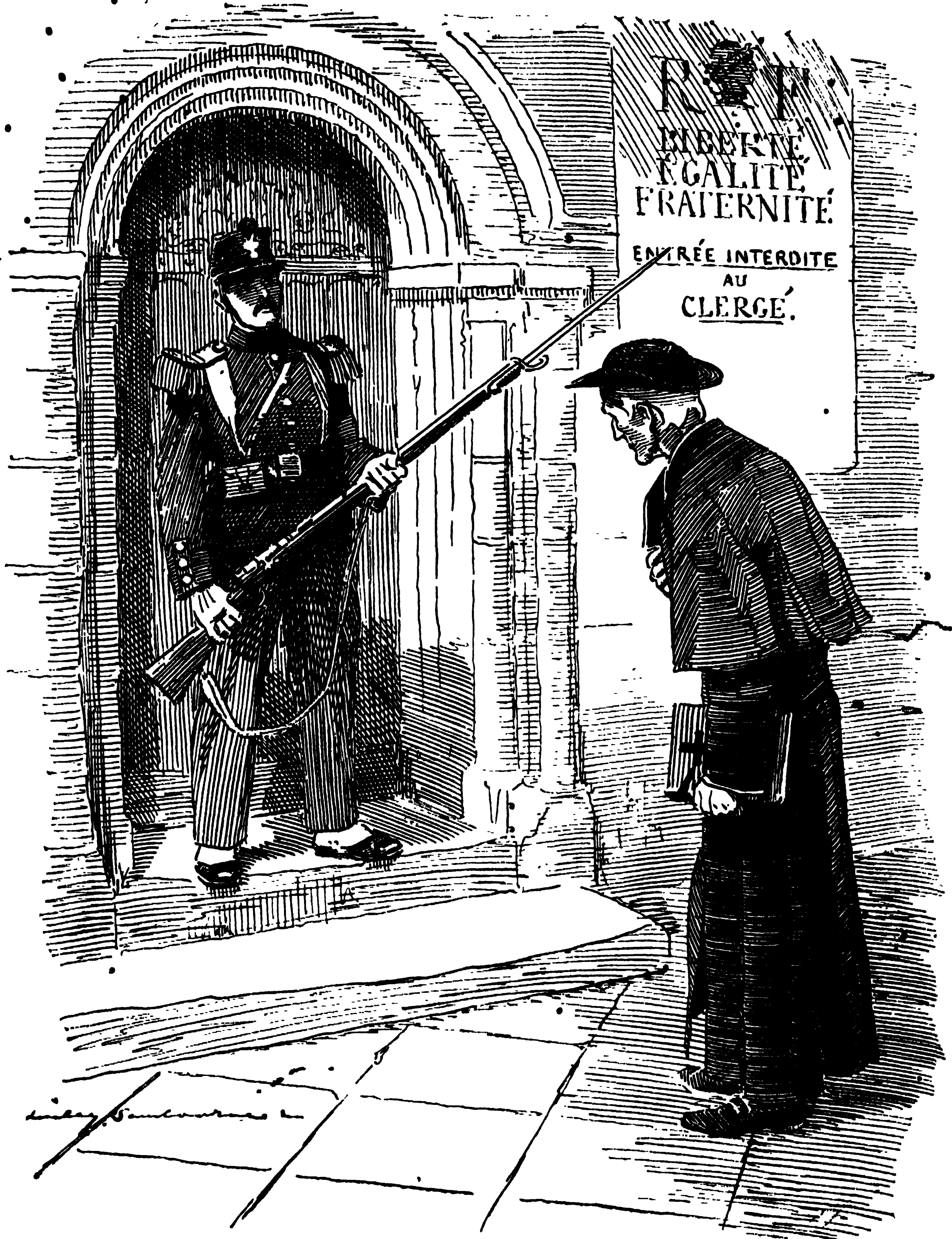
When he came back he was very kind, and explained it all to me so nicely. Just before we began again Mr. STEIN suggested that I should drop the cup on the stage, because it is always a sure laugh if you can break a bit of china in a play. Mr. WALKER said, "Certainly," and RUPERT lent me his tobacco pouch to drop during rehearsal. But when I got my cue again I clean forgot to drop it. I was getting right down nervous now, for all the other girls were saying hateful things under their breath.

Well, Mr. WALKER looked at me for quite a minute, and then he said: "My love"—oh! so cruelly—"you ought not to be an actress. You ought to be a producer, my angel. Tell me, my pet, do you really prefer your way to mine? because if so you must get another show to do it in, my beautiful adored one."

So I burst into tears and told him that I was engaged as a Show Lady and not as a Juggling Speciality, and I couldn't be expected to learn all that business in half a minute.

Then Mr. STEIN came back to say that he thought he'd keep the china-breaking till the third act, which wanted strengthening. So Mr. WALKER said I needn't drop the cup. He said: "Just do it the way I showed you before," and simply *shouted*, "Silence!"

But when I got my cue I found that I'd forgotten my line altogether, and so I fainted.



THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 10.—House this afternoon presented appearance indicative of historic occasion. All seats on floor thronged at Question time. Aliens from Treasury Bench settled on steps of SPEAKER's chair or in Gangway. Side galleries filled. Strangers' galleries banked up with humanity. The Peers, who had their own little constitutional crisis in matter of Plural Voting Bill, forsook their chamber, crowding the gallery as if they were pittites awaiting the opening of doors at popular theatre on a first night.

"They ought to have tea served out to them," said LOUGH, looking up and gazing with compassionate eye on noble Lords huddled at the doorway of their gallery, hoping somehow at some time to edge their way in.

Cabinet secret well kept. Probably House pretty evenly divided on question, Would Ministers compromise with the Lords, or would they, recognising the hopelessness of situation, send back their amendments, leaving with them the responsibility of modifying them, or of throwing out the Education Bill, challenging the Commons to do their worst?

ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL's appearance at Table signal for hearty cheer. Soon we should know all. On his legs for an hour, galloping along at pace that must have left many stenographers two sentences behind, before he came to question, What is to be done? This followed on detailed demonstration that the Lords' amendments "deliberately, intentionally, destroyed the whole fabric of the Bill." At the question Members bent forward in attitude of strained attention. ST. AUGUSTINE did not long dally with curiosity. The Government had, he said, made up their mind to ask the House to return to the Lords their amendments as a whole.

Hereupon the crowded benches to right of SPEAKER broke forth in volcanic burst of cheering. Below and above the Gangway it resounded. It was taken up by Labour party on Opposition side, and prolonged for a full minute by Westminster Clock.

"There is nothing," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "that so quickly and deeply stirs the Britisher as a declaration of war. Whether the fight be at home or abroad, in South Africa or at Westminster, the same thing. This means war between Lords and Commons. Of course the Lords can't haul down their flag at first shot. They have thrown down the gage of battle. It has been picked up with perhaps unexpected decision. They, like gallant cavaliers, will see the fight out. Meanwhile this is a night and a scene to remember."



COACHING THE PEERS.
T-m H-ly puts the Lords up to a few little wrinkles.

Whilst the great campaign thus opens and the main armies are in motion, the Lords have what the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR would call "a sort of" Saarbrück. Commons made attack on Plural Voting. The Lords, closing up their ranks, repulse it. Bill promptly thrown out. BEAUCHAMP, in charge of it, had his baptism of fire.

Business done.—Government propose to send back Lords' amendments to the Education Bill *en bloc*, declining to discuss them singly. Lords retort by tweaking nose of the Commons in matter of Plural Voting Bill.

Tuesday night.—*Mr. Silas Wegg*, it will be remembered, in his literary ministration to *Mr. Boffin*, occasionally dropped into poetry. To-night ACLAND-HOOD, freed from responsibilities of office, dropped into *Lemprière*. Testified that as late as Friday he, in communication with Government Whip, was party to an arrangement whereby all important amendments made by Lords to Education Bill should be discussed. Had gone to his bed on Friday night cheered by the prospect of seeing ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL on Monday in the character of Hercules struggling with the Hydra. But when the Minister of Education took the floor it was in the character of TARQUIN (Superbus) cutting off all the amendments at a single blow.

ST. AUGUSTINE blushed at being alluded to as Superbus. But there was an uneasy feeling in other parts of the House as to whether, in his classical zeal, ACLAND-HOOD had not stepped beyond Parliamentary limits. One of the earliest actions of the last King of Rome was to murder his father-in-law. Of course A.-H. did not mean anything of that sort as applicable in remotest degree to records of ST. AUGUSTINE's family circle. But similitude is a two-edged sword, and it behoves one to be careful in its use.

Uneasy pondering over this little *bêtise* was put a stop to by spectacle of TIM HEALY in a new light. Presented himself as champion of the House of Lords, resenting insult conveyed in proposed treatment of their amendments. Quite a mistake, he confidentially assured House, to regard the hereditary Chamber as composed of men who are chiefly fools. Was able to name as many as three who did not come within that category.

"Take care!" he cried, wagging a friendly forefinger at Treasury Bench. "The House of Commons has been flouted many times. Never before has it been made ridiculous. Take care you are not made the doormat of the Peers. By refusing to discuss the Lords' amendments seriatim you have saved time, but you have lost the day."

The half-dozen Peers seated in the Gallery listened in pleased amazement. To be championed by TIM HEALY was approbation indeed.

Business done.—By 317 votes against 89 Commons accept PREMIER's resolution "that the Lords' amendments to the Education Bill shall be submitted, considered, and voted upon as a whole."

Friday afternoon.—Had C.-B. adopted alternative course open to him, moving that Lords' amendments be considered this day three months, a strange predicament would have been possible. The motion would, of course, have been carried by a large majority, and the Order entered on Journals of the House. It is a familiar method of moving the rejection of a Bill. In the ordinary course of events, when the interval of delay is covered, Parliament is not sitting, and the Order necessarily lapses. But three months hence the House will be in full swing of the new Session, and might be called upon to fulfil its own mandate, and on the appointed day take up the Lords' amendments.

Seems grotesquely improbable. Yet the MEMBER FOR SARK recalls an instance of its actually happening. The late Lord DENMAN brought in a Woman's Suffrage Bill in the third week of February. It was quickly disposed of by the formula of ordering it to be read again on that day six months. It seemed thereby safely shelved. It came to pass that, business being superabundant, the House was sitting when in the third week in August the appointed day came round. Up gat Lord DENMAN. Reminded their Lordships of their undertaking, and proposed that the Bill should forthwith be read a second time.

By some ingenious discrimination between calendar months and lunar months the House wriggled out of difficulty. But it was felt that old Lord DENMAN, too often made the butt of supercilious authority, had scored.

Business done.—A little Scotch.

THE CONNUBIAL AEROPLANE.

Smith. Oh! *do* sit still, dear. What are you wriggling about for?

Mrs. S. I was only putting my hat straight, darling.

Smith. Never mind your hat. I want to keep her quite steady. Don't you see that chap down there taking a snapshot at us?

Mrs. S. Of course I do. That's why I wanted—— Look out, dear, here come the BROWNS. They live in the white house just below us, you know. Bow, dear, they're quite good people.

Smith. He can't steer straight, anyhow—barging us into a beastly patch of chimney smoke like that.

Mrs. S. Look out! there's a crow coming. Oh, do be careful, it's one of those fierce ones.

Smith. Where?—which way?—I can't see it.

Mrs. S. On your left. He's coming right at us—— O-o-oh!

Smith. Missed him by a hair, by Jove! Confound these birds, we shall have to exterminate them.

Mrs. S. That would be rather a pity, too—the children like to see them about. Still we *could* keep a few in cages for them to look at, couldn't we? What's it rocking for now?

Smith. That's because you're wriggling again. *You're* making it rock.

Mrs. S. I'm not. I'm absolutely rigid. There's something wrong—I know there is! Oh, what is it?

Smith. Only a bit of a squall. Here comes the breeze. There—now she's shifting. That's fine, isn't it?

Mrs. S. Yes, dear; but I shall be awake all night with earache after this. I've forgotten the cotton-wool again. Why, there's a bit just below.

Smith. No—that's a sheep; and look at that little car crawling along. Aren't you glad we sold ours for this?

Mrs. S. Yes, dear, for most things, but of course one misses not having the road near to fall on. There now—it's beginning to wobble again. Do make it stop—there's no wind now!

Smith. Well, I'm trying to—I expect it's that off-wing wants a little oil.

Mrs. S. That's made it worse! Oh, we're going—oh—oh!

Smith. For heaven's sake leave go. How can I see to things with you clinging round my neck? There, she's right again now.

Mrs. S. I'm sorry, dear, but when it does like that I always think of the children.

Smith. Well, so do I but if you are going to lose your head every time we tilt I shan't bring you up with me again.

Mrs. S. *Don't* say that—I couldn't *bear* to let you come alone, darling.

Smith. Shall we have the sherry and sandwiches now? You've got them, haven't you?

Mrs. S. I had until we began to wobble, then I put them on the little shelf behind.

Smith. There is no little shelf behind. I took it off before we started to lighten her. You've dropped them overboard, that's what you've done.

Mrs. S. I'm so sorry—but I tied them to a gas-bag, so we can soon pick them up.

Smith. One gas-bag won't keep them both up—there they are, drifting over the ground just above the road down there. What's that chap waving for?

Mrs. S. He's not waving, he's leaping up and trying to catch them before they float over the wall. It's a poor old tramp. Look, he's got them. He thinks it's a present—he's looking up and taking his cap off to us. How sweet!

Smith. Very sweet—to drop things overboard like that. You're always doing it.

Mrs. S. It was quite an accident. If you are hungry let's go home and have lunch.

Smith. I'm not particularly hungry.

Mrs. S. Well, personally, I couldn't touch a bit of anything. The oscillation always makes me rather queer—and you're looking a little green, dear.

Smith. Green — nonsense — I'm all right—it never has any effect on me. Still, of course, if you really want to go home I'll take you at once.

Mrs. S. Thank you, darling—we've had a simply perfect fly, but I should love to lie down a little while on a fixed sofa.

THE VICTIM OF SCIENCE.

[In an article in the *Revue* Dr. MAURICE DE FLEURY declares that the chief cause of fatigue lies not in sticking to one subject, but in frequent change of occupation.]

IN days of old, if dons seemed dry
And lectures desolation,
I thought it was the thing to try
A change of occupation.
When PLATO bored, when HOMER snored,
When proses came too stiffly,
Said Conscience, "Get a cigarette,
Or paddle down to Iffley."

In later life the selfsame plan
I carefully adopted:
As soon as anything began
To weary me, I dropped it.
If I felt slack, or found a lack
Of thrill about a Blue Book,
I'd go to lunch, or pick up *Punch*,
Or dally with a new book.

And do not overlook the fact
That Conscience only guided
My conduct in each little act,
However small, that I did.
I'd take a day to drive away
The megrims or a liver,
And not because AMANDA was
Week-ending up the river.

But ah! the course to which I clung
With such entire devotion
Is scouted now as being sprung
From some fallacious notion.
"Change!" cries the sage in learned rage,
"It's perfectly untrue it
Brings rest to you. Whate'er you do,
Pray do not cease to do it.

"Don't dance about from this to that.
The longer one continues
Whatever task one may be at,
The more one saves one's sinews.
Beyond a doubt nought tires you out
Like endless alternation;
Would you keep fit and fresh in wit
Don't change your occupation."

The wise man speaks to ears that hear,
For who would dare gainsay him?
It seems to me supremely clear
I cannot but obey him.
And since the knack of being slack
In me is seldom lacking,
The simplest change I can arrange
Is just to keep on slacking.

FORECASTS FOR 1907.



III.—A very smart Garden Party. Daylight Fireworks.

LITTLE LEGAL DECISIONS.

[After the curious legal decisions which have upset the Licensing Act of 1904, and the Cemeteries Act, and (until the result of the recent appeal) the Education Act of 1902, we may expect in the future to hear of even quainter legal pronouncements.]

Licensed Victuallers Association v. *the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.*

(Before Mr. Justice Coddem.)

In giving his decision in this important case Mr. Justice Coddem said that he had to consider the precise wording of the Act, which limited the opening of licensed premises on Sunday. He could not consider what was in the mind of the legislators who framed the law. The law stated absolutely that no licensed premises must be opened (save to *bonâ fide* travellers) before 12.30 on Sunday. The Dean, whom he must congratulate on the straightforward way in which he gave his evidence, admitted in the witness-box that Westminster Abbey was licensed for the solemnisation of marriages. Therefore, though with great reluctance, he was compelled to grant the injunction asked for by the plaintiffs, and order that Westminster Abbey should not be opened before 12.30 on Sunday save and except to *bonâ fide* travellers.

(Before Mr. Justice Boodle.)

Pankhurst and Billington v. *the Revising Barrister for the Strand Parliamentary Division.*

In giving judgment Mr. Justice Boodle said the whole point of the case turned on the meaning of the word "man" in the Franchise Act of 1885. He was unable to take into account the interpretation put upon it by the Houses of Parliament. The question was, "Did man embrace woman?" He thought that the mass of evidence produced by the plaintiffs, which proved, conclusively to his mind, that they had been embraced by policemen, stewards, and excited politicians, settled the point. He therefore granted the injunction asked for—that the Revising Barrister should place plaintiffs' names on the roll of Parliamentary voters.

In the Court of Appeal, before Lords Justices Juggon, Pitcher and Snoozem.

Duddle v. *Dodger.*

Lord Justice Juggon, in announcing the decision of the Court, said this was an appeal against a County Court Judge's award under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Appellant alleged that the words of the Act, "common employment," did not cover the case of a plumber who, when sent to repair a broken water-pipe, looked at the work, then went into a public-house and broke his leg by slipping on a slide on the road. Had the respondent Dodger broken his leg when coming away from a public-house he (Lord Justice Juggon) would have had doubts whether the words "common employment" covered the case, but after the mass of evidence produced as to trade customs he had no hesitation in pronouncing that in going to a public-house during working hours the plaintiff was following his common employment. The appeal would therefore be dismissed, and the County Court Judge's award of £150 compensation sustained.

Lord Justice Pitcher agreed with his learned brother.

Lord Justice Snoozem, on being awakened, said that he agreed with his learned brethren. In his opinion the weight of evidence was entirely against the validity of the will. (*Laughter in Court, which was instantly suppressed.*)

From Sir Oliver Lodge's Scientific Catechism.

"We have no knowledge which enables us to assert the absence of intelligence anywhere."

No knowledge perhaps; but a pretty shrewd suspicion in one or two cases.

CHARIVARIA.

The movement for a good understanding between Great Britain and Germany continues to receive attention, and Lord Avebury has just issued a pamphlet on the subject. The only question is which of the two Powers is going to do the standing under.

The cost of suppressing the recent rebellion in Natal is estimated at about £700,000, and it has been intimated to the natives that they must not have another for some time.

The prisons in many towns in Russia are now absolutely filled with political offenders, and in consequence many hundreds of deserving criminals are homeless.

King Leopold has declared to an American journalist that he is a poorer man because of the Congo Free State. You can get these American journalists to swallow anything. This comes of not being able to understand the humour of any country but their own.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman says that Lord Courtenay has few equals in public life. We confess that, in the matter of politics, we do not share the Prime Minister's optimism on this point.

The Labour Members declare that they "will not allow so much as a comma to be taken out of the Trade Disputes Bill." It will be interesting to watch the struggle of Lords v. Commons on a matter of punctilio.

Dr. Stanford Read, one of the L.C.C. lecturers, has issued a little book on "How to Keep Well." Many medical men consider this a gross act of perfidy, and it is rumoured that a rival brochure, entitled "Why keep well?" will shortly make its appearance.

The Prefect of Naples having prohibited the representation of one of Maxim Gorki's dramas on the ground that it would endanger public order, Maxim Gorki decided to read him a lesson which he will not soon forget. He resolved to leave the city at once.

Is the craze for living statuary spreading to our Art Galleries? In an account of an exhibition *The Morning Post* mentions a certain exhibitor's "Calves" as being one of the freshest and most hopeful of the works shown.

At the re-opening of the Savoy Theatre, Mrs. D'Oyly-Carte kindly provided tea for the early arrivals at the pit door. One of the playgoers was so astonished that he was heard to murmur:

"'Tis true, 'tis pit tea,
Pit tea 'tis, 'tis true!"

"Alarmed" asks whether it is possible that a Slave Market exists in London, and encloses a cutting headed "Piano-players at Nineteen Guineas each."

Noticing an advertisement of a book entitled *The Complete Motorist*, an angry opponent of the new method of locomotion writes to suggest that the companion volume, *The Complete Pedestrian*, had better be written at once before it becomes impossible to find an entire specimen.

"Last week," writes our Isle of Dogs correspondent, "many dogs were to be seen leaning against posts and roaring with laughter. The news had got about that a cat on show at the Crystal Palace had been valued at £2,000."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE PUT DIFFERENTLY.

Mr. Bumblepup. "I must apologise for coming in ordinary evening dress."

Hostess. "Well, you really have the advantage of us. We're all looking more foolish than usual, and you're not."

FORTHCOMING TOUR OF THE ALL-MACS.

Fortified by the encouraging precedent of the famous "All-Blacks," and by the conquering career of the "Springboks," we understand that Mr. Max Beerbohm, the famous dramatic critic and *arbiter elegantiarum*, is organizing a representative team of All-Macs, which it is his intention to captain and lead on a tour round the world with a view to the dissemination of sound views on dress, deportment, good manners and general culture. The team, as at present arranged, is constituted as follows:—

Mr. Max Beerbohm (Captain).
Mr. Max Pemberton.
Mr. Leo Maxse.
The MacGillycuddy of the Reeks.
Sir Hiram Maxim.
Max Darewski (the infant prodigy).
Max Schillings (the eminent German composer).
Sir Herbert Maxwell.
Mr. W. B. Maxwell.
Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P.
Sir Antony Patrick MacDonnell.
Mr. Macbeth Bourchier (12th man).

Mr. Max Beerbohm's claims to act as captain and commander of the team are so well founded as to render their enumeration well-nigh needless. It may suffice to say that in him we find the essential reincarnation of the spirit of the Regency; that he basks in the shade of an unusually fine family Tree; that he is alternately the idol and the despair of *The Tailor and Cutter*; and that he has recently developed into a most pronounced specimen of the *Inglese Italianato*.

Mr. Max Pemberton, we need hardly remind our readers, is the famous historical novelist, whose romances have been translated into all the principal European dialects, and, after the novels of the Chevalier Le Queux, are the favourite reading of M. Pobedonostzeff, General von der Goltz, King Peter of Servia, and the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia. Mr. Max Pemberton will give costume recitals from his principal works, in which the other members of the team will take part,

incidental music to *The Iron Pirate*, *Cronstadt*, &c., having been specially composed by MM. Max Schillings and Max Darewski.

The strength of the team will be greatly increased by the inclusion of Mr. Leo Maxse. A slight difficulty arose in consequence of Mr. Maxse's pronounced Teutophobia, but on his being assured that the music of Herr Max Schillings was not in favour at Potsdam, and that Max Darewski has not yet been kissed by any member of the German Royal family, he courteously waived his objections. It will be Mr. Maxse's special function to act as an antidote and counterblast to the excessive urbanity of the Captain and of Sir Herbert Maxwell, to illustrate the methods of the Mohocks as applied to journalism, and to instruct his hearers in the art of ornamental invective.

The MacGillycuddy of the Reeks, as one of the most famous Irish chieftains, will impart an agreeable Hibernian aroma to the team, and tend to correct its predominantly Scottish flavour.

Sir Hiram Maxim has been specially retained, in view of his aviatory exploits, as the wing forward of the team, while his connection with the *Maxims* of La Rochefoucauld will render him a *persona gratissima* with our neighbours across the Channel. He will lecture, from time to time, on the Law of Chance as applied to roulette and other games (a subject on which he has already written in the leading scientific reviews), and the spelling reforms initiated by Mr. Roosevelt.

Master Max Darewski, the modern Mozart, will appear at all the entertainments given by the team, in a Regency suit of velvet and Valenciennes lace, specially designed by the Captain and Madame Patti.

Of Herr Max Schillings it is enough to say that he is not and has never been a member of the Cobden Club, and that, though of German origin, he is, as his name conclusively proves, a loyal supporter of the British Crown.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, the famous Admirable Crichton of modern Scotland, will represent archæology, *belles lettres*, botany and trout fishing, while the unrivalled knowledge of the millinery trade possessed by his talented namesake, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, will doubtless be turned to the best possible advantage by the Captain of the team.

Mr. Swift MacNeill and Sir Antony MacDonnell have collaborated in a charming knockabout duologue entitled "The Two Macs Abroad," which will form a special feature of the tour.

Lastly, Mr. Bourchier, having qualified by his recent assumption of the *rôle* of *Macbeth* for inclusion in the team, will accompany it in the character of actor-manager, and serve as a perpetual object-lesson for the lectures on the drama to be delivered by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

IN THE SWIM AT NOTTINGHAM.

According to *The Daily Mail* of Dec. 13, the *haute volée* (or should we say *nagée*?) of the hosiery metropolis in the Midlands have just discovered an attractive substitute for progressive whist in the shape of Mixed Bathing Parties for strictly young and married couples in the local swimming-baths. No bachelor can obtain an invitation under any pretext whatever, and we are not surprised, as it appears that the ladies wear swimming club costume without any skirts, while the gentlemen sport the ordinary university bathing dress. We further learn that it is curiously difficult to recognise people one has known all one's life when they come swimming past—especially the ladies, who are disguised by the rubber caps over their hair. It seems a negative kind of domino for the natatory incognita, but, anyhow, this novel *bal masqué* "causes the greatest fun imaginable." Still, there does not appear to be much opportunity for sitting out on the steps or the high spring-board with the lady you take in to bathe, as the naiads of Nottingham are careful not to lounge about in such exposed situations at this time of year.



Coloured Cadger. "Will you please gi' me something to eat?"
Housewife (threateningly). "I'll fetch my 'usband if——!"
Coloured Cadger. "Madam, pray do not trouble. My race has given up cannibalism for generations!"

After an hour or so in the water "we all adjourn to a committee-room, where, before a blazing fire, we have light refreshments, and the ladies put the finishing-touches to their hair." So says the prime mover of the scheme. It is all very progressive and Arcadian. There will soon, we suspect, be no bachelors left in Nottingham.

Meanwhile, one is moved to enquire, with some apprehension, whether the fashion is going to pervade London. If so, will Covent Garden be turned into a huge aquarium, and must we all get married before attending there? Will week-ends in the water take the place of present-day country-house visits? Shall we be allowed to drown our less desirable acquaintance instead of just cutting them? Will the next dinner-scene of *The Man from Blankley's* be played in a tank? Is the Smart Set to oil itself and become the Smeared Set? These and similar possibilities present themselves, but we think that on the whole the average London host and hostess, not being a Holbein or a Kellerman, will confine themselves to the blazing fire and refreshments, with other finishing touches.

"How the Match was Lost.—H. F. P. Hearson, the Light Blue captain, seen after the game by a *Daily Chronicle* representative, expressed the opinion that the weakness of the Cambridge halves had as much as anything else to do with the Oxonians' victory. 'We were also beaten forward,' he added. 'Our three-quarters, too, failed to find their proper form.'"

In the circumstances *Mr. Punch* can only congratulate the full-back, Mr. J. G. Scoular, on not being beaten by more than 12 points to 8.

"KAISER DISSOLVES."

"Daily News" Placard.

This comes of being the salt of the earth. We always felt it was dangerous. The Kaiser, by the way, has been giving a fresh exhibition of Tireless Telegraphy.

"The daughters of Princess Christian have wide interests. Princess Louise is the only English princess who has been to America, while Princess Victoria went to Sunningdale the other day to play golf."—*Sphere.*

"While" is good.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs (HEINEMANN) have much of the charm of the otherwise incomparable PEPYS. They are written with the same simplicity of style, the same graphic touch. They differ inasmuch as the earlier diarist did not contemplate publication. Whereas the Prince authorised it. But he did not live to see proofs of the work, and the friend to whom he committed it felt at liberty to reproduce the MS. without editing it with niggard hand. It was the Prince's habit to keep a journal in which he recorded interviews with the eminent personages with whom his high diplomatic office brought him in contact. Nor does he refrain from personal comment, often piquant, upon his interlocutors. His diary illumines two notable epochs in European history. The first, the Franco-German war, the second, the fall of BISMARCK. It is naturally with the inner councils of statesmen rather than the achievements of Field Marshals that the Prince deals. We see BISMARCK, whilst France lay stricken after the great struggle, taking pains that she should not rise again. On February 18, 1874, BISMARCK remarked to HOHENLOHE: "We want to keep the peace. But if France goes on arming so as to be ready in five years and is bent on war at the end of that time, then we will declare war in three years." As for the "Dropping of the Pilot," immortalised in our JOHN TENNIEL'S Cartoon, Prince HOHENLOHE makes it clear that for fully fifteen years BISMARCK had been threatening to retire. Like a pampered butler or a wayward housemaid, whenever things did not go entirely to his liking he "gave notice." The old EMPEROR, believing him indispensable, time after time coaxed him to stay. The young EMPEROR, who believes indispensability is confined to himself, astonished the Imperial Chancellor by one day accepting his reiterated demand to be relieved from office. From this and many other stirring episodes Prince HOHENLOHE lifts the veil with uncompromising hand. We are not only told exactly what happened, but have set down the very words used by the parties to the drama. It is a long time since so valuable a contribution was made to modern history.

I must confess that I read *The Magic Jujubes* (ALSTON RIVERS) with a certain disappointment, knowing as I did something of Miss THEODORA WILSON WILSON'S other work. Speaking generally, I felt that the fairy part of the tale missed somehow the true magic, and that the every-day part brought up in one's mind odious comparisons with the incomparable E. NESBIT; so I selected my most pointed "G," and began (regretfully) to say so. Then, however, I reflected as follows: (1) This book is for children and you are no longer a child; (2) Previously you had been reading a problem novel by one of those strong silent authors; (3) You had a pretty rotten dinner, and your pipe won't draw. So I packed the book up and sent it off to a little girl of twelve. She read it straight off and was enchanted with it; and her sisters, who are in the middle of it, love it; and her father, who glanced at it surreptitiously, thinks it is charming; and her mother, who said it was time for them to go to bed . . . and her grandmother, who said that they needn't take the book with them . . . and her . . . Well, perhaps I'm getting older than I thought I was.

I prefer the rapier with which Mr. PERCY WHITE once spitted the suburbs in his mirth-provoking *Mr. Bailey-Martin* to the weighty bludgeon with which he now trounces the West-End. *Mr. Bailey-Martin* made me laugh, out loud and often; *The Eight Guests* (CONSTABLE) is a surfeit of satire and the Smart Set. I don't want to meet any of them, least of all the smart mercenary Duchess who tries to make her niece marry the smart and vulgar millionaire, the host of the story. Nor do I much care for the smart niece, nor the smart young man about town whom she eventually prefers to Mr. Moneybags. The millionaire's plan for stripping the eight guests on board his yacht of their social veneer is ingenious and fairly successful, and is an attempt to get out of the ordinary rut of novels of this class. But, even here, it seems to me that the satire is spread too thick. Next time, Mr. PERCY WHITE, could you see your way to diluting it with the oil of laughter, which maketh glad the heart of man? I know you have some in stock.

OLIVER ONIONS' *Back o' the Moon*
  Tells of a coiners' gang;
The plot doesn't thicken remarkably soon,
  And it doesn't go off with a bang;
But the time of the tale
Is beyond the pale
  Of latter-day strife and racket—
Seventeen-seventy-eight
  Is the date,
(HURST AND BLACKETT
  Back it).

OLIVER ONIONS' trick is to give
  Sketches which seem detached—
Slight in themselves, yet cumulative
  As the various parts are matched;
There are tears and smiles
And detective wiles
  And hanging and love and fighting;
Sport of an excellent sort,
  In short;
And a capital screed
  To read.

DR. MAITLAND makes haste to mention that sixty friends have assisted him in preparation of *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen* (DUCKWORTH). There is here ominous hint of embarrassment of riches. Such consequence is apparent only in a somewhat unusual form of biography. There is some lack of ordered narrative, a filling and tacking on the course, which is rather picturesque than objectionable. Modestly keeping himself in the background Dr. MAITLAND allows STEPHEN to speak for himself by his letters, the picture being filled in by notes from the threescore friends. It is a profoundly interesting, on the whole a sad, story. A shy man, more swiftly bored than any fellow-sufferer of his acquaintance, he was brought into contact at varied points with the world academic and literary, and having to earn his living was fain to make the best of it. Reviewing his career towards its close, he pronounced it a failure, inasmuch as he "had scattered himself too much." "What with journalism and dictionary-making, I have," he growls, "been a Jack of all trades." The pity of it is that, having given up some of his best years to editing *Cornhill*, he retired with a sense of failure, from consciousness of which the delicate care of his colleagues could not shield him. Of the *Dictionary of Biography*, in whose service he nearly killed himself, Dr. MAITLAND writes, "even before Mr. LEE'S name appeared on the title-page he was in some respects a better editor than STEPHEN." For a proud spirit these things were hard to bear. LESLIE STEPHEN faced them with grim courage, and went on with other work. His complex character is summed up in a sentence written by an Alpine comrade: "Under a somewhat brusque exterior he concealed one of the sweetest and kindest hearts ever given to the sons of men."

FORECASTS FOR 1907.



IV.—DEVELOPMENT OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. SCENE IN HYDE PARK.

[These two figures are not communicating with one another. The lady is receiving an amatory message, and the gentleman some racing results.]

PRIZE ESSAY.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE ARISTOCRACY?

(*With acknowledgments to "The Speaker."*)

WHAT can be done under existing laws is, I fear, not very much, or, at any rate, nothing adequate. Emigration is, of course, a palliative, but for two reasons it can never provide a complete remedy: one is that the number of voluntary emigrants is not, and is not likely to be, nearly large enough to meet the requirements of the situation; and the other, that it is not easy forcibly to deport aristocratic undesirables.

But if under existing laws not much can be done we can at least pave the way for the good time when by a change of laws the evils of an hereditary aristocracy will automatically disappear.

To descend from generalities to concrete suggestions, there are two ways in which scope can be found for utilising the talents of the aristocracy before the abolition of the Second Chamber, the repeal of the game laws, and the extermination of the episcopate.

1. As Mr. KEIR HARDIE has pointed out in his article in *The Nineteenth Century*, there is no reason why aristocrats should be denied admission to the ranks of the Socialist Party. On the contrary, as the course of history shows, your *déclassé* aristocrat is often a more ardent and efficient revolutionary than the son of humble parentage.

2. An even more satisfactory solution of the problem, however, is foreshadowed by that sternly democratic paper *The Daily Chronicle*. Chichester, as we gather from a vivid article, has been rescued from decrepitude by the advent of a bevy of high-born "society actresses." "Ancient Chichester has even now its young blood, its passionate hearts, its *Romeos* and *Juliets*," thanks to the performance of a comic opera written, composed, and performed by amateurs. The "good honest bourgeoisie of Chichester" made holiday to see the piece, which "in the music and in some of the acting and singing" proved "a good deal better than anything that Chichester is likely to get from professional sources." The daughter of a Peer displayed a "delightful voice, beautifully trained;" the singing of glees and madrigals was "quite wonderfully accomplished;" and the lyrics and airs were "often much prettier and more taking than the ruck of what one hears in musical comedies."

The note of lyrical ecstasy which contemplation of these high-born amateurs elicits from this stalwart Radical is not without its significance. Against the invasion of the professional stage by titled histrions every true democrat must set his face like a flint. But as unsalaried amateurs these gilded popinjays, with their Bond Street gowns and "everything adorable by way of millinery," may temporarily justify their existence and mitigate the harshness and dulness of the labourer's surroundings with the amenities of gratuitous musical comedy.

If "crumbling old Chichester" can be awakened to gaiety and romance in the very heart of winter, the most congested districts may well yield to the revivifying influence of aristocratic "open-work ankles." What Radical whose mind is not caged in the prison house of a provincial caucus, or entangled in the meshes of some central home for wire-pullers, can regard without emotion the utilizing of this great national asset for the purpose of wooing labour back to the land and counteracting the general spirit of feudalism and squirearchy that still survives?

LONDON'S LIGHTNING PROGRESS.

Increased Facilities of Transit.

Through Tickets from Piccadilly to the Temple To Meet the Needs of our Best Intellects.

Journey Accomplished at nearly Four Miles an Hour.

My idea was to achieve by electric traction the trip from the hollow of Piccadilly to Bouverie Street: that is to say, from the heart of Clubland to the head-quarters of the Press, and the purlieus of the Law. This has always been the beaten track of London's leading intellects—her barristers and her journalists. Here then, if anywhere in this Metropolis of the World, I should enjoy, in their fulness, those modern facilities of transit over which Mr. Lloyd-George has lately spread his benediction. I had no use for the old methods: the tedious lurching horse-bus; the hansom-cab (no vehicle, this, for a man of refined nerves); the four-wheeler (an admirable means of transport, but never to be found). I could not tolerate the smelling, screaming, skidding motor-bus. I had no stomach for an altercation, on my office steps, with the domineering chauffeur of a motor-cab. And to foot the two miles on a heavy luncheon was unthinkable.

A Bad Start.

A short but stimulating walk took me to the Down Street Station of the Finsbury-Park-Great-Northern-Piccadilly-Brompton-and-Hammersmith Railway (Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited). The scaffolding was still *in situ quo*, and the entrance had a forbidding air. I gathered from a bystander that some days must yet elapse before the station would be opened to the public. Being pressed for time I determined not to wait; and so returned to my Club and began again. (Waste of 3 minutes.)

Walking Exercise in the Underworld.

I now headed up the slope of Piccadilly to Dover Street Station and bought a triple combination ticket to the Temple. The price was very reasonable indeed. The ticket was then punctured and I descended into the bowels of the earth. After a pleasant promenade, with many quaint turns to vary the monotony of tubular prospects, I boarded a train for Piccadilly Circus at about the moment when I should, if proceeding on foot, have reached that centre of activity. Arrived there after a brief transit, I alighted to have my ticket again punctured; and passed through gallery after gallery of glazed catacombs and up flights of steps admirably hewn from the living clay, and so entered a train upon the Baker-Street-and-Waterloo Railway which bore me to the Embankment Station.

Ascensus Averni.

Once more alighting, I took two sharp turns and found myself at the bottom of a prodigious acclivity leading on and on into what seemed an interminable vista. A man glanced at my ticket and I was permitted to pass. The upward grade is not really more than one in three, and the ground is thoroughly corrugated to prevent back-slip; but rubber soles are strongly recommended. Battling with a terrific head-wind I at last accomplished the straight ascent (actually less than a quarter of a mile in length) and came upon signs of human habitation. From here I deflected my course and reached the summit by a short flight of steps. Then a stretch on the level and I stood panting at the portals of the Charing Cross Station on the Metropolitan District Railway, where a man took a large slice, which I could ill spare, out of the remnant of my ticket.

Where to wait for First Class.

Taking my stand at the back end of the platform so as to be opposite the first-class carriage when it arrived, I waited. When the train came, all except the last three carriages had been taken off, and so the first-class carriage drew up opposite the middle of the platform. Naturally I could not get to it in time. So I lost that train.

Then I took my stand in the middle of the platform and waited. And the next train was of the full size, and the first-class carriage was at the far end, last but one. Naturally I could not get to it in time. So I lost that train too.

Then I took my stand half-way between the middle and the end of the platform, so as to be ready for a train of either size. And so I had just time to scramble into the first-class, where I found a spare place between a navvy and a bootblack. (Waste of time, $8\frac{1}{2}$ mins.)

The Unattainable Tram.

At the Temple Station I gave up my ticket—a mere skeleton—and ascended into the light of day. It was then a question whether I should take an L.C.C. tram. But the L.C.C. had laid both sets of rails on the far side of the road, knowing full well that nobody ever *begins* by being on that side; and I did not care to wade there and back, knee-deep in mud. So I walked the rest of the way, keeping to the path where the trees have branches on the north side of their trunks as well as on the south.

Time for the two miles (or rather less)—$42\frac{1}{2}$ mins.

But as I shall not try the Down Street Station again till it has an entrance door and not so much scaffolding; and as I shall know better another time where to stand at Charing Cross Station so as to be within reach of a first-class carriage, I think it would be fairer to deduct the 3 mins. and $8\frac{1}{2}$ mins. respectively wasted at these two points. Gross time, then, $42\frac{1}{2}$ mins.; nett time, 31; or, since in dry weather it would be feasible to attempt the crossing to the L.C.C. trams, let us call it in round figures half-an-hour—for a little under two miles.

So you see that, thanks to the remarkable development of transit facilities in the Metropolis of the World, you can be conveyed along the most necessary of all routes—namely, from the heart of Clubland to the head-quarters of the Press and the purlieus of the Law—at an average speed of very little less than four miles an hour; and that, too, without the necessity of having a man walking in front of you with a red flag.

O. S.

MATINS.

Aroused, I hear the milkman's cry,
The postman's rat-tat-tat,
And know the morning's letters lie
In heaps upon the mat.
"Nay, blankets," murmur I, "are best,
And dawn has scarcely shone.
An earthquake shall not mar my rest;
I mean to slumber on."

The Cynic labels life a "sham,"
A "dream" the lover's bliss;
The Dryasdust finds germs in jam,
And poison in a kiss.
In vain "Awake!" the factions scream,
And hurl me books to con;
If life's a cheat, and love a dream,
I mean to slumber on!

"Mr. H. S. has, with his usual generosity, given the whole of the employees at the Richmond Railway Station a couple of rabbits."—*North Star.*

It doesn't seem much, but it is always the kindly thought, rather than the actual gift, that counts.



WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

Britannia. "Accept my congratulations, Sire, on the splendid growth of your Navy. And, since I have your assurance that your programme is not an aggressive one, I feel sure you will be interested to see what *I* have been doing in the last three years!"

JIMMY AND MABEL.

(Or, Two Impressions of Christmas Day.)

I.

When his mother really loves him he is Jimmy; when she still cares for him, but is preoccupied with other things, he is Jim; but he is James, plain (and untruthful) James, when he smacks his sister's head, or makes a noise in the study when he *knows* how hard Father has to work, or does any one of the hundred things that little boys mustn't do. I need hardly say that when I called to interview him, and found him in bed at three o'clock of a bright Christmas afternoon, I knew he was James again. Therefore I said:

"Hallo, Jimmy."

"Hallo. I say, come and tell me a story."

"You're resting again?"

"What? Oh, yes, it's rot. Well, I don't really mind, because I'm never good for much after plum pudding."

"What was it this time? Mabel again?"

Jimmy sighed.

"You know what girls are. At prayers this morning I just tied her sash round the leg of my chair . . . and when we all got up again . . . Well, of course there was a row. I ought to have gone to bed then, only it hadn't been made. And besides, I had to go to church. Now, then, get on with your story."

I cleared my throat loudly. "Ahem!" I said. "My story has a moral, I'm afraid."

"I suppose most stories do on Christmas Day."

"Yes. Anyhow this one has. Once upon a time there was a very bad boy called—John. And his father and mother loved him very much. And one day his mother said: Now I do hope John will be good on Christmas Day of all days, because I've got a turkey and two sausages and a plum pudding for him, and a bicycle, and a camera, and a Henty, and a lot of other things. Instead of which, what do you think he did?"

"I suppose you mean me?" said Jimmy.

"*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*"

"All right. Don't get sick. And I don't think much of your story."

"It's very popular," I pleaded, "in the City. It's all the rage in the House."

"Well, now I'll tell you one. This is a true one, mind you. Once upon a time there was an ordinary boy called James. And he woke up on Christmas Day and was late for breakfast, owing to Mabel going to sleep in the bath, as she always does. And he got in a row, and Mabel had finished the omelette, and if there's one thing I do like it's that. And he didn't get any of the presents he wanted. And then he went to church." James paused impressively.

"Well, of course," I said. "We all do that."

"All I can say is that it isn't the best way to get ready for a Christmas dinner. What you really want is a good walk."

"Oh, James!"

"Of course it's all right for you. You can go to sleep."

"James! I didn't. I had to close my eyes because of the hat in front of me."

"That's Miss Mitton. She always wears hats like that. Well, then we had dinner, and the first thing Mabel must say is, 'I wonder if Jim will make himself ill again like last time.' I particularly like that, after she'd eaten all the omelette for breakfast. And then Father says: 'Well, he mustn't have so much this time.'" Jimmy stopped and wrestled inwardly with his wrongs. "You know," he blurted out at last, "when you've got to spend the afternoon in bed anyhow, to be told that you mustn't have so much as last time—well, it's a bit rotten, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed."

"I knew you'd back me up. Well, that's the end of my story at present."

"I see. Is there going to be a sequel?"

"I suppose it depends on whether I get any supper or not. I can't think why they let you come up. They never do ordinarily."

"I came to interview you—to find what you thought of Christmas as an institution."

"Well, now you know. Rotten."

II.

Ma-bel washed her hands and face, and brushed her hair, and ran down into the break-fast-room.

"Good morn-ing, Papa and Mamma," she said. "A mer-ry Christ-mas to you both. O see what a pret-ty pin tray Aunt Jane has sent me! Is it not kind of her? And a card from Uncle John! I must write to them to thank them."

"Where is your broth-er James?" said her Mamma.

"He is in the bath-room. Do not be ang-ry with him, dear Mamma, if he is late. It is Christ-mas Day, and we should all be for-giv-ing to one an-other."

Just then James came down. His tie was on side-ways, and his boots were not laced. All through break-fast he was ve-ry dis-a-gree-able, and dur-ing prayers, when he was kneel-ing next to his lit-tle sis-ter, he was ty-ing her sash to his chair. "You naught-y boy," said Mamma.

"O Mamma!" said Ma-bel. "I do not mind. I have for-giv-en him."

But Papa said James must go to bed af-ter din-ner.

Then they went to church. "I do so love church," said Ma-bel. "Is it not sad to think of all the poor boys who nev-er go to church?"

"Yes, dar-ling," said Mamma. "Now then, James."

After church was o-ver, they all re-turned to din-ner.

"Mamma," said Ma-bel, "I think James would not like so much tur-key as he had last time. He was so ill be-fore."

"There's a thought-ful lit-tle girl," said her Mamma.

"He must not have so much a-gain," said Papa.

Af-ter din-ner Mamma said, "Now what would you like to do?"

"I would like to take some tea and coal to the poor old peo-ple," said Ma-bel.

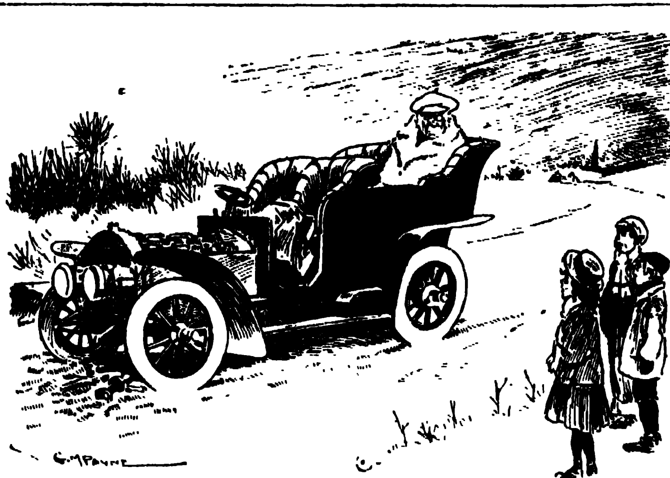
"And James is going to bed," said Papa.

"O Papa," said his lit-tle daugh-ter. "Let James take the coal to the poor old peo-ple, and *I* will go to bed. Do not pun-ish *him*."

"Not much," said James, as he went up-stairs.

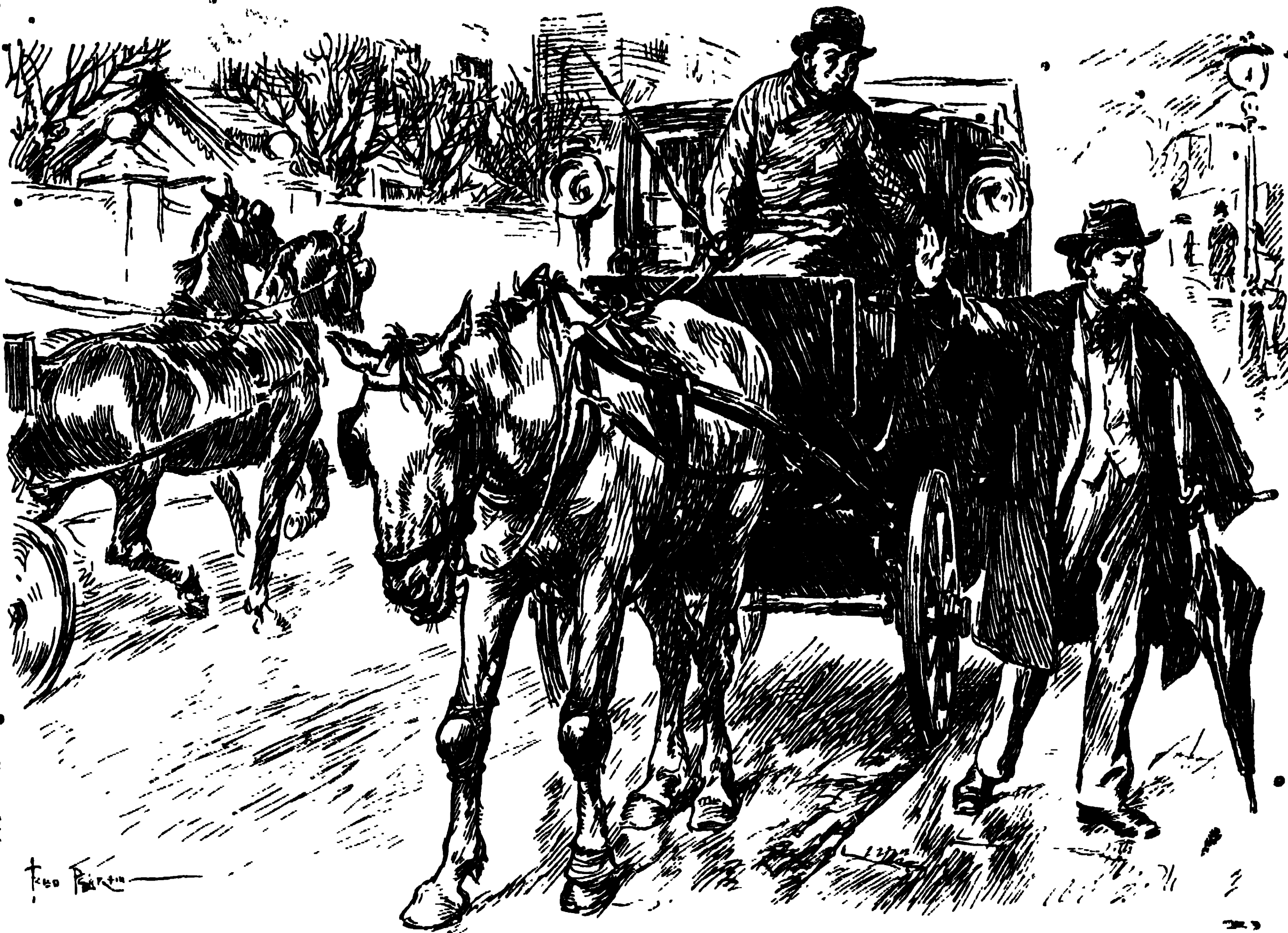
That ev-en-ing Ma-bel and her Papa and Mamma had sup-per a-lone, for James was still in bed.

"I do love Christ-mas Day," cried Ma-bel. "I do hope all the poor lit-tle child-ren are en-joy-ing it too."



AN INOPPORTUNE TIME.

Jones, while motoring to town to fulfil an important engagement, has the misfortune to get stuck up on the road, and has sent his chauffeur to the village for assistance. In the meantime several village children gather around and sing, "God Rest you, Merry Gentleman, Let nothing you dismay," etc.



Art-Master (who has sent for a cab, pointing to horse). "What do you call that?"
Cabby. "An 'Orse, Sir."
Art-Master. "A Horse! Rub it out, and do it again!"

SCHOLASTIC "SWEATING."

["The skilful teacher is the most valuable and economical asset that the country can lay its hands upon."—*Mr. Augustine Birrell.*]

As a Junior Classical Master I find,
With the uttermost gratification,
That the "strenuous life" of my suffering kind
Is assessed at a right valuation.
What matter if Youth is unable to see
Why the dative is governed by *placet*,
Suffice it to know that my country, in me,
Has a most economical asset.

A Napoleon's will and a Talleyrand's tact
I add to the lungs of a Stentor,
With the heart of a fiend, for when urchins are whacked,
My *rôle* is Assistant Tormentor;
Yet, if penknives occasion the spilling of gore,
I am ready with bandage and plaster,
For such surgical skill is expected, and more,
From a Junior Classical Master.

In order to quell diabolical pranks
I scowl on Young England at dinner;
I offer up grave semi-clerical thanks
On behalf of each juvenile sinner.
At supper I seize on unauthorised buns,
Enforcing dry biscuits and cocoa.
I interview screeching mammas, to whose sons
The "Head" has administered toko.

At night I must grind myself into my grave,
Yet rise with Aurora on each day;
The rest of the year I'm a menial slave,
But a noble grandee upon Speechday.
My chat with papas on the liberal arts
Declares me their affluent patron;
Who knows I'm a hack who can "treble" the parts
Of boot-boy and usher and matron?

I teach little dolts of eleven to spell,
I toil like a lodging-house "skivvy;"
Whene'er my employer is not very well
His form come to me with their *Livy.*
He cavils at all my best efforts—and yet
(Oh balm in a pedagogue's Gilead!)
His manner is sweet when he asks me to set
A paper for him on the *Iliad.*

But now all the clouds from my prospect are cleared
By the man whom I honour and trust in.
My outlook on life has been very much cheered
By thy generous statement, Augustine.
And when from my labours, at last, I'm released
Beneath the cold formal "*Hic jacet,*"
They 'll add, "a great Statesman described the deceased
As a most economical asset."

Edinburgh Exhibition
Guarantee
Joppa Lady and
Her Turkish Bath.
Evening Dispatch Poster.

The "human statue" business is being rather overdone just now. We did expect something different from the Edinburgh Exhibition.

THE HAUNTED EDITOR.

Our Special Christmas Story.

It was August; August, and a heat wave at that! Exhausted in mind and body with the completion of the most arduous labour of the journalistic year, the production of a Christmas Number that should take time not by the forelock but by the entire scalp, the Editor of *The Snappy Album* had flung himself back in his chair. "Out before any of the others!" he murmured triumphantly.

The clock, which, in accordance with the stern spirit of competition pervading that dread abode, indicated an hour somewhat in advance of the actual time, was approaching midnight before the Editor realised that the usual weekly budget of illustration had still to be made up. Fortunately, however, this was not a matter of difficulty. "After all," he reflected, with weary gratitude, "there is always Seymour Hicks, and our old friends of the Gaiety, and somebody must have opened a new golf-links somewhere."

He was just thinking of rousing himself when the door of his sanctum was flung suddenly open. "Inspector to see you, Sir," said a liveried menial, and before he could reply that he was out of town and not expected back for a month, the Editor saw with annoyance that his unbidden visitor stood already within the room. The gaunt figure towered threateningly above the editorial chair; holly and mistletoe were wreathed about its frosted locks, and its presence seemed to be accompanied by a subtle aroma of glazed paper and printer's ink.

The Editor gasped. "What Inspector is this?" he cried. "Nuisances?"

"An error on the part of your informant," replied the visitor calmly, "for which we decline responsibility. I said a Spectre, not Inspector. The mistake was perhaps natural."

"Your voice," ventured the Editor in a more conciliatory tone, "is a trifle husky. Did you—er—happen to mention whose spectre you were?"

"I do it now," replied the Phantom. "I am the embodiment of that burden which has lain heavy on your soul for weeks, that burden which you have but now transferred to a forgiving public. Tremble, rash Mortal! I am the Ghost of Christmas Numbers Past!"

The Editor trembled as directed. "Just so," he said politely.

"And these," continued the Spectre, "are my children;" whereupon, following a gesture of its bony hand, the Editor observed at the far end of the room a shadowy company whose appearance struck him as unpleasantly familiar. "Come," said the Phantom, "look on them more closely; they should be friends of yours. Yonder stately maiden, for example. See you naught to recognise in her?"

At this, a young girl of haughty yet benevolent appearance glided forward. "Speak!" commanded the Phantom, and the shadow spoke.

"I," she said wearily, "am called *Lady Bountiful*. Clad in becoming furs I visit the homes of needy cottagers, upon whom I bestow that vague variety of provender known as Christmas Cheer. The glow of a robust if somewhat aniline colour in my cheeks contrasts effectively with that of the pale recipients of my bounty. I am known also under various aliases, such as 'The Errand of Charity'; or, 'A Friend in Need.' I have been doing this sort of thing uninterruptedly for years. I wish now to retire on a small pension as a public servant."

"It is well," said the Phantom gloomily. "Next, please."

The next was a rubicund and choleric old gentleman with white hair. "My name," he began in an aggrieved voice, "is *Squire Jollyboys* of Jolliboys Hall, Blankshire, where I occupy myself with country dances and fox-hunting, the latter preferably after a heavy fall of snow. I live exclusively upon turkeys——"

"Turkeys, ha!" ejaculated the Spectre.

"And plum puddings," continued the old gentleman hotly, "a diet which fills me with repulsion. After such a meal it is my inevitable custom to embrace all my female guests beneath a convenient mistletoe. I am sick of it. The mere sight of a wassail-bowl makes me shudder. I demand to be placed on sick leave owing to chronic dyspepsia."

"You have heard his plea," said the Ghost; "do you admit its justice?"

The Editor fidgeted uneasily. "How the dickens——" he began, but the Ghost interrupted him.

"You touch the spot," it rejoined, "for it is the Dickens who is responsible. But see! Who follows now?"

He pointed as he spoke to the forms of three young men, who had silently taken the place of *Squire Jollyboys*. One was very tall and thin, another very short and fat, and the third, by way of distinguishing characteristic, had red hair.

"We," answered the tall member of the trio immediately, "are of many names and periods, but of one generic title. We are The Three!"

He paused. "You know them?" asked the Phantom sternly.

The Editor groaned. "I know them well," he said.

"You should," continued the tall young man. "For our career under your auspices has been long and varied. Clad in powder and brocade we have led Them through the mazes of the stately dance, or, in the costume of a later age, have hunted in Their company, broken the ice at skating-parties with Them——"

"Them?" queried the inexorable Phantom, but the Editor checked him, almost with a sob. "Yes, yes," he cried, "The Three Maidens. I admit them also! Have mercy!" But the young man went on, "—and, later still, have rescued Them from bicycle or motor accidents. Presently it will be Aeroplanes! The result however is unalterable."

"The result?" began the Inquisitor, but again his victim broke in with piteous haste. "I know," he said quickly; "a triple wedding at the village church, and the departure of three couples——"

"By pillion, motor, or flying-machine as the case may be," concluded the young man. "The separable accidents may differ slightly, but we ourselves remain always and inevitably the same. It was the everlasting monotony of it," resumed the young man, "that drove us to come out with the others."

"To come out?" repeated the Editor, mystified.

"I should have warned you," said the Spectre sternly. "This is a Deputation. The employees whom year by year you have so grossly overworked have risen at last. Henceforward the comic carol singers and the old gentleman in the nightcap who throws things out of windows will go through their dreary performance no longer; the yule-log will remain ungarnered; and the Christmas coach will discontinue its annual adventure with the snow-drift. Even the salmon-coloured children and the impossibly curly dog, whose proud motto, "Suitable for Framing," boasts your encouragement of the Arts, even they have joined us. In a word, your 800 per cent. profits are at an end. We have Struck!"

"Struck!" screamed the Editor, sitting bolt-upright in his chair.

"Yes, Sir, the clock has struck, Sir," answered the liveried menial politely, "just gone twelve."

So it was only a dream after all! With a sigh of relief the Editor realised that his trusted and familiar assistants were still to be depended on, and next morning the summer sunlight gleamed upon a thousand bookstalls, where, unchanged from any of its predecessors save in date, reposed "The Earliest Christmas Number."

From the notice board of a Hull church:

Pleasant Sunday Afternoons
The Great Silence by the Vicar.

CHARIVARIA.

We are sorry to have to record a grave set-back to Humour. President Roosevelt's order making Comic Spelling compulsory has been revoked.

Lord Turnour, the eldest son of the Earl of Winterton, upon arriving at New York, announced that he was not looking for an American heiress. At this, we understand, the long *queue* of heiresses outside his Lordship's hotel slowly broke up and went quietly home.

Nearly every first-class Power is now building a *Dreadnought*, and a correspondent suggests that a Regatta should be arranged confined to craft of this class.

Much interest continues to be taken in the impending House Match between the Commons and the Lords.

A woman suffragist has christened her baby boy "Franchise." The news has not been broken yet to the unfortunate child.

The pit and gallery doors at the Court Theatre are to be opened one hour before the performance, "in order," it is said, "to obviate the cold waits." A suburban correspondent writes to say that he wishes some of the noisier waits in his neighbourhood could be obviated as easily.

Some burglars last week removed from a house a safe weighing eleven hundredweight, using cushions and mats to deaden the sound of their movements so as not to disturb the inmates of the house, who were all asleep. There are plenty of persons always ready to sneer at our criminal classes, but one might journey far before coming across another such example of kindly consideration for others.

Both the plaintiff and the defendant in a recent action felt hurt when a County Court judge who had a difficulty in pronouncing "th" described the matter as being a case of "oaf against oaf."

Now that it has been proved that flying machines are practicable, the various omnibus companies are already thinking of titles for their new lines. We understand that among those which have already been decided on are "The Boomerang," "The Castle in the Air," "The Rocket," and "The Bird of Prey"—the last-named being of course for a line of Pirates.

An Irish lawyer has suggested a remarkably neat and simple method of abolishing Perjury. He proposes that in future the administration of the Oath—without which Perjury is impossible—shall be dispensed with.

Rumour is again busy with the promised appearance of a motor-bus which is to be so quiet that you will not know that there is one on the road until you have been run over.

The condition of the Sultan (whose health is really fairly good) shows "no change," says a report from Constantinople. We should have thought that this state of his purse was too habitual to call for a cable.



ACCOMMODATION FOR BOY AND BEAST.

"He certainly seems a bit sad—this horse that Santa Claus sent you. What do you think he wants?"

"Do you know, Mummy, I *fink* he wants a train to shy at."

The Foundling's Mite.

"Aberdeen Royal Infirmary. Receipt of following contribution reported:

Mr. G. Gall (found in a parcel six months ago and unclaimed), £1."—*Aberdeen Daily Journal.*

The new outbreak of the Suffragettes has revived the now hallowed joke by which Mr. Pethick Lawrence immortalised himself. Miss Christabel Pankhurst is reported by *The Daily Telegraph* as having said: "Four working women from the North went to prison, and their husbands are enthusiastic." Nevertheless, Miss Billington courageously announces her intention of assuming the bond of matrimony.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

Striking Letters of Protest.

The Daily Mail having deprecated the continuance of the Westminster Plays on the ground that they do not repay the exertion involved in their preparation, and, for the rest, are not particularly elevated in their morality, a number of representative publicists have written to *Mr. Punch* to express their views on the subject. The selection from the correspondence printed below abundantly proves what a fund of good sense, sanity and good taste supports the strictures of our patriotic contemporary.

Dear Sir,—As I have no sons at Westminster, and never intend to send any there, I am in a position to discuss this question with perfect impartiality and detachment. I have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that the waste of time and energy involved in this annual preparation of a Latin play is nothing short of a national scandal, and I trust that some patriotic Labour Member will call attention to it in the House of Commons without delay. Anywhere else the survival of this obscurantist cult of the classics might have been tolerated, but in the heart of Westminster, almost within a catapult-shot of Parliament, its presence is a monstrous insult to the representatives of Labour. If the Westminster boys must act plays, let them be in the vernacular or in Esperanto.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
Modern Side.

Dear Sir,—When will the democracy awake to the full sense of their responsibilities? Year after year the Westminster Play is made the excuse for a scurrilous epilogue, in which, under the cloak of an obscure and outlandish tongue, disgraceful and libellous attacks are made on the most cherished instruments of modern progress and emancipation. The London County Council, the Labour Party, Woman's Suffrage, Municipal Trading—all these are subjected to violently calumnious misrepresentation, and yet no voices are raised in protest against this worst form of *lèse-majesté*—this belittling of the sovereign democracy. I feel sure that *The Daily News* would not, even if it could, sully its pages by printing a translation of this atrocious pasquinade, yet I have searched in vain for any protest against the continuance of what must be regarded as the worst blot on our system of secondary education. I am, Sir, yours indignantly,
Vox Populi.

Dear Sir,—The drama is admittedly one of the most humanising and refining influences of modern society, but here, as everywhere else, all depends on the choice of plays. Count Tolstoi has finally and irrevocably demolished the claim of Shakspeare to be regarded, either from the ethical or artistic standpoint, as worthy of study or performance. Greek and Latin are hopelessly dead; English is dying rapidly; the only language with a future before it in this disunited kingdom is Irish. If Doctor Gow, the Headmaster of Westminster, bends to the inevitable and makes the study of Irish compulsory amongst his boys, a new lease of life may be secured for the discredited institution over which he so negligently presides.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Phaudrig Boroimhe.

Dear Sir,—I understand that the repertory of plays on which the Westminster authorities draw is almost exclusively confined to the works of an obscure and obsolete poet named Terence, obviously of Irish origin. Why, in the name of common sense, should this preferential treatment be accorded in the capital of England to so undesirable an alien? The anomaly becomes all the more flagrant when it is borne in mind that by far the greatest living Irish playwright cannot obtain a hearing in his native country, and is unable to speak a single coherent sentence in Erse. Unable for the moment to tell whether I am standing on my head or on my heels,

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully
G. B. S.

Dear Sir,—The fetish worship of mediævalism at Westminster is sufficiently degrading, but what can you expect of a school which for centuries has allowed its pupils to indulge annually in a disgusting bear-fight over a pancake, a comestible which derives its name appropriately enough from the two Greek words πᾶν and κακόν? I am, Sir,
Yours truthfully,
Humanitarian.

Dear Sir,—While readily admitting the truth of the old saw that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," I think that greater care should be shown in the choice of the play than has hitherto been the case at Westminster. It is all very well to do in Rome as the Romans do, but London is not Rome, and the traditions of Drury Lane ought to be more binding than those of the Eternal City. This, of course, does not apply to the choice of theme, but only to that of the language in which the play is presented. Speaking as an impartial outsider I should say that, alike as regards spectacular interest and moral influence, such plays as *The Bondman* are far better adapted for performance by impressionable youths than the dubious works of antiquated playwrights like Plautus and Terence, none of which, so far as I am aware, can be obtained with photographic illustrations at so low a figure as 2*s.* net.

I am, Sir, yours gratefully,
Manxman.

HELLAS PRESERVED.

[A contemporary has observed that "when Greece began to be living Greece once more, the quantity of currants produced year by year began to grow larger .... and their relative cheapness to-day is a direct consequence of the disappearance of the Turk."]

Greece, whose poets' pure affection
For the sterner syntax rules,
Barely saves them from rejection
In our secondary schools—
Mourn not (though your sons can never
Warble with their fathers' ease)
While the fruits of their endeavour
Serve to spice our A. B. C.'s.

Though no more the Muses foster
Markets for Pierian song,
See! the merry Grecian coster
Still contrives to get along;
Though no modern wits can weave you
Rôles of Sophoclean make,
Corinth of the double sea-view
Keeps her interest in cake.

Since upon your mountains Freedom
Reassumed her normal pose,
Swifter to the shores that need 'em
The Levantine currant flows;
Till, where tea-cups sound a pæan,
Clerks absorb (their labours done)
Trophies of the soft Ægean,
Set like Cyclads in a bun.

On you go, light-hearted masters
Of a craft that always paid,
And, if unforeseen disasters
Do not cause a slump in trade,
Bards, whose simple meals are mottled
By your toothsome stuff, shall learn,
Keats-like, to applaud the bottled
Beauties of a Grecian urn.

Ancient songs are immaterial,
Art of little use to man;
Pies, we know, if less ethereal,
Often keep the mark of Pan;
So the best of Greece we cherish
(Spirit of her hills and woods),
Though the pure ideals perish
In a lb. of grocers' goods.

That is why no sorrow stirs us
That the classic Muse despairs,
And you count the lyre and thyrsus
Unremunerative wares;
Who can grumble, "*Hellas fuit!*"
When perforce our cooks must seek
For the cult of Saxon suet
All the cunning of the Greek!

Motto for Edward and Moberly: "Sweet Bells jangled, out of tune."

Motto for a Suffragette: "*Il ne faut pas être belle pour suffrager.*"



"For though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

Huntsman. "WOULD YOU LIKE THE BRUSH, MISS?"
Miss. "NO, THANK YOU. I WOULD RATHER HAVE A PAD. BRUSHES ONLY LIE ABOUT AND BRING MOTHS INTO THE HOUSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT looks as if the WILLIAMSONS (C. N. & A. M.) had been motoring along the Corniche and during their progress conceived the original idea of choosing Monte Carlo for the site of one of their new creations—*Rosemary in Search of a Father* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). But the difficulty of getting the child-heroine fixed in that neighbourhood—her mother being a young English widow at once virtuous and penniless—called for even greater ingenuity. This is how they solved it. They sent the young widow to Paris to do type-writing, and then her friends recommended her to go South where the competition would be less strenuous. And so we find her in a third-rate hotel in the Condamine at Monaco. Compared with this brilliant stroke of phantasy the rest of the book is commonplace. *Rosemary* is a sort of female "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who calls her mother "Angel" instead of "Dearest," and prattles tolerably. Their scheme must have taken the authors at least an hour to elaborate, and the result (with discount off) is perhaps not a very good bargain at 2*s*. for the matter and 1*s*. 9*d*. for the margins.

The First Claim (METHUEN) has suggested to me a good new game for Christmas parties. The first person who opens the book without finding one or more words in italics wins. I have played a considerable number of matches against myself, and have never won yet. I suspect, though, that the author, M. HAMILTON (Miss, I imagine) really wrote the novel for quite another purpose. Her aim is to show how ineffaceable is the maternal instinct, and she has certainly treated the theme excellently, with the help of some very cleverly drawn characters. But the story is just a little bit long-drawn-out, and my game cheered the way wonderfully.

Mr. Punch having always a warm corner in his heart for the Young People, welcomes a book entirely devoted to their interests. This, under the title *The Young People, by One of the Old Ones* (MURRAY), lies before him, and he has read it and re-read it with very great interest, delighted by the gentle philosophy and urbane kindliness of the author. Incidentally the book is also a Guide to London. No one who feels fogeydom coming upon him should neglect the opportunity which this book gives him of recovering his youth—or at any rate of preserving it in good spirits.



PACIFIC INTIMIDATION.

Discordant Voices. "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED —"
Candidate for County Council (looking into outer darkness). "YOU HAD BETTER GO HOME."
Treble Voice. "WON'T YOU PATRONISE OUR SINGING, SIR?"
Candidate for C.C. "CERTAINLY NOT; AND SHUT THE GATE AFTER YOU."
Bass Voice (after a pause). "SOME OF US HAVE GOT VOTES!" (*Collapse of Candidate for C.C.*)

"THE AIR IS FILLED WITH FAREWELLS . . ."

["'Au Revoir, my little Hyacinth,' will be sung on Boxing Night by over 200 artists in pantomimes all over the British Isles."—*The Evening News*, Dec. 14.]

If you 've studied the successful songs of Pantomime
(A pastime for a *very* rainy day!),
All the ones that people *would* buy
You 'll have noticed have a "good-bye!"
To a yellow bird, *Yo-San* or *Dolly Gray*.
Write them something like "Farewell, my little Bantam, I 'm
Afraid I cannot stay at home with you,"
And, although the critics mock it,
You will find it fills your pocket—
Which, I take it, 's all you really have in view.
It 's the surest way to win a lyric victory:
Write your verses in a vein that 's valedictory!

True, a man may now and then obtain a modicum
Of kudos in another sort of strain,
As he did with *William Bailey*,
Who was supplicated daily
By a million throats to join his home again.
Still the thing that 's sure of making everybody come
To the Panto at, and after, Christmas time,
Is a tender farewell ditty
Sung (or said) by Princess Pretty—
With the generous assistance of the lime.
Au revoir, my little H., and here 's a beaker to
Our next meeting—on the organ in a week or two!

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

We understand that a slight change will take place in the Government before the beginning of the next Parliamentary Session. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be promoted to the responsible position of Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs, whilst Mr. Winston Churchill will be relegated to the First Lordship of the Treasury. If the change should not after all take place it will be because this premature announcement will have upset the Cabinet's plans.

It is whispered that a curious intrigue is going on to secure the support of the Labour Party during the coming Session. Mr. Keir Hardie will take office as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, and the position of Mistress of the Robes will be offered to Miss Pankhurst.

It is the talk of the political clubs that Sir Antony MacDonnell has ordered Mr. Bryce to resign his office, and has nominated Mr. Byles to succeed him. The rumour runs that Sir Antony holds certain compromising anti-Home-Rule letters written by Mr. Bryce.

I hear on the best authority I can get that Mr. Lloyd-George has not shown sufficient business capacity for a President of the Board of Trade, and that he will have to resign. Also that he is to be mollified by an appointment as Special Envoy to Raisuli. The Government will try to strengthen their position by including some well-known business man in the Cabinet. The name of Mr. A. E. W. Mason has been mentioned in this connection.



A CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

Mr. Punch (*to* C.-B. *and* Lord Lansdowne—*Rival Waits*). "HERE, COME IN AND HAVE YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER. I'VE NEVER KNOWN EITHER OF YOU WORK SO HARD FOR IT!"



"BOXING THE COMPASS."

The Cap'en gives up his old shipmates as hopeless and ships on the Rival craft.
("Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles has been elected a member of the Eighty Club." *The Globe.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, December 17. —LANSDOWNE the mildest-mannered man that ever was spokesman of militant political party in time of crisis. House crowded in anticipation of announcement of decision of Opposition on Commons' rejection of Lords' Amendments to Education Bill. Steps of Throne crowded with Privy Councillors. Among them Père BIRRELL, pale with anxiety for the fate of his first-born.

At half-past four LANSDOWNE discovered standing at the Table. In Commons, at such a moment, the Party leader would be welcomed by wild cheer, assailed by answering storm of counter-cheering. No one seems to have thought of cheering LANSDOWNE. It would, SARK insists, be almost indecent. Is clad in deep mourning that suggests he has come to bury the Bill, not to save it. In tones of sedate regret, laments the unprecedented procedure of the Commons. In unemotional matter-of-fact manner mentions that such conduct is insulting.

The Lords would neither withdraw nor re-consider their amendments. But, tempering mercy with justice, kindness with righteous anger, they would still give the Government and their majority in the other House a chance. The Commons, assuming, nay asserting, that they, fresh from the polls, represent national feeling in the matter, had fashioned and passed a particular Bill. The Lords had turned it inside out, and stuffing it afresh, moulded it in new shape. Might be supposed that the Commons, finding their long labours thus treated cavalierly, were the affronted party. Not at all. It was the Lords who were injured and insulted by having the changeling thrown on their hands. But of their magnanimity they would provide the Commons with a *locus pœnitentiæ.* So LANSDOWNE proposed to move adjournment of debate in order to give the Commons a chance of going "on the knee."

Business done. - Debate on Commons' refusal to accept Lords' amendments to Education Bill unexpectedly adjourned.

Tuesday. - Again a crowded House. Through the dull day there have been coming and going of heralds of the two Houses; consultations of leaders on both sides, merging in conference between representatives of the Lords and Commons.

Surely all is settled now; the long-drawn-out agony of suspense is cut short. For an hour before public business commenced, Lobbies thronged with Commoners and Peers discussing situation. Bishops, "with warm hearts beating beneath their gaiters," as the Vicar of Gorleston said on another occasion, flit across the Lobby asking for news. No



RUNNING SHORT OF EXPLETIVES.

A fancy portrait of some members of a Service Club who have just heard that Mr. Haldane proposes, after consultation with civilian advisers, to reduce the number of Colonels in the Army. "B'ginning of the end, Sir! Most disgraceful, Sir! Br-br-br, &c.!!"



Scene—*The Hall of a Country House. Guests arriving for dinner.*

Perkins (*the extra man who is had in to help at most dinners given in the neighbourhood—confidentially but audibly*). "Good evening, Miss Waters. There's some of that nice pudding 'ere to-night, what last time you took twice of!"

one has any of authentic character. Conjecture is rife, rumour running steadily in direction of the happening of a hitch.

This confirmed when Orders of day were reached in the Lords. Motion made for further adjournment. "Till when?" asked a noble Lord. Who could say? Probably till to-morrow; possibly to a later hour of the sitting. Nothing to be done at the moment but take up the next business on Agenda and wait patiently on the Lords and Commons still in secret chambers trying to wrangle out Compromise.

Business done.—Hitch in arrangement of Compromise on Education Bill.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

AEROPLANE SAILING DIRECTIONS.

1. Aeronauts are requested not to heave the lead, jettison cargo, passengers or empty bottles whilst sailing over the Strand in the daytime. A triangular piece of land known as the Strand Improvement and marked on the chart due south of Kingsway is quite large enough to be hit from almost any altitude, and has been kept vacant for this purpose for several years past.

2. The Dome of St. Paul's is the private landing-stage of the Dean and Chapter, and the vergers have strict orders to cast off all hawsers made fast thereto by unauthorised persons. Small craft may be moored to the tree-tops along the Embankment, but the County Council cannot guarantee that the trees will be fit for this or any other purpose. The use of the Nelson Column as a mooring-post is restricted to the Admiralty.

3. Air-ships should not make rapid and sudden descents upon the top of the Victoria and Albert Museum. This regulation is framed in the interest of the aeronaut himself.

4. Every effort will be made by the Fire Brigade to rescue by means of a rocket apparatus the crews of airships *bonâ fide* stranded upon overhead wires, steeples, sky signs, or other perils of navigation, but the aero-world is respectfully invited not to regard this as a normal method of coming ashore. Great caution is to be observed in passing over storm-centres like the Hippodrome, especially in the afternoon or evening, when they are for a space in violent eruption. Such places will as soon as possible be buoyed with captive balloons, illuminated at night, the managements having made no objection to their being so distinguished.

5. Public statues are not to be looked upon merely as convenient anchorages. There are certain exceptions to this rule (a list of which will be furnished on application) where, on condition that the statue is hauled up bodily with the anchor and transported sufficiently far away, no penalty attaches to the displacement of it.

6. Airships navigating crowded thoroughfares within twenty feet of the ground are required to display suitable boards inscribed (in the tongue of M. Santos-Dumont) "*Ne pas déranger les hélices.*" It is expected that this rule and the reason for it will tend to familiarise the public with the French (and the more obscure departments of the English) language.



MR. PUNCH approached the door of the tent.

"The Captain of the Commons, I presume?" he said, as he raised his hat.

"Well," said the Captain, "what 's your business?"

"Observe the white flag," said MR. PUNCH, taking out his handkerchief. "This is, in fact, purely a friendly visit. I am come to interview you on behalf of my readers." Here he referred for a moment to his note-book. "What," he continued, "are your views with regard to the coming contest?"

"Ah, my dear Sir," said the Captain, "I did not recognise you for the moment. Pray sit down. Very cold the weather is. Yes. The contest? Ah, yes. Well, roughly speaking, the struggle will be one of Birth *v.* Brains. I need hardly say that Brains will win in the end."

"'Brains,'" said MR. PUNCH, writing rapidly in his note-book. "That 's you, I suppose?"

"Of course. At present we are not quite sure what nickname we shall adopt for the contest, but probably it will be 'The Brainy Ones.' I myself," he added proudly, "am known as 'The People's Will.'"

"The People's Will," wrote MR. PUNCH. "And are you adopting the 2—3—2 formation or the 3—2—3?"

"Neither. The 'all-talking-at-once formation' has always been ours."

"I see. Now I think my readers would like from you a few words on the moral aspect of the struggle."

"Well, it 's like this. I am 'The People's Will,' and the Lords have defied me. And they attacked and brutally ill-treated 'Education' Bill, one of our strongest and most popular Forwards. And to make matters worse they have just shown that they are too cowardly to tackle 'Trade Disputes' Bill."

"But you can't have it both ways," argued MR. PUNCH. "You can't make it first a cause of offence that they mangled one Bill, and then a cause of offence that they didn't mangle another. If——"

"Excuse me," said the Captain coldly, "but didn't you say you came here to interview me?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then why are *you* doing all the talking? As I was saying—who are the Lords that they should oppose 'The People's Will'? They are representative of nothing but their own incompetence."

"Representative of nothing but their own incompetence," wrote MR. PUNCH. "Is that really your own? It sounds more like 'The People's David.' And when will the contest begin?" he went on hastily.

"Well, I can't say exactly. The position is this. We have defied them to do their worst, and they are doing it. But we still defy them. So now it is their move again."

"I see. I suppose it is useless to suggest arbitration?"

"Quite . . . Oh, must you be going? Well, tell your readers that my final message is, 'May the best boat win!' Which is us," he added, after a pause.

Mr. Punch found his way out of the camp; and went up the hill and down again the other side into the enemy's camp.

"The Captain of the Lords, I presume?" he said, as he raised his hat.

"Hallo," said the Captain. "What is it?"

"Observe the white flag," said Mr. Punch. "This is a friendly visit. I am come to interview you on behalf of my readers. What,"—he had it off by heart this time—"what are your views with regard to the coming contest?"

"Roughly," said the Captain, "that it's been a jolly long time coming."

"But when it does come?"

"Then it will be one of Gas *v.* Brains. I need hardly say that Brains will win in the end."

"'Brains,'" said Mr. Punch, writing rapidly in his note-book. "That's you, I suppose?"

"Of course. We are known as 'The Brainy Ones,' you know. At least you might tell your readers so."

"Certainly. And what formation are you adopting?"

"The sit-tight-formation has always been ours. It has carried every scrum so far."

"Ah yes. Now I think my readers would like from you a few words on the moral aspect of the struggle."

"'Moral'?" said the Captain. "I don't know about moral, but the common sense of it is this. The People don't know what's good for them."

"And you?"

"That's what we're here for. All this rot about interpreting the People's Will—is all—well, rot. That's not where we come in. The Commons do that. At least they think they do. We are here to protect the People against themselves. Like a father with his children. That sort of idea."

"Yes, that's all very well," said Mr. Punch; "but how is it that it's always one particular party you're protecting against itself, and never the other?"

"Excuse me," said the Captain coldly, "but didn't you say you came here to interview me?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then why are *you* doing all the talking?"

Mr. Punch apologised.

"But give me," he said, "a final message to take to my readers."

"Well," said the Captain, "all I can say is, 'May the best boat win!'"

"Which is you?" suggested the Sage.

"Oh, well, if you say so," laughed the Captain. "Good-bye. Come again next year and see us. We shall still be here."

* * * * * * * * *

When Mr. Punch was on neutral ground again he took out his note-book, and read it carefully.

"Arbitration no good," he repeated to himself. "I wonder." Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him. He snapped his pocket-book, replaced it, and began once more to climb the hill. At the top, in full view of both camps, he ostentatiously opened, for purposes of common consultation, his

One Hundred and Thirty-First Volume.





Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—*continued.*

Pictures and Sketches.

